

THE  
STRAND MAGAZINE

*An Illustrated Monthly*

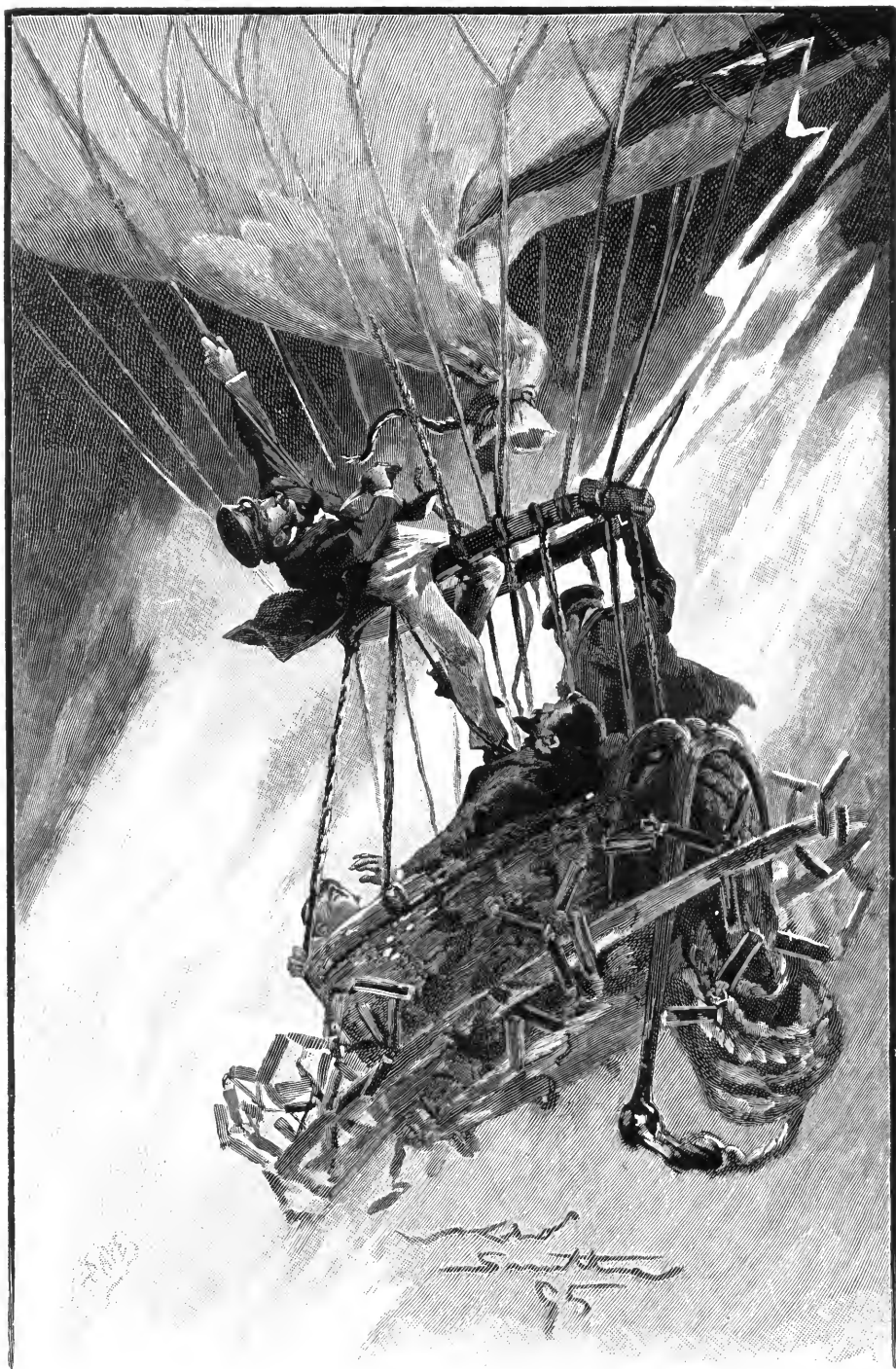
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"I CUT THE LINE."

(See page 127.)

## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLVII.—MR. HENRY COXWELL

By HARRY HOW.



SEAFORD is a charmingly quiet little seaside resort on the south coast. It is almost an ideal spot for a rest. I had left the train at Newhaven and walked along the somewhat rough beach for about an hour when the little village came into sight. It was my first visit to Seaford, and I had come down with the anticipation of spending a few hours with the veteran balloonist, Henry Coxwell. The only address I had was that of "Henry Coxwell, Seaford." Just as I was leaving the beach, I beckoned a little girl and inquired of her whether she knew where a gentleman of the name of Coxwell lived. She looked up, and, without answering my question, she pointed her finger in the direction of a house, where stood a tall, well-knit figure—an old man with grey beard, and a skull cap on his head; a black velvet waistcoat—such a black velvet waistcoat!—and a frock-coat. He seemed to know that I was asking for him. He waved his hand towards me, beckoning me to come on, and in a very few seconds that hand was holding mine. It was Mr. Coxwell himself, who had been watching for my arrival.

"It blows cold over the Downs, eh?" he said. "Come in. This is a lovely spot; just suits me. Why, do you know, from my window on a bright day, I can see the grand stand on the race-course over the Downs." Then, tapping me on the shoulder, the veteran made that always welcome and suggestive remark, "Now, what about lunch?"

And what a charming little lunch it was! No servant—it was her day out, and I was

glad to learn that, although I was coming, a thoughtful master had not upset the arrangements for her occasional visit to Newhaven.

But we had somebody to wait upon us. It was an old ex-coastguardsman, and a very good and kind fellow he was. It was he who cooked the delicious Southdown mutton, and watched the saucepan to see that the potatoes did not get watery; it was he who laid the table and looked after our wants. A fine, stalwart, strapping man, though he must be fifty if a day, was Mr. Pride, with his pea-jacket and top-boots, his ruddy face and twinkling eyes. Mr. Coxwell told me what a willing help Mr. Pride was; and the old coastguardsman sang out: "Oh, yes; I always heave to and help a ship in distress."

The table was cleared. The Southdown mutton disappeared, and the fresh-pulled celery was a thing of the past; and then the old coastguardsman came in with the glasses.

"You see, sir," he said, turning to me by way of explanation, "directly we have finished dinner on board ship we pipe the grog."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Coxwell.

So we lit up our pipes, and we "piped the grog," and we chatted together till the sun set over the Downs.

I have seldom listened to a more delightful story of child-life than that told to me by Mr. Coxwell that wintry afternoon. He was born at Wouldham Castle, near Rochester, on March 2nd, 1819.

The little fellow's father was a naval officer; and he was only two years old when he left the parsonage where he was



MR. HENRY COXWELL.  
(Taken at the time of his last ascent.)  
From a Photo. by Negretti & Zambra.

born, and went with his father on board H.M.S. *Colossus*; and the veteran, as he puffs away at his pipe, almost remembers with a shiver how he used to be ducked into the water from the stage alongside the old "74."

One has not been sitting and chatting long with Mr. Coxwell before one is impressed with his marvellous memory for detail, especially in respect to matters associated with his schooldays. He drew a vivid picture of the manner in which they used to lash the soldiers with the cat in those old times, when the drums and the fifes used to play in order to drown the cries of the unfortunate fellow, who was secured to the red-painted triangle.

Little Coxwell was a plucky lad. He and his brother once stood up before a big bully, three times their united size, and fought him to the bitter end, because he had said an unkind word against their father.

The first balloon he ever saw was that used by Mr. Green in an ascent when he passed over Chatham Dockyard. It was no difficult matter to realize the picture which the Grand Old Man of ballooning drew of himself, as a little fellow hurrying along over the fields, with a huge spy-glass, some 16in. round by  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long, almost as big as himself, under his arm, anxious to get a good view. This was in 1828, and it was not long after that he made his first balloon himself. He started by making little para-

"You know," said Mr. Coxwell, "they used to go up in a strong wind, instead of coming down in

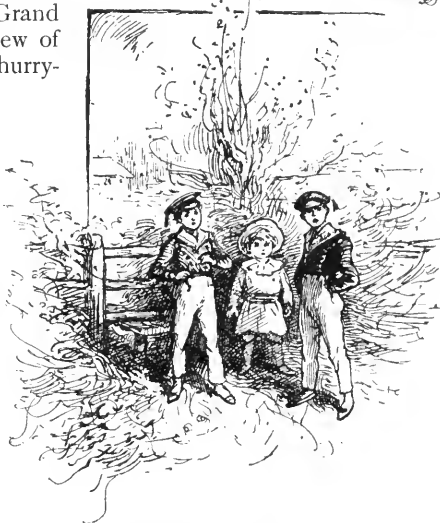


"A LITTLE FELLOW WITH A HUGE SPY-GLASS."

one; we used to work them by contrary effect in those days.

"I may just mention that since the descents of Professor Baldwin a few years ago at the Alexandra Palace, it has generally been supposed that parachuting is practically new. Of course this is not so, as descents by parachute were made early in the present century.

"My little parachutes used to take me half an hour to make, and I have



"MY FIRST BALLOON."

known them go up a thousand feet. Then, from parachutes I got to making paper balloons. My first one was a fire balloon; it caught alight. My second attempt, however, was all right. I sent it up from a sheltered spot at the back of our stable. This balloon was about three or four feet in diameter, made of paper and varnished to hold gas.

"On leaving Chatham I went to school



at Camberwell, and I used to watch Green make his ascents from the Surrey Zoological Gardens. I used to get up in a big tree, and deliver a sort of little lecture from it to my schoolfellows below as to exactly what was happening to the balloon; and as I used to sit on one of the branches my feelings even then were that I wished some day to take up this study myself, though I never had any idea of taking to it professionally.

"I had a great ambition to go up with Green. Curiously enough, although I knew him well, he would never take me. I think he used to regard me as rather a dangerous young man. He once said, 'There is something about that young Coxwell's eyes which tells me that he wants to get all the information from me that he can, and then turn his knowledge to ulterior motives. I would not take him up for love or money.' He used to charge £5 for an ascent;

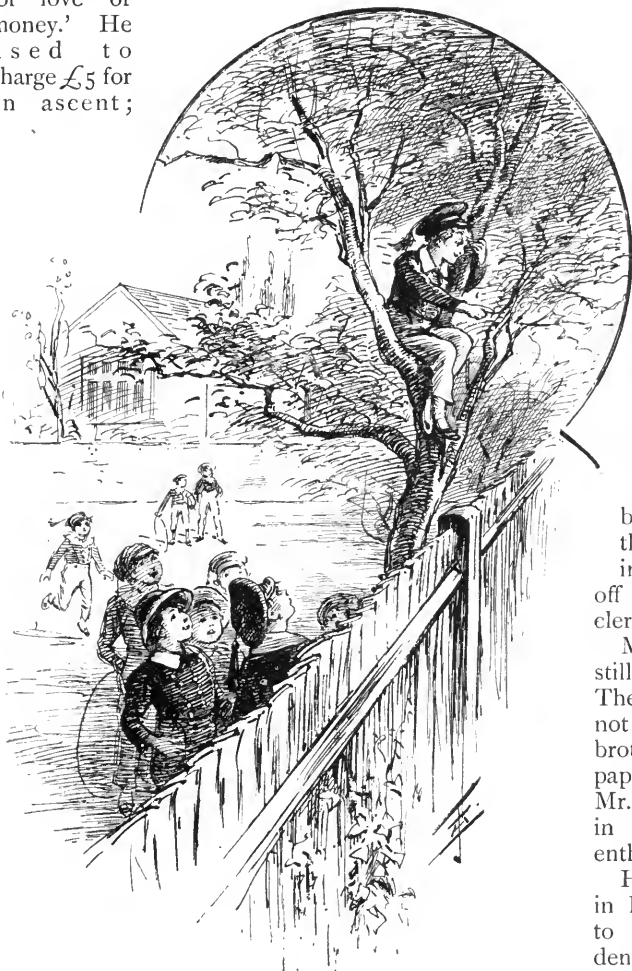
and I have known occasions when, rather than take me when his car was not full, he would carry up a milkman or a policeman.

"My father died when I was thirteen. He had broken three ribs in boarding a Spanish ship in the time of Nelson, and I do not think he ever really recovered from this. By this time, I had changed a blue jacket for a black coat, and the question arose as to what I should become. One of my sisters suggested I would make a good clergyman, but I fear this did not meet with my approval. All that time I was endeavouring to find out what I could about ballooning. I talked of nothing else but balloons, and I think I may say that even at this age I was fairly well up in the science of aerostation.

"It was about this time that a remarkably large balloon was built by Messrs. Gye and Hughes, after the plans of Mr. Green. I was to have started for Amsterdam to take up a position as a merchant's clerk, but I made up my mind to see the ascent of this balloon first. You may imagine what it was like, when I tell you that thirty-six policemen were placed around the balloon during its inflation; forty-one iron staves of 56lb. each were attached to the cordage; and even after the policemen had been compelled to put their staves through the meshes to save their hands being cut by the cords, other persons had to be called in to assist. It was a magnificent sight when that balloon went up, and I was anything but content the next morning, after having seen it, to trip off to Amsterdam to try my hand at clerking."

Mr. Coxwell went to Amsterdam, still suffering from balloon fever. The counting-house, however, did not agree with him, and when his brother one day put into his hand a paper containing the account of Mr. Green's trip across the Channel in a balloon from Vauxhall, his enthusiasm was again stirred up.

He only remained a short time in Holland, after which he returned to London and began to study dentistry. "You know," said Mr. Coxwell, "that I am a dentist still,



"I USED TO WATCH GREEN MAKE HIS ASCENTS."

and it was sometimes very amusing, when I used to make my ascents from the Crystal Palace, to have a patient call on me at my house in Tottenham to have a tooth drawn, and ask if I were in; and then, on my arrival, staring at me with amazement and astonishment: 'Why, I saw you go up in the sky last night! Are you really Mr. Coxwell?' And I can assure you that it frequently took me some time to convince my visitors that I was really one and the same man.

"My first trip in a balloon was made with Mr. Hampton from the White Con-

duit Gardens, Pentonville, on Monday, August 19th, 1844. I assumed the name of 'Wells,' in order that I might not give too much anxiety to my friends. This was my first real ascent, and we descended in a meadow belonging to Mr. Augustin Rust, at East Ham Hall. And what a sensation it was. You are up, up, almost before you can realize it! You do not appear to move, but seem to remain perfectly stationary; and as you are seated in the air, the panorama of Nature which is opened out to you is positively indescribable. You watch the green fields, and the church spires, and the houses all becoming smaller and smaller.

They seem to be going away from you while you sit and gaze at them, lost in wonderment.

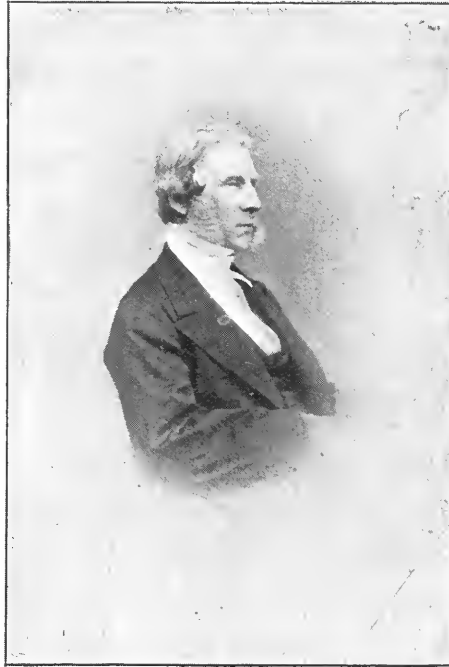
"Here, just look at this!" and the veteran shouts out to the old coastguardsman, "Pride, heave to with the atlas!" "Aye! Aye! Mr. Coxwell!" "Now, there is no getting away from that!" says the veteran, pointing to the map. "There you have the highest mountains in the world; there is Everest, 29,002ft. But see that little balloon above the topmost peak; look at it, sir—37,000ft.—that was the biggest ascent I ever made, and the greatest height ever attained by any balloonist!" "That is what I call rising a bit in the world, eh, sir!" said the old coast-

guardsman. "Ah," said Mr. Coxwell, "but unfortunately in this case you have to come down in the world again."

Mr. Coxwell assured me that he had so studied the matter before making this great ascent that he was almost prepared for each phase of the many great changes involved in passing from a dense to a lighter atmosphere, up to an elevation where the pressure is so extremely reduced that, even at such a height as this, the clouds were so few that he and his companion, Mr. Glaisher, had magnificent views of villages and towns—in fact, a little world seemed to lie beneath them. "Indeed,"

he remarked, "once in passing over Birmingham at a height of six miles, the atmosphere was so clear that the smoke was to be seen coming out of the chimney-pots."

He told me a somewhat interesting story of how the balloonist is regarded by a spectator on *terra-firma*. "We were coming back from an ascent near Birmingham," he said, "when we descended near a railway station. The station-master came up to us. 'Are you the gent who went up a few hours ago, sir?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered. 'Well,' he said, 'it is very curious, but a toy balloon passed over here about the size of my hat about half a mile high soon



MR. JAMES GLAISHER.  
(Companion of Mr. Coxwell in his high ascent.)  
From a Photo. by A. J. Melhuish.

after you left.' 'Oh, that was not a toy balloon,' I assured him, 'it was myself and Mr. Glaisher, and at the moment you saw us we were six miles high!' It seemed rather curious to me, because the balloon which appeared a toy one to the station-master contained from 90,000 to 100,000 cubic feet of gas, and was 85ft. in height and 56ft. in diameter.

"Pride, heave to with the cigars!" The old man puffed away contemplatively for a few moments, then, suddenly turning to me, said:—

"I will tell you about the most perilous ascent I ever made. It was in 1847, when

we went up from the Vauxhall Gardens in a balloon with over 60lb. weight of fireworks. Albert Smith, who at that time had started *The Man in the Moon* as a rival to *Punch*, for which periodical the late George Augustus Sala was busily engaged in making engravings, accompanied me with two other gentlemen. Yes; July 7th, 1847. Just before the ascent was made a storm was brewing, and the manager of the gardens queried as to whether it would be safe to make the voyage. I had never made a night ascent before, but on being appealed to, I decided to go. Up we went, discharging the rockets and the Roman candles as we ascended. Suddenly the storm burst out in all its fury. We were 4,000ft. above the surface of the earth. The balloon was rising higher and higher, when all at once a flash of lightning disclosed the fact that the balloon had rent fully 16ft., and we were falling head-long right over the West-end of London!

"For a moment I scarcely knew what to do, but soon collecting my thoughts, I flew up to the hoop of the balloon, and cut the line that connects the safety valve to the lower part of the balloon, so that as the gas escaped the lower hemisphere formed a sort of parachute." (See frontispiece.) "I am thankful to say that the balloon fell in the neighbourhood of Pimlico, the network being caught up by some scaffold-poles, which broke the force of the collision. I was the only one hurt, and that by a bystander, from whom I received a cut in the hand when he was trying to extract us from the network.

"Albert Smith, who, by-the-bye, it might interest you to know was a dentist like myself, behaved splendidly—he never uttered a word, never showed a sign of fear. I venture to think he really did not know the danger in which he was placed. Aye, such danger that it was a thousand to one against our ever escaping with our lives."

The mention of the late George Augustus Sala's name by Mr. Coxwell naturally led us both to become reminiscent, as readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* will possibly remember that I gave an account of a long talk I had with that great journalist some two and a half years ago. Mr. Coxwell stated that Sala knew more about ballooning than any writer he ever met. He made a study of it when he was a boy, and he had a touch of balloon fever before he was twenty. It is interesting to chronicle the fact that the lectures which the great Gale gave on ballooning were all written by Sala. Sala only went up in a balloon once, and that was in 1851, from Kensington Gore, with a man named Chamberlain. The balloon burst and came down with a run; and ever after that, whenever Sala had the chance, notwithstanding the great love he had for ballooning, he always wrote characterizing that pursuit as dangerous unless skilfully managed.

After Mr. Coxwell's adventure with Mr. Albert Smith, it was suggested that he ought to own a balloon of his own. He refused for some time, saying that his family would strongly object to his becoming a professional.

However, in 1848, he became the director of a balloon, which he christened the "Sylph"; and he made his first ascent as a professional on April 10th of that year. I gathered the interesting information from the veteran that the "Sylph," with three other gentlemen and himself, would weigh 1,254lb., comprising balloon, netting and car, 400lb.; the voyagers, 612lb.; grappling and rope gear, 52lb.; coats, instruments, etc., 30lb.; and balloon, 160lb.

It was also in this year that Mr. Coxwell fulfilled numerous engagements in Belgium. He used to illustrate in Brussels the bombardment of a city, and the detonators which he threw out from his balloon made a noise equal to a nine-pounder.



MR. HENRY COXWELL.  
(Taken at the Crystal Palace after a high ascent.)  
From a Photo. by Negretti & Zambra.

He visited the principal towns in Germany and Bohemia, including a trip to the Field of Waterloo. In a volume of his reminiscences which Mr. Coxwell handed to me, the author gives a very vivid description of his impressions of the Field of Waterloo as seen from a balloon.

A balloon view of Waterloo, with the surrounding country and bold acclivities, fails entirely to convey the martial associations which those noted Belgic plains would be expected to arouse.

We felt hardly reconciled to the fact that on that cluster of fields, which looked so rural and cultivated, the fate of Europe had been decided in so great a sanguinary contest.

As our survey happened to be made in the same month as that on which the memorable battle was fought, the general appearances of Nature could not have been very dissimilar to what they were on June 17th, 1815, just when the British infantry bivouacked on the rising ground near the village, and the cavalry rested in those hollows in the rear.

It is true we gazed upon the landscape which was comparatively tame when unenlivened by the arms of Wellington, Blücher, and Napoleon.

An aerial glance at that great historical picture would have indeed been a sight worth seeing. But the mere bird's-eye view of the sight was somewhat disappointing.

Could we have seen the down-trodden corn and rye, the clouds of smoke, the prancing horses and helmeted riders, the splendid French columns impetuously advancing against the solid squares of red—could we have heard the din and roar of musketry and cannon, and the wild hurrah of the last grand charge, then indeed the scene would have appeared fresh and imposing. Our bird's-eye view of Waterloo, so far from being lively and soul-stirring, was rather of a philosophical and contemplative character.

One could not pass over the ruins of Hougomont, or the farm-house of La Haye Saint, without thinking of the dust and ashes of countrymen and foes which were there scattered in profusion; when we recollected that on the small surface of two square miles 50,000 men and horses were ascertained to be lying, we can form some idea of the mouldering remains which lie beneath the ripening crops which presented themselves to our view.

The sun had just set on the peaceful plains in rosy and majestic grandeur. The glorious King of Day declined also on June 18th, thirty-three years before we passed over in a balloon. But how different the scene!

On that evening after the battle, when the cries of



MR. COXWELL LECTURING ON BALLOONING.  
*From a Photo. by H. N. King, Bath.*

the wounded filled the air, as the roar of artillery ceased, and as night approached, the earth was red-dyed and sodden; but on this, inviting cheers of welcome came to us on all sides, and at Waterloo we met with a most friendly reception.

It was delightful to hear the veteran reading out his account of this unique visit to Waterloo. It was an impressive little picture—the sun setting over the sea, and casting its dying beams upon the face of the grand old balloonist, and the coastguardsman standing there close at hand. The old guardsman could only shout out an enthusiastic “Hear! hear,” and bring his fist down upon the table, which made the sea-shells rattle in a corner near the window.

Then the veteran, after he had once more reviewed the hour he had spent over that ever-famous battlefield, crossed the room, and opened the door and looked out quietly upon the sea, as though watching it all again. “Now, then,” he said, “heave to, we must not get sentimental. Pass the tobacco-box, Pride.” “Aye, aye, sir,” and the tobacco-box was piped, or rather the tobacco that was in it.

“I returned to England,” continued Mr. Coxwell, “from Germany, in 1851, at the end of the Great Exhibition. They told me the Exhibition was over, and I had come too late. ‘Have I?’ I said; ‘you shall see my name going up three times a week next year’; and I can assure you my promise came true. Early in the season, about Whitsuntide, Mr. Goulston had made a very fine new silk balloon, but he was unfortunately killed in the first ascent of it. This ascent occurred from Cremorne Gardens. The proprietor telegraphed to me to know if I would go up in Goulston’s balloon in the very car in which he lost his life. I went down to inspect the balloon, and said: ‘I shall have no objection whatever.’ But I had a shock, too. I remember just at this moment that when I looked into that car I saw some of

poor Goulston's brains which they had failed to take away. I took up one of Goulston's men to take charge of the necessary property. I went up about a mile. This was noised abroad, and engagements quickly followed.

"One of the four places I used to go up from was the 'Eagle,' in the City Road. I remember an ascent I once made with old Conquest, the father of the present George

demanding £2 for the damage we had done. We had a long argument with him, and I offered him a glass of wine, which he refused. Of course, we had not done a shilling's-worth of damage to his hedge. He made a tremendous row, and while he was noising, I quietly asked a bystander to bring in the grappling-iron out of the hedge, and, to their utter astonishment, sailed merrily away!"



"I OFFERED HIM A GLASS OF WINE."

Conquest. It was his birthday, and so we determined to commemorate it in the air—Mr. Conquest, myself, and Mr. John Allan. We took up some champagne with us. We had so arranged our trip that we should return to the 'Eagle,' and appear on the stage of a theatre before the audience after our aerial flight. We descended at a spot near Barnet. The grappling-gear lodged in a hedge, and a number of people were standing near. A tall, gaunt Yorkshireman, with a long, heavy stick, rushed up to us with a number of his fellow-labourers, and

Mr. Coxwell made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace in 1859, whilst his last ascent took place in 1885, when his balloon sailed round the city and suburbs of York.

So many ascents has this born balloonist made that he is practically unable to chronicle them all. His line, holding the grappling-iron, has been caught in a fog by a passing fishing-boat, swaying the balloon to and fro to the extreme danger of its occupant. He has ascended before Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort in a balloon which for this occasion he christened "Queen" at Leamington.



"CAUGHT BY A FISHING-BOT."

Mr. Coxwell is not likely to forget the somewhat sensational experiences connected with this ascent. He had arranged to make captive ascents as the Queen and Prince Consort came past in their carriage during their progress through Warwickshire. This was done, and afterwards the balloon was held down to have a fresh supply of gas to enable it to make a final ascent in the evening. During that time a fresh breeze had sprung up, and the ascending power of the balloon was so much less than he had expected, that he had to ascend alone. The balloon struck against the spire of a church about 100yds. from the gardens whence the ascent was made. He flew to the hoop in order to look up the neck of the balloon to make sure the silk was not torn. It seemed all right. He sailed away for twenty miles, coming down in a most remote district in the

neighbourhood of Chester-ton.

"The point is this," said Mr. Coxwell, when speaking of this incident, "that the weather-cock of that church had been taken off a day or two previous for regilding. Had it not been taken down, my balloon would have struck the steeple in such a position that it would have been rent by the weather-cock from top to bottom."

Mr. Coxwell made many important surveys for the British Association; and he merrily referred to the notions of a late Professor, who had an idea of his own for ascending six miles in an old balloon, which he had picked up at Cremorne Gardens. Mr. Coxwell, at his own expense, built a balloon and materially assisted the British Association in their scientific work.

As far back as 1854 Mr. Coxwell demonstrated in public a new plan of signalling in the air for use in time of war. One of the newspapers of that time, after describing the aeronaut's venture, goes on to explain as follows:

"The aeronaut, who set in operation once more his signals, was well understood in the working of these by those who were in possession of the key to them; and they resemble somewhat those which were formerly used on the roof of the Admiralty. When he had reached a considerable altitude he liberated a number of pigeons which, he said, were usually auxiliaries for warfare. The idea is ingenious, and we must admit that the signals were worked with much dexterity."

His first real ascent in a military balloon was made in 1863, and, curiously enough, a canvas of the picture of this ascent forms the blind of the principal room of the veteran's cottage at Seaford. This room is on a level with the highway, and for some time Mr. Coxwell was annoyed by people coming and looking into his room, knowing

that it was the famous balloonist who lived there. The window is a large one, and the canvas just covers it up entirely, so at night Mr. Coxwell sits quietly within doors, and

£500; now you can make them of muslin at a cost of from £150 to £200. I do not think it will ever become fashionable. Ballooning is really an art. People look up at a



"THE BALLOON STRUCK AGAINST THE SPIRE OF A CHURCH."

chatting away with a friend, always having before him a view of his ascent from Thornhill, at Aldershot.

Before leaving Mr. Coxwell I asked if he considered ballooning would ever become popular or a fashionable pastime. "Well," he said, "ballooning is remarkably popular to-day to a certain extent, as it is now more used for acrobatic purposes and fancy acts. A balloon is a costly affair. When I was a young man they used to be made of expensive silk, and a good balloon would cost

balloon and think how easy it must be to sail along at the rate of eighty miles an hour, which I have done in my day. Then the great risk has always to be considered; and although people nowadays will risk anything to be fashionable, I do not think they will go as far as ballooning. But here is a curious fact: ballooning is of value for some pulmonary complaints—people who suffer from asthma. You see, you get into such pure air, and I know I always felt better after an ascent!"



## Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PLAY-ACTRESS OF ANSTEY CROSS.



HAVE told you something about Friar's Oak, and about the life that we led there. Now that my memory goes back to the old place it would gladly linger, for every thread which I draw from the skein of the past brings out half-a-dozen others that were entangled with it. I was in two minds when I began whether I had enough in me to make a book of, and now I know that I could write one about Friar's Oak alone, and the folk whom I knew in my childhood. They were hard and uncouth, some of them, I doubt not; and yet, seen through the golden haze of time, they all seem sweet and lovable. There was our good vicar, Mr. Jefferson, who loved the whole world save only Mr. Slack, the Baptist minister of Clayton, and there was kindly Mr. Slack, who was all men's brother save only of Mr. Jefferson, the vicar of Friar's Oak. Then there was Monsieur Rudin, the French Royalist refugee who lived over on the Pangdean road, and who, when the news of a victory came in, was convulsed with joy because we had beaten Buonaparte, and shaken with rage because we had beaten the French, so that after the Nile he wept for a whole day out of delight and then for another one out of fury, alternately clapping his hands and stamping his feet. Well I remember his thin, upright figure and the way in which he jauntily twirled his little cane, for cold and hunger could not cast him down, though we knew that he had his share of both. Yet he was so proud and had such a grand manner of talking, that no one dared to offer him a cloak or a meal. I can see his face now, with a flush over each craggy cheek-bone when the butcher made him the present of some ribs of beef. He could not but take it, and yet whilst he was stalking off he threw a proud glance over his shoulder at the butcher, and he said, "Monsieur, I have a dog!" Yet it was Monsieur Rudin and not his dog who looked plumper for a week to come.

Then I remember Mr. Paterson, the farmer, who was what you would now call a Radical, though at that time some called him a Priestley-ite, and some a Fox-ite, and nearly everybody a traitor. It certainly seemed to me at the time to be very wicked that a man should look glum when he heard of a British victory; and when they burned his straw image at the gate of his farm, Boy Jim and I were among those who lent a hand. But we were bound to confess that he was game, though he might be a traitor, for down he came, striding into the midst of us with his brown coat and his buckled shoes, and the fire beating upon his grim, schoolmaster face. My word, how he rated us, and how glad we were at last to sneak quietly away.

"You livers of a lie!" said he. "You and those like you have been preaching peace for nigh two thousand years, and cutting throats the whole time. If the money that is lost in taking French lives were spent in saving English ones, you would have more right to burn candles in your windows. Who are you that dare to come here to insult a law-abiding man?"

"We are the people of England!" cried young Master Ovington, the son of the Tory Squire.

"You! you horse-racing, cock-fighting ne'er-do-weel! Do you presume to talk for the people of England? They are deep, strong, silent stream, and you are the scum, the bubbles, the poor, silly froth that floats upon the surface."

We thought him very wicked then, but, looking back, I am not sure that we were not very wicked ourselves.

And then there were the smugglers! The Downs swarmed with them, for since there might be no lawful trade betwixt France and England, it had all to run in that channel. I have been up on St. John's Common upon a dark night, and, lying among the bracken, I have seen as many as seventy mules and a man at the head of each go flitting past me as silently as fish in a stream. Not one of them but bore its two ankers of the right French cognac, or its bale of silk of Lyons and lace of Valenciennes. I knew Dan





"MY WORD, HOW HE RATED US."

Scales, the head of them, and I knew Tom Hislop, the riding officer, and I remember the night they met.

"Do you fight, Dan?" asked Tom.

"Yes, Tom; thou must fight for it."

On which Tom drew his pistol, and blew Dan's brains out.

"It was a sad thing to do," he said afterwards, "but I knew Dan was too good a man for me, for we tried it out before."

It was Tom who paid a poet from Brighton to write the lines for the tombstone, which we all thought were very true and good, beginning:—

Alas! Swift flew the fatal lead  
Which pierced through the young man's head.  
He instant fell, resigned his breath,  
And closed his languid eyes in death.

There was more of it, and I daresay it is all

still to be read in Pat-cham Churchyard.

One day, about the time of our Cliffe Royal adventure, I was seated in the cottage looking round at the curios which my father had fastened on to the walls, and wishing, like the lazy lad that I was, that Mr. Lilly had died before ever he wrote his Latin grammar, when my mother, who was sitting knitting in the window, gave a little cry of surprise.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "What a vulgar-looking woman!"

It was so rare to hear my mother say a hard word against anybody (unless it were General Buonaparte) that I was across the room and at the window in a jump. A pony-chaise was coming slowly down the village street, and in it was the queerest-looking person that I had ever seen. She was very stout, with a face that was of so dark a red that it shaded away into purple over the nose and cheeks. She wore a great hat with a white curling ostrich feather, and from under its brim her two bold,

black eyes stared out with a look of anger and defiance as if to tell the folk that she thought less of them than they could do of her. She had some sort of scarlet pelisse with white swansdown about her neck, and she held the reins slack in her hands, while the pony wandered from side to side of the road as the fancy took him. Each time the chaise swayed, her head with the great hat swayed also, so that sometimes we saw the crown of it and sometimes the brim.

"What a dreadful sight!" cried my mother.

"What is amiss with her, mother?"

"Heaven forgive me if I misjudge her, Rodney, but I think that the unfortunate woman has been drinking."

"Why," I cried, "she has pulled the chaise

up at the smithy. I'll find out all the news for you"; and, catching up my cap, away I scampered.

Champion Harrison had been shoeing a horse at the forge door, and when I got into the street I could see him with the creature's hoof still under his arm, and the rasp in his hand, kneeling down amid the white parings. The woman was beckoning him from the chaise, and he staring up at her with the queerest expression upon his face. Presently he threw down his rasp and went across to

She looked at Jim, and I never saw such eyes in a human head, so large, and black, and wonderful. Boy as I was, I knew that, in spite of that bloated face, this woman had once been very beautiful. She put out a hand, with all the fingers going as if she were playing on the harpsichord, and she touched Jim on the shoulder.

"I hope—I hope you're well," she stammered.

"Very well, ma'am," said Jim, staring from her to his uncle.



"I HOPE YOU'RE WELL," SHE STAMMERED.

her, standing by the wheel and shaking his head as he talked to her. For my part, I slipped into the smithy, where Boy Jim was finishing the shoe, and I watched the neatness of his work and the deft way in which he turned up the caulks. When he had done with it he carried it out, and there was the strange woman still talking with his uncle.

"Is that he?" I heard her ask.

Champion Harrison nodded.

"And happy too?"

"Yes, ma'am, I thank you."

"Nothing that you crave for?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I have all that I lack."

"That will do, Jim," said his uncle, in a stern voice. "Blow up the forge again, for that shoe wants reheating."

But it seemed as if the woman had something else that she would say, for she was angry that he should be sent away. Her

eyes gleamed, and her head tossed, while the smith with his two big hands outspread seemed to be soothing her as best he could. For a long time they whispered until at last she seemed to be satisfied.

"To-morrow, then?" she cried loud out.

"To-morrow," he answered.

"You keep your word and I'll keep mine," said she, and dropped the lash on the pony's back. The smith stood with the rasp in his hand, looking after her until she was just a little red spot on the white road. Then he turned, and I never saw his face so grave.

"Jim," said he, "that's Miss Hinton, who has come to live at The Maples, out Anstey Cross way. She's taken a kind of a fancy to you, Jim, and maybe she can help you on a bit. I promised her that you would go over and see her to-morrow."

"I don't want her help, uncle, and I don't want to see her."

"But I've promised, Jim, and you wouldn't make me out a liar. She does but want to talk with you, for it is a lonely life she leads."

"What would she want to talk with such as me about?"

"Why, I cannot say that, but she seemed very set upon it, and women have their fancies. There's young Master Stone here who wouldn't refuse to go and see a good lady, I'll warrant, if he thought he might better his fortune by doing so."

"Well, uncle, I'll go if Roddy Stone will go with me," said Jim.

"Of course he'll go. Won't you, Master Rodney?"

So it ended in my saying "yes," and back I went with all my news to my mother, who dearly loved a little bit of gossip. She shook her head when she heard where I was going, but she did not say nay, and so it was settled.

It was a good four miles of a walk, but when we reached it you would not wish to see a more cosy little house: all honeysuckle and creepers, with a wooden porch and lattice windows. A common-looking woman opened the door for us.

"Miss Hinton cannot see you," said she.

"But she asked us to come," said Jim.

"I can't help that," cried the woman, in a rude voice. "I tell you that she can't see you."

We stood irresolute for a minute.

"Maybe you would just tell her I am here," said Jim, at last.

"Tell her! How am I to tell her when she couldn't so much as hear a pistol in her

ears? Try and tell her yourself, if you have a mind to."

She threw open a door as she spoke, and there, in a reclining chair at the further end of the room, we caught a glimpse of a figure all lumped together, huge and shapeless, with tails of black hair hanging down. The sound of dreadful, swine-like breathing fell upon our ears. It was but a glance, and then we were off hot-foot for home. As for me, I was so young that I was not sure whether this was funny or terrible; but when I looked at Jim to see how he took it, he was looking quite white and ill.

"You'll not tell anyone, Roddy," said he.

"Not unless it's my mother."

"I won't even tell my uncle. I'll say she was ill, the poor lady! It's enough that we should have seen her in her shame, without its being the gossip of the village. It makes me feel sick and heavy at heart."

"She was so yesterday, Jim."

"Was she? I never marked it. But I know that she has kind eyes and a kind heart, for I saw the one in the other when she looked at me. Maybe it's the want of a friend that has driven her to this."

It blighted his spirits for days, and when it had all gone from my mind it was brought back to me by his manner. But it was not to be our last memory of the lady with the scarlet pelisse, for before the week was out Jim came round to ask me if I would again go up with him.

"My uncle has had a letter," said he. "She would speak with me, and I would be easier if you came with me, Rod."

For me it was only a pleasure outing, but I could see, as we drew near the house, that Jim was troubling in his mind lest we should find that things were amiss. His fears were soon set at rest, however, for we had scarce clicked the garden gate before the woman was out of the door of the cottage and running down the path to meet us. She was so strange a figure, with some sort of purple wrapper on, and her big, flushed face smiling out of it, that I might, if I had been alone, have taken to my heels at the sight of her. Even Jim stopped for a moment as if he were not very sure of himself, but her hearty ways soon set us at our ease.

"It is indeed good of you to come and see an old, lonely woman," said she, "and I owe you an apology that I should give you a fruitless journey on Tuesday, but in a sense you were yourselves the cause of it, since the thought of your coming had excited me, and any excitement throws me into a nervous

fever. My poor nerves! You can see yourselves how they serve me."

She held out her twitching hands as she spoke. Then she passed one of them through Jim's arm, and walked with him up the path.

"You must let me know you, and know you well," said she. "Your uncle and aunt are quite old acquaintances of mine, and though you cannot remember me, I have held you in my arms when you were an infant. Tell me, little man," she added, turning to me, "what do you call your friend?"

"Boy Jim, ma'am," said I.

"Then if you will not think me forward, I will call you Boy Jim also. We elderly people have our privileges, you know. And now you shall come in with me, and we will take a dish of tea together."

She led the way into a cosy room—the same which we had caught a glimpse of when last we came—and there, in the middle, was a table with white napery, and shining glass, and gleaming china, and red-cheeked apples piled upon a centre-dish, and a great plateful of smoking muffins which the cross-faced maid had just carried in. You can think that we did justice to all the good things, and Miss Hinton

would ever keep pressing us to pass our cup and to fill our plate. Twice during our meal she rose from her chair and withdrew into a cupboard at the end of the room, and each time I saw Jim's face cloud, for we heard a gentle clink of glass against glass.

"Come now, little man," said she to me, when the table had been cleared. "Why are you looking round so much?"

"Because there are so many pretty things upon the walls."

"And which do you think the prettiest of them?"

"Why, that!" said I, pointing to a picture which hung opposite to me. It was of a tall and slender girl, with the rosiest cheeks and the tenderest eyes—so daintily dressed, too, that I had never seen anything more perfect. She had a posy of flowers in her hand and another one was lying upon the planks of wood upon which she was standing.

"Oh, that's the prettiest, is it?" said she, laughing. "Well, now, walk up to it, and let us hear what is writ beneath it."

I did as she asked, and read out: "Miss Polly Hinton, as *Peggy*, in 'The Country Wife,' played for her benefit at the Haymarket Theatre, September 14th, 1782."

"It's a play-actress," said I.

"Oh, you rude little boy, to say it in such a tone," said she, "as if a play-actress wasn't as good as anyone else. Why, 'twas but the other day that the Duke of Clarence, who may come to call himself King of England, married Mrs. Jordan, who was herself only a play-actress. And whom think you that this one is?"

She stood under the picture with her arms folded across her great body, and her big, black eyes

looking from one to the other of us.

"Why, where are your eyes?" she cried at last. "I was Miss Polly Hinton of the Haymarket Theatre. And perhaps you never heard the name before?"

We were compelled to confess that we never had. And the very name of play-actress had filled us both with a kind of vague horror, like the country-bred folk that we were. To us they were a class apart, to be hinted at rather than named, with the



"'IT'S A PLAY-ACTRESS,' SAID I."

wrath of the Almighty hanging over them like a thundercloud. Indeed, His judgments seemed to be in visible operation before us when we looked upon what this woman was, and what she had been.

"Well," said she, laughing like one who is hurt, "you have no cause to say anything, for I read on your faces what you have been taught to think of me. So this is the up-bringing that you have had, Jim, to think evil of that which you do not understand ! I wish you had been in the theatre that very night with Prince Florizel and four Dukes in the boxes, and all the wits and macaronis of London rising at me in the pit. If Lord Avon had not given me a cast in his carriage, I had never got my flowers back to my lodgings in York Street, Westminster. And now two little country lads are sitting in judgment upon me !"

Jim's pride brought a flush on to his cheeks, for he did not like to be called a country lad or to have it supposed that he was so far behind the grand folk in London.

"I have never been inside a play-house," said he ; "I know nothing of them."

"Nor I either."

"Well," said she, "I am not in voice, and it is ill to play in a little room with but two to listen, but you must conceive me to be the Queen of the Peruvians, who is exhorting her countrymen to rise up against the Spaniards who are oppressing them."

And straightway that coarse, swollen woman became a queen, the grandest, haughtiest queen that you could dream of, and she turned upon us with such words of fire, such lightning eyes and sweeping of her white hand, that she held us spellbound in our chairs. Her voice was soft, and sweet, and persuasive at the first, but louder it rang and louder as it spoke of wrongs and freedom and the joys of death in a good cause, until it thrilled into my every nerve, and I asked nothing more than to run out of the cottage and to die then and there in the cause of my country. And then in an instant she changed. She was a poor woman now, who had lost her only child and who was bewailing it. Her voice was full of tears, and what she said was so simple, so true, that we both seemed to see the dead babe stretched there on the carpet before us, and we could have joined in with words of pity and of grief. And then, before our cheeks were dry, she was back into her old self again.

"How like you that, then?" she cried. "That was my way in the days when Sally Siddons would turn green at the name of Polly Hinton. It's a fine play, is 'Pizarro.'"

"And who wrote it, ma'am?"

"Who wrote it? I never heard. What matter who did the writing of it ! But there are some great lines for one who knows how they should be spoken."

"And you play no longer, ma'am?"

"No, Jim, I left the boards when—I was weary of them. But my heart goes back to them sometimes. It seems to me there is no smell like that of the hot oil in the footlights and of the oranges in the pit. But you are sad, Jim."

"It was but the thought of that poor woman and her child."

"Tut, never think about her ! I will soon wipe her from your mind. This is *Miss Priscilla Tomboy*, from 'The Romp.' You must conceive that the mother is speaking, and that the forward young minx is answering."

And she began a scene between the two of them, so exact in voice and manner that it seemed to us as if there were really two folk before us : the stern old mother with her hand up like an ear-trumpet, and her flouncing, bouncing daughter. Her great figure danced about with a wonderful lightness, and she tossed her head and pouted her lips as she answered back to the old, bent figure that addressed her. Jim and I had forgotten our tears, and were holding our ribs before she came to the end of it.

"That is better," said she, smiling at our laughter. "I would not have you go back to Friar's Oak with long faces, or maybe they would not let you come to me again."

She vanished into her cupboard, and came out with a bottle and glass which she placed upon the table.

"You are too young for strong waters," she said, "but this talking gives one a dryness, and——"

Then it was that Boy Jim did a wonderful thing. He rose from his chair and he laid his hand upon the bottle.

"Don't !" said he.

She looked him in the face, and I can still see those black eyes of hers softening before his gaze.

"Am I to have none?"

"Please, don't."

With a quick movement she wrested the bottle out of his hand and raised it up so that for a moment it entered my head that she was about to drink it off. Then she flung it through the open lattice, and we heard the crash of it on the path outside.

"There, Jim !" said she ; "does that satisfy you? It's long since anyone cared whether I drank or no."



"SHE LOOKED HIM IN THE FACE."

"You are too good and kind for that," said he.

"Good!" she cried. "Well, I love that you should think me so. And it would make you happier if I kept from the brandy, Jim? Well, then, I'll make you a promise, if you'll make me one in return."

"What's that, miss?"

"No drop shall pass my lips, Jim, if you will swear, wet or shine, blow or snow, to come up here twice in every week that I may see you and speak with you, for, indeed, there are times when I am very lonesome."

So the promise was made, and very faithfully did Jim keep it, for many a time when I have wanted him to go fishing or rabbit-snaring, he has remembered that it was his day for Miss Hinton, and has tramped off to Anstey Cross. At first I think that she found her share of the bargain hard to keep, and I have seen Jim come back with a black face on him as if things were going amiss. But after a time the fight was won, as all fights are won if one does but fight long enough, and in the year before my father came back Miss Hinton had become another woman. And it was not her ways only, but herself

as well, for from being the person that I have described, she became in one twelve-month as fine a looking lady as there was in the whole country-side. Jim was prouder of it by far than of anything he had had a hand in in his life, but it was only to me that he ever spoke about it, for he had that tenderness towards her that one has for those whom one has helped. And she helped him also, for by her talk of the world and of what she had seen, she took his mind away from the Sussex country-side and prepared it for a broader life beyond. So matters stood between them at the time when peace was made and my father came home from the sea.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

MANY a woman's knee was on the ground, and many a woman's soul spent itself in joy and thankfulness when the news came with the fall of the leaf in 1801 that the preliminaries of peace had been settled. All England waved her gladness by day and twinkled it by night. Even in little Friar's Oak we had our flags flying bravely, and a candle in

every window, with a big G.R. guttering in the wind over the door of the inn. Folk were weary of the war, for we had been at it for eight years, taking Holland, and Spain, and France each in turn and all together. All that we had learned during that time was that our little army was no match for the French on land, and that our large navy was more than a match for them upon the water. We had gained some credit, which we were sorely in need of after the American business; and a few Colonies, which were welcome also for the same reason; but our debt had gone on rising and our consols sinking, until even Pitt stood aghast. Still, if we had known that there never could be peace between Napoleon and ourselves, and that this was only the end of a round and not of the battle, we should have been better advised had we fought it out without a break. As it was, the French got back the 20,000 good seamen whom we had captured, and a fine dance they led us with their Boulogne flotillas and fleets of invasion before we were able to catch them again.

My father, as I remember him best, was a tough, strong little man, of no great breadth, but solid and well put together. His face was burned of a reddish colour, as bright as a flower-pot, and in spite of his age (for he was only forty at the time of which I speak) it was shot with lines which deepened if he were in any way perturbed, so that I have seen him turn on the instant from a youngish man to an elderly. His eyes especially were meshed round with wrinkles, as is natural for one who had puckered them all his life in facing foul wind and bitter weather. These

eyes were, perhaps, his strangest feature, for they were of a very clear and beautiful blue, which shone the brighter out of that ruddy setting. By nature he must have been a fair-skinned man, for his upper brow, where his hat came over it, was as white as mine, and his close-cropped hair was tawny.

He had served, as he was proud to say, in the last of our ships which had been chased out of the Mediterranean in '97, and in the first which had re-entered it in '98. He was under Miller, as third lieutenant of the *Theseus*,

when our fleet, like a pack of eager foxhounds in a covert, was dashing from Sicily to Syria and back again to Naples, trying to pick up the lost scent. With the same good fighting man he served at the Nile, where the men of his command sponged and rammed and trained until, when the last tricolour had come down, they hove up the sheet anchor and fell dead asleep upon the top of each other under the capstan bars. Then, as a second lieutenant, he was in one of those grim three-deckers with powder-blackened hulls and crimson scupper-holes, their spare cables tied round their keels and over their bulwarks to hold them together, which carried the news into the Bay of Naples. From thence, as a



"MY FATHER."

reward for his services, he was transferred as first lieutenant to the *Aurora* frigate, engaged in cutting off supplies from Genoa, and in her he still remained until long after peace was declared.

How well I can remember his home-coming! Though it is now eight-and-forty years ago, it is clearer to me than the doings of last week, for the memory of an old man is like one of those glasses which shows out

what is at a distance and blurs all that is near.

My mother had been in a tremble ever since the first rumour of the preliminaries came to our ears, for she knew that he might come as soon as his message. She said little, but she saddened my life by insisting that I should be for ever clean and tidy. With every rumble of wheels, too, her eyes would glance towards the door and her hands steal up to smooth her pretty black hair. She had embroidered a white "Welcome" upon a blue ground, with an anchor in red upon each side, and a border of laurel leaves; and this was to hang upon the two lilac bushes which flanked the cottage door. He could not have left the Mediterranean before we had this finished, and every morning she looked to see if it were in its place and ready to be hanged.

But it was a weary time before the peace was ratified, and it was April of next year before our great day came round to us. It had been raining all morning, I remember—a soft spring rain, which sent up a rich smell from the brown earth and pattered pleasantly upon the budding chestnuts behind our cottage. The sun had shone out in the evening, and I had come down with my fishing-rod (for I had promised Boy Jim to go with him to the mill-stream), when what should I see but a post-chaise with two smoking horses at the gate, and there in the open door of it were my mother's black skirt and her little feet jutting out, with two blue arms for a waist-belt, and all the rest of her buried in the chaise. Away I ran for the motto, and I pinned it up on the bushes as we had agreed, but when I had finished there were the skirts and the feet and the blue arms just the same as before.

"Here's Rod," said my mother at last, struggling down on to the ground again. "Roddy, darling, here's your father!"

I saw the red face and the kindly, light-blue eyes looking out at me.

"Why, Roddy, lad, you were but a child and we kissed good-bye when last we met, but I suppose we must put you on a different rating now. I'm right glad from my heart to see you, dear lad, and as to you, sweetheart——" The blue arms flew out and there were the skirt and the two feet fixed in the door again.

"Here are the folk coming, Anson," said my mother, blushing. "Won't you get out and come in with us?"

And then suddenly it came home to us both that for all his cheery face he had never

moved more than his arms, and that his leg was resting on the opposite seat of the chaise.

"Oh, Anson, Anson!" she cried.

"Tut, 'tis but the bone of my leg," said he, taking his knee between his hands, and lifting it round. "I got it broke in the Bay, but the surgeon has fished it and spliced it, though it's a bit crank yet. Why, bless her kindly heart, if I haven't turned her from pink to white. You can see for yourself that it's nothing."

He sprang out as he spoke, and with one leg and a staff he hopped swiftly up the path, and under the laurel-bordered motto, and so over his own threshold for the first time for five years. When the postboy and I had carried up the sea-chest and the two canvas bags, there he was sitting in his arm-chair by the window in his old, weather-stained blue coat. My mother was weeping over his poor leg, and he patting her hair with one brown hand. His other he threw round my waist, and drew me to the side of his chair.

"Now that we have peace, I can lie up and refit until King George needs me again," said he. "'Twas a carronade that came adrift in the Bay when it was blowing a top-gallant breeze with a beam sea. Ere we could make it fast it had me jammed against the mast. Well, well," he added, looking round at the walls of the room, "here are all my old curios, the same as ever: the narwhal's horn from the Arctic, and the blow-fish from the Moluccas, and the paddles from Fiji, and the picture of the *Ça Ira* with Lord Hotham in chase. And here you are, Mary, and you also, Roddy, and good luck to the carronade which has sent me into so snug a harbour without fear of sailing orders."

My mother had his long pipe and his tobacco all ready for him, so that he was able now to light it and to sit looking from one of us to the other and then back again, as if he could never see enough of us. Young as I was, I could still understand that this was the moment which he had thought of during many a lonely watch, and that the expectation of it had cheered his heart in many a dark hour. Sometimes he would touch one of us with his hand, and sometimes the other, and so he sat, with his soul too satiated for words, whilst the shadows gathered in the little room and the lights of the inn windows glimmered through the gloom. And then, after my mother had lit our own lamp, she slipped suddenly down upon her knees, and he got one knee to the ground also, so that, hand-in-hand, they joined their thanks to Heaven for manifold





"THEY JOINED THEIR THANKS TO HEAVEN."

mercies. When I look back at my parents as they were in those days, it is at that very moment that I can picture them most clearly : her sweet face with the wet shining upon her cheeks, and his blue eyes upturned to the smoke-blackened ceiling. I remember that he swayed his reeking pipe in the earnestness of his prayer, so that I was half tears and half smiles as I watched him.

"Roddy, lad," said he, after supper was over, "you're getting a man now, and I suppose you will go afloat like the rest of us. You're old enough to strap a dirk to your thigh."

"And leave me without a child as well as without a husband !" cried my mother.

"Well, there's time enough yet," said he, "for they are more inclined to empty berths than to fill them, now that peace has come. But I've never tried what all this schooling has done for you, Rodney. You have had a great deal more than ever I had, but I dare say I can make shift to test it. Have you learned history ?"

"Yes, father," said I, with some confidence.

"Then how many sail of the line were at the Battle of Camperdown ?"

He shook his head gravely when he found that I could not answer him.

"Why, there are men in the fleet who never had any schooling at all who could tell you that we had seven 74's, seven 64's, and two 50-gun ships in the action. There's a picture on the wall of the chase of the *Ça Ira*. Which were the ships that laid her aboard ?"

Again I had to confess that he had beaten me.

"Well, your dad can teach you something in history yet," he cried, looking in triumph at my mother. "Have you learned geography ?"

"Yes, father," said I, though with less confidence than before.

"Well, how far is it from Port Mahon to Algeciras ?"

I could only shake my head.

"If Ushant lay three leagues upon your starboard quarter, what would be your nearest English port ?"

Again I had to give it up.

"Well, I don't see that your geography is much better than your history," said he. "You'd never get your certificate at this rate. Can you do addition ? Well, then, let us see if you can tot up my prize-money."

He shot a mischievous glance at my mother as he spoke, and she laid down her knitting on her lap and looked very earnestly at him.

"You never asked me about that, Mary," said he.

"The Mediterranean is not the station for it, Anson. I have heard you say that it is the Atlantic for prize-money and the Mediterranean for honour."

"I had a share of both last cruise, which comes from changing a line-of-battleship for a frigate. Now, Rodney, there are two pounds in every hundred due to me when the prize-courts have done with them. When we were watching Massena, off Genoa, we got a

matter of seventy schooners, brigs, and tartans, with wine, food, and powder. Lord Keith will want his finger in the pie, but that's for the Courts to settle. Put them at four pounds apiece to me, and what will the seventy bring?"

"Two hundred and eighty pounds," I answered.

"Why, Anson, it is a fortune," cried my mother, clapping her hands.

"Try you again, Roddy!" said he, shaking his pipe at me. "There was the *Xebec* frigate out of Barcelona with twenty thousand Spanish dollars aboard, which make four thousand of our pounds. Her hull should be worth another thousand. What's my share of that?"

"A hundred pounds."

"Why, the purser couldn't work it out quicker," he cried in his delight. "Here's for you again! We passed the Straits and worked up to the Azores, where we fell in with the *La Sabina* from the Mauritius with sugar and spices. Twelve hundred pounds she's worth to me, Mary, my darling, and never again shall you soil your pretty fingers or pinch upon my beggarly pay."

My dear mother had borne her long struggle without a sign all these years, but now that she was so suddenly eased of it she fell sobbing upon his neck. It was a long time before my father had a thought to spare upon my examination in arithmetic.

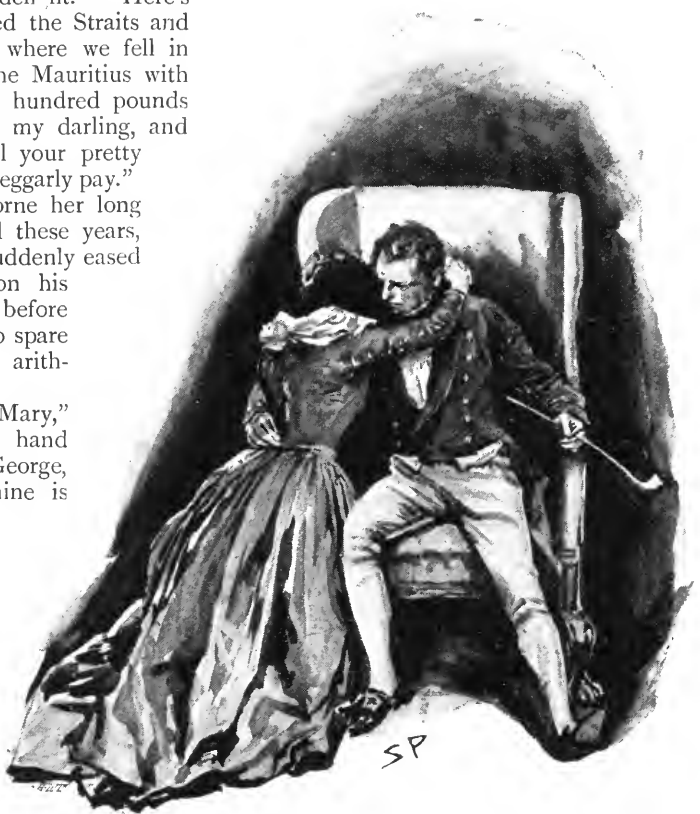
"It's all in your lap, Mary," said he, dashing his own hand across his eyes. "By George, lass, when this leg of mine is sound we'll bear down for a spell to Brighton, and if there is a smarter frock than yours upon the Steyne, may I never tread a poop again. But how is it that you are so quick at figures, Rodney, when you know nothing of history or geography?"

I tried to explain that addition was the same upon sea or land, but that history and geography were not.

"Well," he concluded, "you need figures to take a reckoning, and you need nothing else save what your mother wit will teach you. There never was one of our breed who did not take to salt water like

a young gull. Lord Nelson has promised me a vacancy for you, and he'll be as good as his word."

So it was that my father came home to us, and a better or kinder no lad could wish for. Though my parents had been married so long, they had really seen very little of each other, and their affection was as warm and as fresh as if they were two newly-wedded lovers. I have learned since that sailors can be coarse and foul, but never did I know it from my father; for, although he had seen as much rough work as the wildest could wish for, he was always the same patient, good-humoured man, with a smile and a jolly word for all the village. He could suit himself to his company, too, for on the one hand he could take his wine with the vicar or with Sir James Ovington, the squire of the parish;



"SHE FELL SOBBING UPON HIS NECK."

while on the other he would sit by the hour amongst my humble friends down in the smithy, with Champion Harrison, Boy Jim, and the rest of them, telling them such stories of Nelson and his men that I have seen the Champion knot his great hands together,

while Jim's eyes have smouldered like the forge embers as he listened.

My father had been placed on half-pay, like so many others of the old war officers, and so, for nearly two years, he was able to remain with us. During all this time I can only once remember that there was the slightest disagreement between him and my mother. It chanced that I was the cause of it, and as great events sprang out of it, I must tell you how it came about. It was indeed the first of a series of events which affected not only my fortunes but those of very much more important people.

"Whom think you that it is from, Anson?" she asked.

"I had hoped that it was from Lord Nelson," answered my father. "It is time the boy had his commission. But if it be for you, then it cannot be from anyone of much importance."

"Can it not!" she cried, pretending to be offended. "You will ask my pardon for that speech, sir, for it is from no less a person than Sir Charles Tregellis, my own brother."

My mother seemed to speak with a hushed voice when she mentioned this wonderful



"THE LETTER."

The spring of 1803 was an early one, and the middle of April saw the leaves thick upon the chestnut trees. One evening we were all seated together over a dish of tea when we heard the scrunch of steps outside our door, and there was the postman with a letter in his hand.

"I think it is for me," said my mother, and sure enough it was addressed in the most beautiful writing to Mrs. Mary Stone, of Friar's Oak, and there was a red seal the size of a half-crown upon the outside of it with a flying dragon in the middle.

brother of hers, and always had done so as long as I can remember, so that I had learned also to have a subdued and reverent feeling when I heard his name. And indeed it was no wonder, for that name was never mentioned unless it were in connection with something brilliant and extraordinary. Once we heard that he was at Windsor with the King. Often he was at Brighton with the Prince. Sometimes it was as a sportsman that his reputation reached us, as when his Meteor beat the Duke of Queensberry's Egham, at Newmarket, or when he brought Jim Belcher

up from Bristol, and sprang him upon the London fancy. But usually it was as the friend of the great, the arbiter of fashions, the king of bucks, and the best-dressed man in town that his reputation reached us. My father, however, did not appear to be elated at my mother's triumphant rejoinder.

"Aye, and what does he want?" asked he, in no very amiable voice.

"I wrote to him, Anson, and told him that Rodney was growing a man now, thinking, since he had no wife or child of his own, he might be disposed to advance him."

"We can do very well without him," growled my father. "He sheered off from us when the weather was foul, and we have no need of him now that the sun is shining."

"Nay, you misjudge him, Anson," said my mother, warmly. "There is no one with a better heart than Charles; but his own life moves so smoothly that he cannot understand that others may have trouble. During all these years I have known that I had but to say the word to receive as much as I wished from him."

"Thank God that you never had to stoop to it, Mary. I want none of his help."

"But we must think of Rodney."

"Rodney has enough for his sea-chest and kit. He needs no more."

"But Charles has great power and influence in London. He could make Rodney known to all the great people. Surely you would not stand in the way of his advancement."

"Let us hear what he says, then," said my father, and this was the letter which she read to him:—

"14, Jermyn Street, St. James's,

"April 15th, 1803.

"MY DEAR SISTER MARY,—In answer to your letter, I can assure you that you must not conceive me to be wanting in those finer feelings which are the chief adornment of humanity. It is true that for some years, absorbed as I have been in affairs of the highest importance, I have seldom taken a pen in hand, for which I can assure you that I have been reproached by many *des plus charmantes* of your charming sex. At the present moment I lie abed (having stayed late in order to pay a compliment to the Marchioness of Dover at her ball last night), and this is writ to my dictation by Ambrose, my clever rascal of a valet. I am interested to hear of my nephew Rodney (*Mon dieu, quel nom!*), and as I shall be on my way to visit the Prince at Brighton next week, I shall break my journey at Friar's Oak for the sake of seeing both you and him. Make my compliments to your husband.

"I am ever, my dear sister Mary,

"Your brother,

"CHARLES TREGELLIS."

"What do think of that?" cried my mother in triumph when she had finished.

"I think it is the letter of a fop," said my father, bluntly.

"You are too hard on him, Anson. You will think better of him when you know him. But he says that he will be here next week, and this is Thursday, and the best curtains unhung, and no lavender in the sheets!" Away she bustled, half distracted, while my father sat moody, with his chin upon his hands, and I remained lost in wonder at the thought of this grand new relative from London, and of all that his coming might mean to us.

# From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

NEW MEN  
IN OLD  
PLACES.

LOOKING round the House of Commons in the short Session of the new Parliament following on the General Election, no one familiar with the place would be disposed to believe that there has been established in recent times a more complete or widespread change of fates as between one Parliament and its successor. Yet the Parliament elected in 1892 substituted 217 members for those who had sat in its predecessor, against 191 new members sent to the Parliament elected last July. The reason for the prevailing sense of novelty in the situation is, doubtless, largely due to its recent birth, but primarily to the fact that, as compared with the *bouleversement* of 1892, the General Election of 1895 sent to the right-about a much larger proportion of prominent members.

The Treasury Bench alone had considerably more than a tenth of its members submerged. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, the President of the Local Government Board, the Postmaster-General, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and three well-known members of the Whips' Department — Mr. Brand, Mr. C. R. Spencer, and Mr. Leveson-Gower — disappeared from the scene. In such a *débâcle* the falling here and there of a particular man in the serried ranks would hardly be noticed. But it is small exaggeration

to say the House of Commons shrieked when "Bobby" Spencer fell. How in the coming years the business of Parliament is to be carried on, and the more delicate wheels of State policy are to revolve in the absence of the statesman who in the last Parliament represented Mid-Northamptonshire, is one of those unfathomable problems from which the vexed mind gratefully turns aside.

OLD  
STAGERS.

Apart from the fatal accidents of the General Election, the close of the brief but memorable Parliament of 1892 was seized by several old Parliamentary stagers as opportunity for withdrawing from the familiar road. Mr. Gladstone's retirement would of itself suffice to mark an epoch. With him passed beyond range of the Speaker's eye men like Sir Henry James, Sir James Stansfeld, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. T. B. Potter, Mr. Caleb Wright, Mr. W. Rathbone, Mr. Illingworth, and Mr. Cobb, occasionally contumacious but inflexibly honest, unsparingly industrious, the type of the private member who has done much to elevate the House of Commons to the unique position it holds amongst the Parliaments of the world.

With Mr. Bright went his nephew, John Albert, thus breaking a family connection with the House of Commons dating back to July, 1843, when John Bright entered it as

member for the City of Durham. At one time during the life of John Bright, there were no fewer than seven members of his family with seats in the House of Commons. To-day it is solely represented by his nephew, Charles McLaren, member for the Bosworth Division of Leicestershire.

SOME  
COMPENSA-  
TIONS.  
Whilst the electoral scythe swept off some of the tallest poppies

in the Parliamentary field, it also swooped down on what fractious persons might call the weeds. Nothing was more remarkable amid the phenomena of this startling movement than the clearance made of a particular class of private member who flourished in rank abundance in the Parliament of 1892. Mr. Seymour Keay, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Conybeare, Alpheus



"THE REAPER AND SOME OF THE FLOWERS."

Cleophas—all these pretty chickens (with their indiscriminate dams) at one fell swoop. In their enforced absence the House of Commons will hardly seem itself. But long experience testifies that Nature's constitutional abhorrence of a vacuum is particularly marked in this direction. The House of Commons has from time immemorial had its "cranks" of various temperaments and tendencies. Glancing over the still unfamiliar faces and figures that crowd the benches of the new House, successors to Mr. Conybeare, Alpheus Cleophas, and Mr. Keir Hardie are not recognisable. But unless, in addition to the Government of the day, the General Election of 1895 upset the laws of Nature they are there, and will, before the new Session is far advanced, make themselves known.

AFTER  
TEN  
YEARS.

Considering the comparatively small number of its members, the House of Commons has ever been peculiarly subject to change.

When the last House met for its second Session I counted, out of its 670 members, only fifty-two who had sat in the House when, twenty years ago, I began to make its intimate acquaintance. One need not go back twenty years to point this moral. I chance to have turned up a division list, dated the 17th March, 1885. It refers to an episode in the passing of the Reform Act of that year, interesting in itself, at a time when we have fresh with us memories of a Session that saw the introduction of a Bill, one of whose provisions was the taking on a single day of polls at the General Election.

Sir William Agnew, at that time member for South-East Lancashire, brought up a new clause, embodying the stipulation which formed a plank in the measure of the late Liberal Government. Sir William was, in a political sense, ten years ahead of his time. His proposal was negatived by 155 against 62, the majority being composed of Liberals and Conservatives. Several members of the late Ministry voted against the



SIR WILLIAM AGNEW.

amendment, Lord Richard Grosvenor and Lord Kensington, the Government Whips of the day, telling in the "No" lobby. Amongst the majority were Mr. J. B. Balfour, who in the Government that in 1895 brought in a Bill embodying the principle of one man one vote served as Lord Advocate; Mr. Henry Fowler, then Secretary of State for India; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, First Commissioner of Works; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, President of the Local Government Board; Mr. Mellor, Chairman of Committees; Sir George Trevelyan, Minister for Scotland; and Sir Farrer Herschell, now a peer of the realm, of late surveying mankind from the height of the Woolsack.



MR. J. B. BALFOUR, EX-LORD ADVOCATE FOR SCOTLAND.

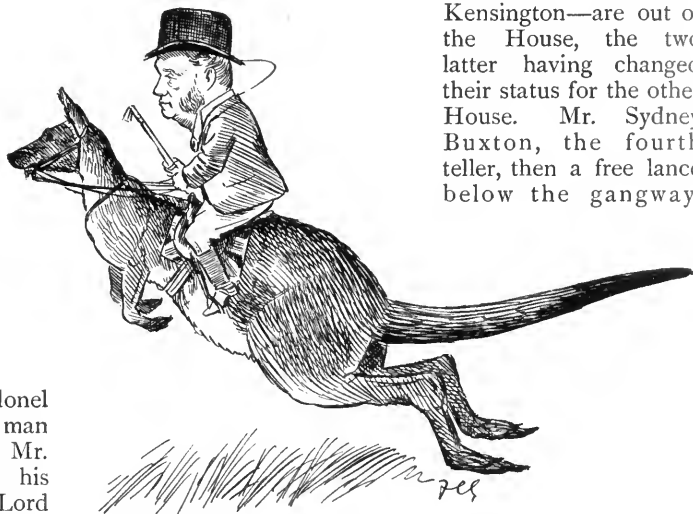
In the minority there voted some members who, outside the Ministerial pale at that time, were later admitted within the fold, leavening the lump with impulse of Radicalism. They include Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the late Government; Mr. Bryce, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Burt, his first lieutenant; Mr. Woodall, Financial Secretary to the War Office; Mr. Causton and Mr. Munro Ferguson, Whips.

FALLEN OUT OF THE RANKS. Of members who voted in this division ten years ago, I note among those still living, but no longer in the House, Mr. Arthur Arnold, now Chairman of the London County Council; Mr. Reginald Brett, who occasionally instructs the world from the platform and the Press, and looks after the Board of Works; Mr. Joseph Cowen, who, to the irreparable loss of the House, long ago withdrew from it his picturesque presence and his rare flashes of stately eloquence; Mr. Passmore Edwards, who has transferred his name from the division list to the charitable subscription list; Mr. Arthur Elliot, who stood at the General Election under the "Unionist" flag and was beaten by a majority of one; Mr. Cyril Flower, who without attempting, as the present Lord Selborne did, to uproot the Constitution, has quietly taken his seat in the House of Lords; Mr. Inderwick, who ought long ago to have been a judge; Captain O'Shea, a leading actor in the most painful drama of modern times; Mr. Eustace Smith; Mr. Lyulph

Stanley, busy at other boards ; Mr. Willis, Q.C., now practising in a court where there are no hats to knock off the heads of absorbed listeners ; Mr. Armitstead, whose pleasure in caring for the welfare of Mr. Gladstone in foreign parts is occasionally clouded by the persistency of the natives in taking him for the Grand Old Man ; Mr. Evelyn Ashley, who is something in the City ; Mr. Henry Brand, now Lord Hampden ; Sir Thomas Brassey, who, having come into a peerage, has undertaken to govern New South Wales ; Mr. Philip Callan, whom Dublin can no longer spare to Westminster ; Colonel Carington, now right-hand man of the Lord Chamberlain ; Mr. Cecil Cotes, looking after his estates in Shropshire ; Lord Crichton, gone to the House of Lords, where he finds the Sir Richard Cross of this historic division ; Mr. Thomas Duckham, talking of coming back after long withdrawal ; Lord Elcho, now Earl Wemyss ; Mr. Elton, like Mr. Willis, Q.C., though in another court, devoting himself to law ; Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, who more than once has been beaten back in attempting to regain admission to the House in which at the date of this division he sat as Minister ; Lord Folkestone, now Earl of Radnor ; Mr. Gibson, again Lord Chancellor of Ireland ; Sir Hardinge Giffard, to-day Lord Chancellor ; Sir Gabriel Goldney, living to green old age in quiet resting-place ; Mr. Grantham, now a judge ; Lord Claude Hamilton, like Mr. Evelyn Ashley and Mr. Ernest Noel, something in the City ; Lord Hartington, now Duke of Devonshire, with a moving history lying between to-day and that March night ten years ago ; Mr. Sydney Herbert, Earl of Pembroke ; Colonel Milne Home, on active service ; Mr. Peter M'Lagan, out of the hunt ; Mr. C. S. Parker, wrecked in the General Election of 1892 ; Mr. Albert Pell, and Mr. C. S. Read, forsaken by the ungrateful agriculturist ; Sir H. Selwyn Ibbetson and Colonel Stanley, peers of the realm ; Sir Thomas Thornhill, out of sight ; and Mr. Wharton, who carried his pocket-handkerchief and snuff-box to the Antipodes,

returned with a pension, and is now understood to have given himself up to the pursuit of poesy.

As for the tellers in the division, three of the four—Sir William Agnew, Lord Richard Grosvenor, and Lord Kensington—are out of the House, the two latter having changed their status for the other House. Mr. Sydney Buxton, the fourth teller, then a free lance below the gangway,



LORD BRASSEY.

once more a private member, has no longer on his mind the care of all the Colonies and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.



MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.

JOINED  
THE  
MAJORITY.

Here are forty-two members of the 221 who took part in the division no longer in the House of Commons. Of those who have joined the majority, the number

is not much less. Looking down the list there flits across the memory the vanished figures of Sir George Campbell, David Davies, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Firth, Mr. Morgan Lloyd, W. H. O'Sullivan, Dick Peddie, Henry Richard, John Roberts, Thorold Rogers, Thomas Shaw, poor Willie Summers, J. P. Thomasson, Cavendish Bentinck, Eugene Collins, J. K. Cross, "Bob" Duff, who went out to govern New South Wales and found a grave at Sydney; Sir Charles Foster; R. N. Fowler, thrice Lord Mayor of London; Edward Hicks, Beresford Hope, Lord Henry Lennox, Chas. Lewis, Sir James McGarel Hogg, who passed through the peerage to his rest; Cecil Raikes, Sclater-Booth, who died Lord Basing; W. H. Smith, whose memory as "Old Morality" still lingers in the House; Hussey Vivian and Rowland Winn, before their deaths promoted to the peerage; and Eardley Wilmot.

This death-roll numbers thirty, and it might, I fear, with fuller knowledge, be extended. I speak only of those of whose fate I have personal knowledge. Without exhausting the list, this proportion of seventy-two out of two hundred and twenty-one who have from death or disaster at the polls retired from the House of Commons in the space of ten years shows how rapidly and with what regularity the Assembly suffers sea change.

Shortly after COURT Mr. Gully DRESS. was elected to the Speaker's Chair he received a memorial, signed by 138 members, praying him to abolish the regulation which requires members attending the State dinners

given through the Session to appear in uniform or levée dress. The situation was, in the circumstances, one of peculiar difficulty. Here was an uncompromising Liberal, called to the Chair by the unanimous Liberal vote. Already there were signs of proximity of another election. The gentlemen who signed the memorial were of that not unfamiliar type in politics which is nobly resolved to sacrifice even great causes for minor matters of conscience. If Mr. Gully

refused to lend a favourable ear to their prayer, there were amongst them some stubborn puritans of politics who would not hesitate, when the time came, to punish him by voting against his re-election. On the other hand, if he meddled with a time-honoured institution, he would draw upon himself the resentment of the Tory party.

The Speaker's escape from the dilemma happily indicated that wisdom did not die with Solomon. He pointed out, in blandest manner, that at the time he was approached the series of Sessional dinners at Speaker's Court was closed. No immediately useful object would be served by forthwith deciding on the matter. It would be well, therefore, to let it stand over for the spring of the year.

The spring is almost at hand. The new Parliament has just met for its second Session. But of the 138 members who signed the memorial of June last, few, few shall meet where many parted. It was in this particular section of the Liberal host that heaviest havoc was wrought, and for a while what was growing into a threatening question will quietly sleep.

It is probable that in the coming Session

there will be raised again the question of the reasonableness of the incursion of Black Rod on the ordered business of the House of Commons. Whilst Mr. Peel was yet in the Speaker's Chair, steps were taken moderating the arbitrariness of the ancient custom. As is well known, when the farce of giving assent to Bills by Royal Commission is to the fore in the House of



THE LATE LORD SWANSEA.  
(Sir Hussey Vivian.)

Lords, Black Rod is dispatched upon a mission summoning the Commons to stand at the Bar and hear the Commission read. At the approach of the emissary from the other House, the watchful wardens on duty in the lobby of the Commons promptly close the door in Black Rod's face. But it is only their fun. He, entering into the joke, raps three times. The Serjeant-at-Arms, warned of the approach of a stranger, leaves his chair and stands on the inner side



of the closed door. In response to the three raps, he withdraws a small trap-door and peers forth. To his manifest surprise he finds, standing outside, Black Rod, in full dress! The door is straightway opened, and the senior doorkeeper, going on first, stands at the Bar, and at the top of a trained, stentorian voice cries aloud, "Black Rod!"

The peculiarity of the situation is that, once admitted within the jealously guarded doors, Black Rod brooks no further delay. Whatever business the House of Commons may be engaged upon, whosoever may be on his legs addressing it, the cry of "Black Rod!" must break in, and his summons when delivered at the Table must immediately be obeyed. In the Parliament of 1886-92 two occasions happened in speedy succession, when this little by-play became quite unbearable. Early in the Session of 1888, whilst Mr. Balfour was on his legs at the Table answering an important question touching the conduct of business in Ireland, he was

abruptly interrupted by the cry of "Black Rod!" Midway in a sentence the Chief Secretary resumed his seat, whilst Black Rod, for the nonce in high favour with the Irish members, made his progress to the Table.

Two years later a similar misadventure befell Mr. Gladstone, who was addressing a question to the Ministerial Bench when Black Rod arrived. The doorkeeper was simply doing his duty in pursuance of orders when he shouted the Leader of the Opposition down with cry of "Black Rod!" But the absurdity of the situation and its gross unmannerliness struck members with such force, that they literally howled at the hapless messenger, who beat a hasty retreat. The Speaker's attention being formally called to the matter, he undertook to confer with the House of Lords' authorities in order to avoid repetition of the unseemly procedure. Arrangements were made whereby Black Rod should deliver his message at a more convenient time. He usually arrives within the hour of private business. But, as experience shows, there is no safeguard against his irruption at a later period when the House is engaged upon public business.

WHAT  
MIGHT BE  
DONE.

Strictly regarded, the whole process of giving by Commission the Royal Assent to Bills is a useless waste of time. When, as was originally the case, the Sovereign in person signified assent to Bills, it was well enough that the Speaker of the House of Commons should proceed in state to the other chamber accompanied by a throng of members. But since, in these utilitarian days, the high prerogative is thought so little of by Royalty that its exercise is habitually delegated to Commissioners, the maimed ceremony might just as well be performed in the Lord Chancellor's private room, letting the Commons go on with that business for which the ordinary limits of a Session yearly prove inadequate.

Failing this, Black Rod should certainly be precluded from bouncing in on the House of Commons at the convenience of the Lords. A simple and effective means of meeting the

difficulty would be for an intimation to be privily conveyed to the Speaker from the House of Lords, stating that Black Rod is presently coming with a message. At a suitable stage of current proceedings, as early as possible after receipt of the notification, the Speaker might rise and direct Black Rod (meanwhile in attendance in the lobby) to be admitted. This would at least minimize the inconvenience of the anachronism and abolish the absurdity of the situation.

THE  
SPEAKER'S  
CORRESPONDENTS.

I mentioned in a former number how Lord Playfair, whilst acting as Chairman of Committees, received a communication from a grower of champagne, asking him to insert a commendatory notice of his vintage "in your highly-respectable Journal of Ways and Means." The Speaker—a more prominent personage than the Chairman of Ways and Means—has a still wider circle of eccentric correspondents. There is a noble lord who believes he has been privily made a duke, who is accustomed from time to time to consult the Speaker as to how the veil of secrecy may be withdrawn and he take his proper place in the peerage. Incidentally



THE YEOMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.

he mentions that he is descendant in the direct line from George IV.

"If my friends do not deceive me," he loftily adds, "my face, figure, and general bearing justify the family tradition."

The immediate and pressing occasion of his lordship's last communication with Speaker's Court is the fact brought to his knowledge that "Tim Healy intercepts my correspondence." He calls upon the Speaker to protect him against this outrage, and, if possible, to obtain him redress.

Oddly enough, the late George GENIAL IV., himself not free from delusions in the matter of his exploits at Waterloo, is responsible for another active correspondent of the Speaker.

"George IV., Emperor of India," is the signature of a letter announcing that the writer has sixteen Bills to bring in. He begs the Speaker will set apart a day for introducing them. "Any day will suit me," he airily adds, anxious above all things that the Speaker shall not put himself about. Nothing indeed could exceed the almost regal courtesy of this gentleman. He expresses his profound regret that he has not been able to approach the Speaker on the subject at an earlier date. The fact is, he has been detained in the country by affairs of State. He is coming up next week to Buckingham Palace with his daughters, and trusts the Speaker will drop in some afternoon and take a cup of tea with them.

LORD  
WOLSELEY'S  
UNDER-  
STUDY.

A third letter-writer familiar to successive Speakers is (or was) in the Army. He believes that he could best serve his country in the post of Commander-in-Chief. He is aware that special qualities, and a certain amount of experience, are necessary for success in this high position. All he wants the Speaker to do is to "take the sense of the House" on the question of his fitness. In the meantime, he is ready at any moment to review the troops in Hyde Park.

No answer being received to this communication, there appeared in the lobby of the House of Commons one Wednesday afternoon towards the close of last Session a military gentleman, who sharply demanded to see the Speaker. He was told that the Speaker was in the Chair, and could not be approached.

"What!" cried the military gentleman, twirling his cane, "you mean to tell me the Speaker can't leave the Chair for five minutes to see me on business of this importance?"

Being answered in the negative, he disclosed his mission. It was simply to arrange with the Speaker for his reviewing the troops in Hyde Park on the Saturday following, as a preliminary to taking the sense of the House upon his fitness for the Commandership-in-Chief. He fixed Saturday because he understood that, as a rule, the House did not sit on that day, and members on both sides would be at liberty to repair to the Park and form a judgment on the important issue submitted to them.

By a strategic movement the military gentleman was quietly got off the premises, and instructions given to the police that he should not be allowed to re-enter.

A grimmer form of madness is displayed by another constant letter-writer, whose communications rarely vary. He writes out in catalogue

A CURSORY  
CORRE-  
SPONDENT.

form the name and full title of members of the Royal Family, and adds to each line an imprecation which has all the simplicity and directness of the Athanasian Creed. Why he should select the Speaker as the repository of his amiable desires is not explained. The sheet of letter-paper contains nothing but a cursing in detail of the Royal Family, from the Queen on the throne to the last infant in the cradle. Then comes a commonplace "Yours truly," with a name and address.



"HE THINKS HE IS A DUKE!"



BY BRET HARTE.\*



WE all remembered very distinctly Bulger's advent in Rattlesnake Camp. It was during the rainy season—a season singularly inducive to settled reflective impressions as we sat and smoked around the stove in Mosby's grocery. Like older and more civilized communities, we had our periodic waves of sentiment and opinion, with the exception that they were more evanescent with us, and as we had just passed through a fortnight of dissipation and extravagance, owing to a visit from some gamblers and speculators, we were now undergoing a severe moral revulsion, partly induced by reduced finances, and partly by the arrival of two families with grown-up daughters on the hill. It was raining, with occasional warm breaths, through the open window, of the south-west trades, redolent of the saturated spices of the woods and springing grasses, which perhaps were slightly inconsistent with the hot stove around which we had congregated. But the stove was only an excuse for our listless, gregarious gathering; warmth and idleness went well together, and it was currently accepted that we had caught from the particular reptile which gave its name to our camp much of its pathetic, life-long search for warmth, and its habits of indolently basking in it.

A few of us still went through the affectation of attempting to dry our damp clothes by the stove, and sizzling our wet boots

against it; but as the same individuals calmly permitted the rain to drive in upon them through the open window without moving, and seemed to take infinite delight in the amount of steam they generated, even that pretence dropped. Crotalus himself, with his tail in a muddy ditch, and the sun striking cold fire from his slit eyes as he basked his head on a warm stone beside it, could not have typified us better.

Percy Briggs took his pipe from his mouth at last and said, with reflective severity:—

"Well, gentlemen, if we can't get the waggon road over here, and if we're going to be left out by the stage coach company, we can at least straighten up the camp and not have it look like a cross between a tenement alley and a broken-down circus. I declare I was just sick when these two Baker girls started to make a short cut through the camp. Darned if they didn't turn round and take to the woods and the Rattler's again, afore they got half-way. And that benighted idiot, Tom Rollins, standin' there in the ditch, spattered all over with slumgullion 'til he looked like a spotted tarrypin, wavin' his fins and sashaying backwards and forrards and sayin', 'This way, ladies; this way!'"

"I didn't," returned Tom Rollins, quite casually, without looking up from his steaming boots; "I didn't start in night afore last to dance 'The Green Corn Dance,' outer 'Hiawatha,' with feathers in my hair and a red blanket on my shoulders, round that family's new potato patch, in order that it

might 'increase and multiply.' I didn't sing 'Sabbath Morning Bells' with an anvil accompaniment until twelve o'clock at night over at the Crossing, so that they might dream of their Happy Childhood's Home. It seems to me that it wasn't *me* did it. I might be mistaken—it was late—but I have the impression that it wasn't *me*."

From the silence that followed this would seem to have been clearly a recent performance of the previous speaker, who, however, responded, quite cheerfully:—

"An evenin' o' simple, childish gaiety don't count. We've got to start in again *fair*.

if we're only firm. It's all along of our cussed fool good-nature; they see it amuses us, and they'll keep it up as long as the whisky's free. What we want to do is, when the next man comes waltzin' along——"

A distant clatter from the rocky hillside here mingled with the puff of damp air through the window.

"Looks as ef we might hev a show even now," said Tom Rollins, removing his feet from the stove as we all instinctively faced towards the window.

"I reckon you're in with us in this, Mosby?" said Briggs, turning towards the proprietor of



"WE'VE GOT TO START IN AGAIN FAIR."

What we want here is to clear up and encourage decent immigration, and get rid o' gamblers and blatherskites that are makin' this yer camp their happy hunting-ground. We don't want any more permiskus shootin'. We don't want any more paintin' the town red. We don't want any more swaggerin' galloots ridin' up to this grocery and emptyin' their six-shooters in the air afore they 'light. We want to put a stop to it peacefully and without a row—and we kin. We ain't got no bullies of our own to fight back, and they know it, so they know they won't get no credit bullyin' us; they'll leave,

the grocery, who had been leaning listlessly against the wall behind his bar.

"Arter the man's had a fair show," said Mosby, cautiously. He deprecated the prevailing condition of things, but it was still an open question whether the families would prove as valuable customers as his present clients. "Everything in moderation, gentlemen."

The sound of galloping hoofs came nearer, now swishing in the soft mud of the highway, until the unseen rider pulled up before the door. There was no shouting, however, nor did he announce himself with the usual salvo

of fire-arms. But when, after a singularly heavy tread and the jingle of spurs on the platform, the door flew open to the new-comer, he seemed a realization of our worst expectations. Tall, broad, and muscular, he carried in one hand a shot-gun, while from his hip dangled a heavy navy revolver. His long hair, unkempt but oiled, swept a greasy circle around his shoulders; his enormous moustache dripping with wet completely concealed his mouth. His costume of fringed buckskin was wild and *outré* even for our frontier camp. But what was more confirmative of our suspicions was that he was evidently in the habit of making an impression, and after a distinct pause at the doorway, with only a side glance at us, he strode towards the bar.

"As there don't seem to be no hotel hereabouts, I reckon I kin put up my mustang here and have a shake-down somewhere behind that counter," he said. His voice seemed to have added to its natural depth the hoarseness of frequent overstraining.

"Ye ain't got no bunk to spare, you boys, hev ye?" asked Mosby, evasively, glancing at Percy Briggs, without looking at the stranger. We all looked at Briggs also; it was *his* affair after all—he had originated this opposition. To our surprise he said nothing.

The stranger leaned heavily on the counter.

"I was speakin' to *you*," he said, with his eyes on Mosby, and slightly accenting the pronoun with a tap of his revolver-butt on the bar. "Ye don't seem to catch on."

Mosby smiled feebly, and again cast an imploring glance at Briggs. To our greater astonishment, Briggs said, quietly: "Why don't you answer the stranger, Mosby?"

"Yes, yes," said Mosby, suavely, to the

new-comer, while an angry flush crossed his cheek as he recognised the position in which Briggs had placed him. "Of course, you're welcome to what doings *I* hev here, but I reckoned these gentlemen over there," with a vicious glance at Briggs, "might fix ye up suthin' better; they're so pow'ful kind to your sort."

The stranger threw down a gold piece on the counter and said: "Fork out your whisky, then," waited until his glass was

filled, took it in his hand and then, drawing an empty chair to the stove, sat down beside Briggs. "Seen' as you're that kind," he said, placing his heavy hand on Briggs's knee, "mebbe ye kin tell me ef thar's a shanty or a cabin at Rattlesnake that I kin get for a couple o' weeks. I saw an empty one at the head o' the hill. You see, gennelmen," he headed, confidentially, as he swept the drops of whisky from his long moustache with his fingers and glanced around our group, "I've got some business over at Bigwood" (our nearest town), "but ez a place to *stay* at it ain't my style."

"What's the matter with Bigwood?" said Briggs, abruptly.

"It's too howlin', too festive, too rough; thar's too

much yellin' and shootin' goin' day and night. Thar's too many card sharps and gay gamboleirs cavortin' about the town to please me. Too much permiskus soakin' at the bar and free jim-jams. What I want is a quiet place whar a man kin give his mind and elbow a rest from betwixt grippin' his shootin'-irons and crookin' in his whisky. A sort o' slow, quiet, easy place *like this*."

We all stared at him, Percy Briggs as fixedly as any. But there was not the slightest trace of irony, sarcasm, or peculiar significance in his manner. He went on slowly:—



"BULGER."

"When I struck this yer camp a minit ago; when I seed that thar ditch meanderin' peaceful like through the street, without a hotel or free saloon or express office on either side; with the smoke just a curlin' over the chimbley of that log shanty, and the bresh just set fire to and a smoulderin' in that potato patch with a kind o' old-time stingin' in your eyes and nose, and a few women's duds just a flutterin' on a line by the fence, I says to myself: 'Bulger—this is peace! This is wot you're lookin' for, Bulger—this is wot you're wantin'—this is wot *you'll hev!*'"

"You say you've business over at Bigwood. What business?" said Briggs.

"It's a peculiar business, young fellow," returned the stranger, gravely. "Thar's different men ez has different opinions about it. Some allows it's an easy business, some allows it's a rough business; some says it's a sad business, others says it's gay and festive. Some wonders ez how I've got into it, and others wonder how I'll ever get out of it. It's a payin' business—it's a peaceful sort o' business when left to itself. It's a peculiar business—a business that sort o' b'longs to me, though I ain't got no patent from Washington for it. It's a business that's *my own*." He rose, and saying: "Let's meander over and take a look at that empty cabin, and ef she suits me, why, I'll plank down a slug for her on the spot, and move in to-morrow," walked towards the door. "I'll pick up suthin' in the way o' boxes and blankets from the grocery," he added, looking at Mosby, "and ef thar's a corner whar I kin stand my gun and a nail to hang up my revolver—why, I'm all thar!"

By this time we were no longer astonished when Briggs rose also, and not only accompanied the sinister-looking stranger to the empty cabin, but assisted him in negotiating with its owner for a fortnight's occupancy. Nevertheless, we eagerly assailed Briggs on his return for some explanation of this singular change in his attitude towards the stranger. He coolly reminded us, however, that while his intention of excluding ruffianly adventurers from the camp remained the same, he had no right to go back on the stranger's sentiments, which were evidently in accord with our own, and although Mr. Bulger's appearance was inconsistent with them, that was only an additional reason why we should substitute a mild firmness for that violence which we all deprecated, but which might attend his abrupt dismissal. We were all satisfied except Mosby, who had not yet recovered from Briggs's change of front,

which he was pleased to call "crawl-fishing." "Seemed to me his account of his business was extraordinary satisfactory. Sorter filled the bill all round—no mistake thar"—he suggested, with a malicious irony. "I like a man that's outspoken."

"I understand him very well," said Briggs, quietly.

"In course you did. Only when you've settled in *your* mind whether he was describing horse-stealing or tract-distributing, mebbe you'll let *me* know."

It would seem, however, that Briggs did not interrogate the stranger again regarding it, nor did we, who were quite content to leave matters in Briggs's hands. Enough that Mr. Bulger moved into the empty cabin the next day, and with the aid of a few old boxes from the grocery, which he quickly extemporized into tables and chairs, and the purchase of some necessary cooking utensils, soon made himself at home. The rest of the camp, now thoroughly aroused, made a point of leaving their work in the ditches, whenever they could, to stroll carelessly around Bulger's tenement in the vague hope of satisfying a curiosity that had become tormenting. But they could not find that he was doing anything of a suspicious character—except, perhaps, from the fact that it was not *outwardly* suspicious, which I grieve to say did not lull them to security. He seemed to be either fixing up his cabin or smoking in his doorway. On the second day he checked this itinerant curiosity by taking the initiative himself, and quietly walking from claim to claim and from cabin to cabin with a pacific, but by no means a satisfying, interest. The shadow of his tall figure carrying his inseparable gun, which had not yet apparently "stood in the corner," falling upon an excavated bank beside the delving miners, gave them a sense of uneasiness they could not explain; a few characteristic yells of boisterous hilarity from their noontide gathering under a cottonwood somehow ceased when Mr. Bulger was seen gravely approaching, and his casual stopping before a poker party in the gulch actually caused one of the most reckless gamblers to weakly recede from "a bluff" and allow his adversary to sweep the board. After this, it was felt that matters were becoming serious. There was no subsequent patrolling of the camp before the stranger's cabin. Their curiosity was singularly abated. A general feeling of repulsion, kept within bounds partly by the absence of any overt act from Bulger, and partly by an inconsistent over-conscious-



"WALKING FROM CLAIM TO CLAIM."

ness of his shot-gun, took its place. But an unexpected occurrence revived it.

One evening as the usual social circle were drawn around Mosby's stove, the lazy silence was broken by the familiar sounds of pistol-shots and a series of more familiar shrieks and yells from the rocky hill road. The circle quickly recognised the voices of their old friends the roysterers and gamblers from Sawyer's Dam; they as quickly recognised the returning shouts here and there from a few companions who were welcoming them. I grieve to say that in spite of their previous attitude of reformation a smile of gratified expectancy lit up the faces of the younger members, and even the older ones glanced dubiously at Briggs. Mosby made no attempt to conceal a sigh of relief as he carefully laid out an extra supply of glasses in his bar. Suddenly the oncoming yells ceased, the wild gallop of hoofs slackened into a trot and finally halted, and even the responsive shouts of the camp stopped also. We all looked vacantly at each other; Mosby leaped over his counter and went to the door; Briggs followed with the rest of us. The night was dark, and it was a few minutes before we could distinguish a strag-

gling, vague, but silent procession moving through the moist, heavy air on the hill. But to our surprise it was moving *away* from us—absolutely *leaving* the camp! We were still staring in expectancy, when out of the darkness slowly emerged a figure which we recognised at once as Captain Jim, one of the most reckless members of our camp. Pushing us back into the grocery he entered without a word, closed the door behind him, and threw himself vacantly into a chair. We at once pressed around him. He looked up at us dazedly, drew a long breath, and said, slowly:—

"It's no use, gentlemen! Suthin's *got* to be done with that Bulger; and mighty quick."

"What's the matter?" we asked, eagerly.

"Matter!" he repeated, passing his hand across his forehead. "Matter! Look yere! Ye all of you heard them boys from Sawyer's Dam coming over the hill? Ye heard their music—mebbe ye heard *us* join in the chorus? Well, on they come waltzing down the hill, like old times, and we waitin' for 'em. Then—jest as they passed the old cabin, who do you think they ran right into





"SUTHIN'S GOT TO BE DONE WITH THAT BULGER."

—shooting-iron, long hair and moustache, and all that—standing thar plump in the road?—why, Bulger!"

"Well?"

"Well!—Whatever it was—don't ask *me*—but, dern my skin, ef after a word or two from *him*—them boys just stopped yellin', turned round like lambs and rode away peaceful-like, along with him. We ran after them, a spell, still yellin', when that thar Bulger faced around, said to us that he'd 'come down here for quiet,' and ef he couldn't hev it, he'd have to leave with those gentlemen *who wanted it* too! And I'm gosh darned ef those *gentlemen*—you know 'em all—Patsey Carpenter, Snap-shot Harry, and the others—ever said a darned word but kinder nodded 'So long' and went away!"

Our astonishment and mystification were complete; and I regret to say, the indignation of Captain Jim and Mosby equally so. "If we're going to be bossed by the first new-comer," said the former, gloomily, "I

reckon we might as well take our chances with the Sawyer's Dam boys whom we know."

"Ef we are goin' to hev the legitimate trade of Rattlesnake interfered with by the cranks of some hidin' horse-thief or retired road agent," said Mosby, "we might as well invite the bull of Joaquim Murieta's gang here, at once! But I suppose this is part o' Bulger's particular 'business,'" he added, with a withering glance at Briggs.

"I understand it all," said Briggs, quietly. "You know I told you that bullies couldn't live in the same camp together. That's human nature—and that's how plain men like you and me manage to scud along without getting plugged. You see, Bulger wasn't going to hev any of his own kind jumpin' his claim here. And I reckon he was pow'ful enough to back down Sawyer's Dam. Anyhow, the bluff told—and here we are in peace and quietness."

"Until he lets us know what *is* his little game," sneered Mosby.



Nevertheless, such is the force of mysterious power, that although it was exercised against what we firmly believed was the independence of the camp, it extorted a certain respect from us. A few thought it was not a bad thing to have a professional bully, and even took care to relate the discomfiture of the wicked youth of Sawyer's Dam, for the benefit of a certain adjacent and powerful camp who had looked down upon us. He, himself, returning the same evening from his self-imposed escort, vouchsafed no other reason than the one he had already given. Preposterous as it seemed, we were obliged to accept it, and the still more preposterous inference that he had sought Rattlesnake Camp solely for the purpose of acquiring and securing its peace and quietness. Certainly, he had no other occupation; the little work he did upon the tailings or the abandoned claim which went with his little cabin was scarcely a pretence. He rode over on certain days to Bigwood on account of his business, but no one had ever seen him there, nor could the description of his manner and appearance evoke any information from the Bigwoodians. It remained a mystery.

It had also been feared that the advent of Bulger would intensify that fear and dislike of riotous Rattlesnake which the two families had shown, and which was the origin of Briggs's futile attempt at reformation. But it was discovered that since his arrival the young girls had shown less timidity in entering the camp, and had even exchanged some polite conversation and good-humoured badinage with its younger and more impressible members. Perhaps this tended to make these youths more observant, for a few days later, when the vexed question of

Bulger's business was again under discussion, one of them remarked, gloomily:—

"I reckon there ain't no doubt *what* he's here for!"

The youthful prophet was instantly sat upon after the fashion of all elderly critics since Job's. Nevertheless, after a pause he was permitted to explain.

"Only this morning, when Lance Forester and me were chirping with them gals out on the hill, who should we see hanging around in the bush but that cussed Bulger! We allowed at first that it might be only a new style of his interferin', so we took no notice except to pass a few remarks about listeners and that sort o' thing, and perhaps to joke and bedevil the girls a little more than we'd hev done if we'd been alone. Well, they laughed, and we laughed—and that was the end of it. But this afternoon, as Lance and me were meandering down by their cabin, we sorter turned into the woods to wait till they'd come out. Then all of a sudden Lance stopped as rigid as a pointer that's flushed somethin', and says, 'B'gosh!' And thar, under a big redwood, sat that slimy



"ALONGSIDE O' LITTLE MEELY BAKER."

hypocrite Bulger, twisting his long moustaches and smiling like clockwork alongside o' little Meely Baker—you know her, the pootiest of the two sisters—and she smilin' back on him. Think of it!—that unknown, unwashed, long-haired tramp and bully, who must be forty if a day, and that innocent gal of sixteen. It was simply disgustin'!"

I need not say that the older cynics and critics, already alluded to, at once improved the occasion. What more could be expected? Women, the world over, were noted for this sort of thing! This long-haired, swaggering bully, with his air of mystery, had captivated them, as he always had done since the days of Homer. Simple merit, which sat lowly in bar-rooms, and conceived projects for the public good around the humble, unostentatious stove, was nowhere! Youth could not too soon learn this bitter lesson. And in this case youth, too, perhaps was right in its conjecture, for this *was*, no doubt, the little game of the perfidious Bulger. We recalled the fact that his unhalloved appearance in camp was almost coincident with the arrival of the two families. We glanced at Briggs; to our amazement, for the first time, he looked seriously concerned. But Mosby in the meantime leaned his elbows lazily over the counter and, in a slow voice, added fuel to the flame.

"I wouldn't hev spoken of it before," he said, with a side-long glance at Briggs, "for it might be all in the line o' Bulger's 'business,' but suthin' happened the other night that, for a minit', got me! I was passin' the Bakers' shanty, and I heard one of them gals a-singing a camp-meeting hymn. I don't calculate to run agin you young fellers in any sparkin' or canoodlin' that's goin' on, but her voice sounded so pow'ful soothin' and pretty thet I jest stood there and listened. Then the old woman—old Mother Baker—*she* joined in, and I listened too. And then—dern my skin!—but a man's voice joined in—jest belching outer that cabn!—and I sorter lifted myself up and kem away. Thet voice, gentlemen," said Mosby, lingering artistically as he took up a glass and professionally eyed it before wiping it with his towel, "that voice, cumf'ly fixed thar in thet cabin among them wimen folks, was Bulger's!"

Briggs got up with his eyes looking the darker for his flushed face. "Gentlemen," he said, huskily, "thar's only one thing to be done. A lot of us have got to ride over to Sawyer's Dam to-morrow morning, and pick up as many square men as we can muster: there's a big camp meeting goin' on there, and

there won't be no difficulty in that. When we've got a big enough crowd to show we mean business, we must march back here and ride Bulger out of this camp! I don't hanker arter Vigilance Committees, as a rule—it's a rough remedy—it's like drinkin' a quart o' whisky agin rattlesnake poison—but it's got to be done! We don't mind being *sold* ourselves—but when it comes to our standin' by and seein' the only innocent people in Rattlesnake given away—we kick! Bulger's got to be fired outer this camp! And he will be!"

But he was not.

For when, the next morning, a determined and thoughtful procession of the best and most characteristic citizens of Rattlesnake Camp filed into Sawyer's Dam, they found that their mysterious friends had disappeared, although they met with a fraternal, but subdued, welcome from the general camp. But any approach to the subject of their visit, however, was received with a chilling disapproval. Did they not know that lawlessness of any kind, even under the rude mantle of frontier justice, was to be deprecated and scouted when a "means of salvation, a power of regeneration," such as was now sweeping over Sawyer's Dam, was at hand? Could they not induce this man who was to be violently deported to accompany them willingly to Sawyer's Dam, and subject himself to the powerful influence of the "revival" then in full swing?

The Rattlesnake boys laughed bitterly, and described the man of whom they talked so lightly; but in vain. "It's no use, gentlemen," said a more worldly bystander, in a lower voice, "the camp meetin's got a strong grip here, and betwixt you and me there ain't no wonder. For the man that runs it—the big preacher—has got new ways and methods that fetches the boys every time. He don't preach no cut-and-dried gospel; he don't carry around no slop-shop robes and clap 'em on you whether they fit or not; but he samples and measures the camp, afore he wades into it. He scouts and examines; he ain't no mere Sunday preacher with a comfortable house and once-a-week church, but he gives up his days and nights to it, and makes his family work with him, and even sends 'em forward to explore the field. And he ain't no white choker shadbelly either, but fits himself like his gospel to the men he works among. Ye ought to hear him afore you go. His tent is just on your way. I'll go with you."

Too dejected to offer any opposition, and

perhaps a little curious to see this man who had unwittingly frustrated their design of lynching Bulger, they halted at the outer fringe of worshippers who packed the huge inclosure. They had not time to indulge their cynicisms over this swaying mass of emotional, half-thinking, and almost irre-

It was Bulger!

But Briggs quickly recovered himself. "By what name," said he, turning passionately towards his guide, "does this man—this impostor—call himself here?"

"Baker."

"Baker?" echoed the Rattlesnake contin-



"IT WAS BULGER."

sponsible beings, nor to detect any similarity between *their* extreme methods and the scheme of redemption they themselves were seeking, for in a few moments, apparently lifted to his feet on a wave of religious exultation, the famous preacher arose. The men of Rattlesnake gasped for breath.

gent. "Baker?" repeated Lance Forester, with a ghastly smile.

"Yes," returned their guide. "You oughter know it too! For he sent his wife and daughters over, after his usual style, to sample your camp, a week ago! Come, now, what are you givin' us?"



learning put together. But," he adds, "it is not apt, except in those who are happily born, to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion."

The Bar does not indeed hold out promise of great wealth, but it has distinctions and adequate means in store for those who bring to its pursuit the necessary qualities of mind and of character. What are those qualities? It is still to a large



WIFT, the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, has said that, in his day, every gentleman's son who was not good looking enough for the Army and not clever enough for the Bar was sent to the Church. It remained true long after the Dean's time to say that a gentleman's son who gave indications of talent was (in the absence of other controlling circumstances) generally sent to the Bar. In the days of which I speak, the absurd idea was prevalent that trade was hardly a fit pursuit for a gentleman of education, and there did not then exist those avenues to fame and fortune which are now open to educated youth in the world of applied science. The prejudice against trade has almost wholly disappeared, although it is said still to linger in some of the older and less populous cathedral cities, where a member of one of the so-called "learned" professions is rather inclined to look down upon his unlearned business neighbour. Nowadays it is no uncommon thing for men who have passed, and with distinction, through a University career to devote themselves to mercantile affairs, and from the successful members of this class the House of Commons, and the House of Lords also, are largely recruited.

The Bar still has, and must always continue to have, great attractions. "The law," said Edmund Burke, in his great speech on the taxation of America, "is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; one which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of

extent true to say that if a youth exhibits talent, and especially if that talent shows itself in smartness and facility of speech, such a youth is destined for the Bar. Herein grievous mistakes are often made. All talent is not necessarily talent adapted for success at the Bar, nor is glibness of speech any guarantee of success at it. No more common mistake is made than to confound facility of speech with capacity to speak. The world is full of men who have nothing to say and say it with ease and even with grace, and even with what, sometimes, passes for eloquence; but I have never known any man who had something to say which was worth saying who, whatever his difficulties of utterance or natural poverty of language may have been, has not been able to say that something forcibly and well. After all, the desirable thing is to have something to say, and as to the manner of saying it, Daniel Webster spoke truly in his celebrated oration in honour of John Adams when he said, "Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction."

The result of the errors to which I have adverted is that there is at the Bar, as I know it, a greater amount of talent unfitted for that profession than in any other calling of life. I have known—I know now—at the Bar men who would probably, under different circumstances, have made their mark in journalism, in music, in science, in business, who have been lamentable failures at the Bar. On the other hand, I have never known a man with suitable natural gifts accompanied by industrious patience who has not had his opportunity at the Bar and his success. He may,

indeed, have to wait, but he will not wait in vain.

What, then, are the considerations which ought to determine the choice of the Bar as a profession? I answer, the love of it in the first place. If a man has not the love of the profession for its own sake, he will find it hard to bear up during the years—the necessary years—of watching and waiting—years dreary and drudging. Success is rarely, and still more rarely safely, reached at a bound, and it requires no mean effort of will to continue (year after year, it may be) striving to store up knowledge and acquire experience for the use of which no immediate or proximate opportunity seems to present itself. I name, then, love of the profession as the first consideration. I name physical health and energy as the second. No man of weak health ought to be advised to go to the Bar. Its pursuit involves long hours of close confinement, often under unhealthy conditions; and the instances of long-continued success at the Bar, and of lengthened usefulness on the Bench in the case of men of weak physique, are few and far between.

The only two men of weak physique within my own experience (extending considerably beyond a quarter of a century) who achieved marked success, were the late Sir George Mellish and the late Lord Cairns. Both were exceptionally able men, but each laboured under the disadvantage of a weak constitution; and premature death in the case of both of them deprived the world of the prolonged advantage of two minds of the highest judicial character. In Follet's case, amongst many, early disease cut short, when he was yet a young man, a career which promised to be one of the most brilliant the Bar of England had ever known.

Love of the profession and health to follow it are, then, the first two considerations. What are the mental qualities to be considered? I answer in a word: clear-headed common sense. I place this far above grace of imagination, humour, subtlety, even commanding power of expression, although these have their due value. This is essentially a business, a practical, age; eloquence in its proper place always commands a high premium, but the occasions for its use do not occur every day; and the taste of this age (like the taste for dry rather than for sweet champagne) is not for florid declamation, but for clear, terse, pointed, and practical speech.

Common sense and clear-headedness must be the foundation, and upon these may safely be reared a superstructure where

imagination and eloquence may fitly play their part. In fine, business qualities, added to competent legal knowledge, form the best foundation of an enduring legal fame. The circumstances of the age—the circumstances, social and political—the “environment,” as it is called, largely affect men in all callings, and in none more than in that of Law. When great political and constitutional questions are being agitated and are unsolved, these find their way at times into the legal forum, and the world then becomes the richer by the impassioned speech of an Erskine or a Brougham, a Curran or an O'Connell, a Berryer or a Gambetta.

But in these Islands few of these great questions are unsettled, and as, according to the British Constitution, the will of Parliament is supreme, there is but little opportunity in these days for discussing the constitutional problems which necessarily recur, for example, in the United States, governed as they are by a written Constitution where the judicial power is called upon to interpret, and if necessary to control, the acts of legislatures. It is largely to this fact that we owe the masterly judgments of, amongst others, the great Chief Justice of the United States (Chief Justice Marshall) and the granite-like arguments of Daniel Webster, perhaps the greatest forensic figure the world has ever seen.

There remains only one of the main considerations to be taken into account in the choice of the Bar as a profession, namely, ability to wait. Unless a man has the means to maintain himself living frugally for some years, or the means of earning enough to maintain himself in this fashion, say, by his pen or otherwise, he ought to hesitate before resolving to go to the Bar. I have already said success, even moderate success, rarely comes at once, and indeed the youthful wearer of the forensic toga may consider himself fairly lucky if after three or four years at the Bar he is making enough to keep body and soul decently together. Sometimes it happens that men meet with immediate and brilliant success, as in the case of Erskine, who, having abandoned his early career in the Navy, speedily became eminent at the Bar, and ultimately sat on the Woolsack; such cases are indeed rare. On the other hand, I have known more than one instance of melancholy failure in the case of men of fair mental gifts who, feeling the pinch of poverty, have got involved in debt and difficulty early in their career, from which, in some instances, they have never emerged.

But I do not desire to take too gloomy a view. If a man really has the love of his work in his heart, and has the spirit of a worthy ambition within him, he will find it possible to live on little during his years of waiting and watching, and will find it possible to acquire that little by the exercise, in some direction, of his energy and ability—be it by tuition, by reporting, by leader-writing, or in some cognate fashion. It is well known that Lord Eldon, after a romantic runaway marriage, was many years at the Bar before his opportunity came; but come it did, in a celebrated and highly technical case, involving the doctrine of “equitable conversion,” and, as the world knows, he, in the end, achieved a great reputation, and was, for many years, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

I myself recollect, when I was a struggling junior of four years’ standing on the Northern Circuit, dining in frugal fashion as the guest of two able young men of my own age, members of my Circuit, in one of our assize towns. They were almost in the depths of despair, and one of them was seriously considering the question of migration to the Straits Settlements; the other was thinking of going to the Indian Bar. Where are they now? One of them, as I write, fills, and for the second time, the highest judicial office in the land; the other is the leader of his Circuit, and may any day don the ermine of the judicial Bench.\*

To sum up, therefore, love of the profession for its own sake, physical health to endure its trials, clear-headed common sense, and ability to wait, are the main considerations to be taken into account in determining the choice of the Bar as a profession. If the youthful aspirant possesses these, success is, humanly speaking, certain.

Having then considered what ought to determine the choice of the Bar as a profession, something may now usefully be said as to the

necessary preparation for the Bar. In considering the character of such preparation, regard ought, I think, to be had to the legitimate outcome of success, viz., a career in Parliament and on the Bench. All who can ought to have University training and a University degree, and those who are not able to obtain these advantages will find the want of them in a greater or less degree throughout their public lives.

But here a word of warning. A University career is not an end, but a means only to an end. It is but the beginning of the struggle of life. It is not the battle of life, but only the equipment for it. The young man who will, as the phrase runs, “go far,” must have a wide perspective, and while he must not neglect, but on the contrary must make good

use of, his University opportunities, he ought never to be allowed to regard success at the University as the *summum bonum*—as the end of all things.

I have known many men of brilliant careers at their University who came to the Bar pumped out, and who, having been too lavish of their energy in earlier years, have not had enough left to insure success in the life-struggle of their profession. It is true they were, for the most part, men not endowed with robust constitutions. But while throughout the whole

period of education and preparation special regard ought to be had to the intended career of the student, it is to be observed that the profession of the law has one peculiarity in which it differs from all others. It is this: That there is no such thing as knowledge which is useless in this profession. A man may not be a better engineer because he is a good classic, or a more successful merchant because he is a good mathematician; but, at the Bar, the wider the field of knowledge the better. There is there no such thing as knowledge going to waste. Indeed, I undertake to say that it rarely or never happens that a barrister does not find useful to his hand information which he has stored up



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

\* Of these, one is Lord Herschell, now an ex-Lord Chancellor, and the other the Speaker, Mr. W. C. Gully, Q.C.

even upon subjects wholly remote from a knowledge of the law itself.

What is called the special training for the Bar usually begins when the University career has ended, and although we have not in these Islands any school of jurisprudence (a thing much to be desired), yet both by the Universities and by the Inns of Court, means of strictly legal education, by lectures and by examinations, are placed within the reach of those who desire to avail themselves of them. But the real work of education in law, as, indeed, in other fields of knowledge, is the work of self-education, pursued conscientiously and laboriously by the man who endeavours to get at the principles of law and who does not content himself merely with skimming the surface. *Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos.*

Reading in the chambers of a barrister is most desirable, even in these days, in which simplicity of statement has happily supplanted the bygone perplexities and absurdities of the system which formerly prevailed, known as "special pleading." In the United States, the distinction between solicitor and barrister is, of course, unknown, and I do not propose to discuss here whether that distinction and division do or do not work for utility; but it is a notable feature of recent years in the career of students for the Bar in England, that a year spent in a solicitor's office, during which they may acquire an intimate knowledge of the practical work of legal procedure, is now considered almost indispensable, and it is certainly most useful.

One special subject in reading for the Bar I would name, because, in my experience, I have found it invaluable, and that is a study of the "Corpus Juris," or the body of the Civil Law. I had the signal advantage of being a student in the days when the late Sir Henry Maine was Professor of Civil Law to the Inns of Court, and under him, as in University classrooms, we read no inconsiderable part of the Civil Law. After all, a great body of our law finds its source in the

Roman law; and in the "Corpus Juris" law is systematized in a way for which our English law has no parallel. Its reading gives to the attentive student a knowledge and a grasp of principle, hardly otherwise attainable, which he will always find useful throughout his life.

Here, then, I may leave the youthful barrister. We have considered together the conditions which ought to determine his choice, and he has chosen. We have talked with him over his career at the University, and he has left the University with honour and advantage, if not with the highest distinction. He has worked hard to acquire an adequate knowledge of his profession, at lectures, in chambers, and, above all, in the silence of his own rooms, and now he puts on the gown of the barrister, and stands upon the threshold of what may be a great and useful career.

Beyond this I do not propose to follow him. He has joined a profession which has given many noble men to the world—men who have done noble work for the world. He has to maintain the great traditions of that profession. He has to bear himself worthily, that no dishonour shall come upon him or upon his profession by him. He has to recollect that he belongs to a profession which, beyond any other, has given to the world not merely great advocates and great judges, but great statesmen, great writers, and distinguished legislators. He has to remember that, while he is fighting for the interests of his client, there are greater interests even than these: the interests of truth and of honour; and he must never forget, as Sir Alexander Cockburn well expressed it, that in the battle his weapon must always be the sword of the soldier and never the dagger of the assassin. Lastly, he must remember that he is engaged in a profession

which may well engage the noblest faculties of heart and of mind—that he is engaged in the practical administration of that law whose voice is the "Harmony of the World."



## *Gleams from the Dark Continent.*

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

### VIII.—THE CITY OF THE SCARLET SCARABÆUS.

#### I.

**F**ANCY our guide has got us into a scrape from which not even his ingenuity can extricate us," I said to Denviers, disconsolately. "Both the people and the two Queens of this district were well disposed towards us at first: I wish we had left the Arab behind; I don't believe we shall be alive in twenty-four hours' time."

"Matters are going very badly with us, I must confess," acquiesced my companion. "Certainly, if Hassan thinks we are all to shuffle off this mortal coil shortly, he has determined to make the most of the few hours of life that remain."

As he spoke, Denviers pointed to where the Arab was standing in close conversation with the younger of the two Queens in whose chief city we then were.

On leaving Tripoli, we had turned in a south-westerly direction, and, after an uneventful march of thirty days, had made our

way to this city, incited by the curiosity which an Arab slaver, with whom we had come in contact, had aroused within us.

Two days after parting with the slaver, Abu Teleck by name, we had entered a deep ravine, which appeared to have once been the bed of a river-course, for the huge boulders, overgrown or interspersed with rank vegetation, had a rounded appearance and lay scattered between the two high, perpendicular sides of the ravine.

Passing along this ravine in pursuit of a jaguar which we had wounded, we suddenly found the animal bounding across the level, stone-flagged square of a city, of which we were later on to learn the history. The two sides of the ravine there widened out in graceful curves, the utter bareness of the rocky declivities being amply compensated for by the wondrous tints of the sandstone of which they were composed. As the rays of the sun glinted into the ravine, or valley, the waving streaks of stone seemed as if they were composed of countless glittering gems of varied hues. Like a broad silver crescent, set in a purple sheath, shot with orange, glittered one of these belts of stone; of green and saffron, of grey and crimson, were the others that hemmed it about.

Towards the base of the sandstone the sides sloped somewhat, and were carved into caves, serving as burial-places for the dead, and it was in one of these that we four had now found a temporary place of refuge, two weeks after our appearance in the city.

Below, the city spread out: its meanest dwelling rich with sculptured cornices and pilasters, while balustraded staircases, carved in the solid rock, led from the bottom of the valley to the caves. In the centre of the city



"WE SUDDENLY FOUND THE ANIMAL."



stood a magnificent palace, built of various-hued limestone which, although raised centuries before, had resisted the ravages of Time. Beyond the palace was a great open amphitheatre, with circle on circle of ascending seats, while in the centre of this stood the strangest erection of this extraordinary city. It was a column constructed of perfectly-fitting blocks of grey granite, the top of which was shaped like a vast urn. The base of this column measured some eighty paces on each of its four sides, the faces themselves being perfectly smooth and perpendicular, the mass of granite rising to a considerable height in the air. Some attempt had doubtless been made to climb one of the faces of the square column so as to reach the great vase at the top, for some rudely cut niches were visible up to a considerable height. There the rough steps ended abruptly, the daring climber having either lost courage or, becoming dizzy, fallen headlong from the scanty foothold which his hands had carved in the granite.

We found that the city was ruled over by the two daughters of its late Sultan, who were bound, under pain of death, to be loyal to each other. No sooner had we been welcomed in the city than the two Queens seemed to forget our presence in their palace, or at most only tolerated it, while Hassan, our guide, received every mark of approval that could be bestowed upon him.

It was the custom in this city to hold contests in the open amphitheatre between man and man, and even between man and beast. To celebrate such a rare occurrence as the arrival of strangers, a pageant had been arranged in our honour. During its progress, Hassan had challenged the favourite wrestler to a trial of his skill, and our guide, by sheer persistence and pluck, had thrown the fellow. From that hour Hassan ingratiated himself into the favour of the two Queens, as

we plainly saw, while the chief Arabs of the city at once began to form plots for his destruction and ours with him.

It soon became evident that our discriminating guide selected the younger of the two Queens to whom to pay marked attentions. Hour after hour he passed in her presence, telling of the adventures which he had jointly encountered with us. Furious at this, the other Queen lent a ready ear to her wily counsellors, who declared that the Arab, with our help, was arranging a plot by which he might obtain the rule of the city, taking the younger Queen as his bride, while the other was to be deposed and driven from the city.

One night, while Hassan was recounting an adventure to Ahillah, the younger Queen, and we were resting upon cushions near, a number of armed attendants broke into the palace and, in spite of our struggles, Hassan and the Queen, together with Denviers and myself, were thrust into the streets. Annoyed at this indignity, we prepared to defend ourselves, and at once our weapons were taken



"A NUMBER OF ARMED ATTENDANTS  
BROKE INTO THE PALACE,"

from us. We next attempted to leave the city, but the two entrances, those at each end of the valley, were too strongly held for us to succeed. To scale the perpendicular cliffs was impossible, so that we were securely imprisoned in the city until some definite decision had been made concerning us. None of the inhabitants dared either to shelter or even to speak to us, so that, with Ahillah, we were perforce driven to take shelter in the cave I have mentioned.

The cave itself was extremely lofty, and was partly uncovered, so that the light entered it freely from above. Denviers was about to call Hassan to where we two lay idly stretched upon the stone flooring of the cave, when we heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Going hastily to the entrance, we saw the rival Queen approaching in state the winding stairway leading to where we were. Before her slaves ran, strewing flowers in her path, while other slaves screened her head from the rays of the sun with palm-leaves held high. Behind the Queen came several stalwart and swarthy Arabs, the chief of which was the one Hassan had overthrown at the wrestle; his face was strikingly Hebraic in mould, the long earrings in his ears glittering against his swarthy skin and hanging, black hair. The Arab wore gems that shone lustrous in his tunic, spotlessly white turban, and sleeveless cloak: in one hand he carried a wide, curved sword, upon his left arm rested a shield.

No sooner had Ahillah set her glances upon those who were approaching than she cried out that our doom had been pronounced, and ran shrieking to the farthest part of the cave, where our guide followed her.

Up the stairway the procession came and, a few minutes after, we stood before Sargona, Ahillah's sister, waiting her will. The chief Arab came forward, and bowing low before Sargona, he cried:—

"The Queen has been injured; the wrong-doers are before her; say, O Sargona, what is the penalty thou hast decreed?"

Sargona glanced angrily at our guide, and her dark eyes flashed as she answered:—

"Death to the Arab who has plotted against us, death to him and those who plot with him: I have said!"

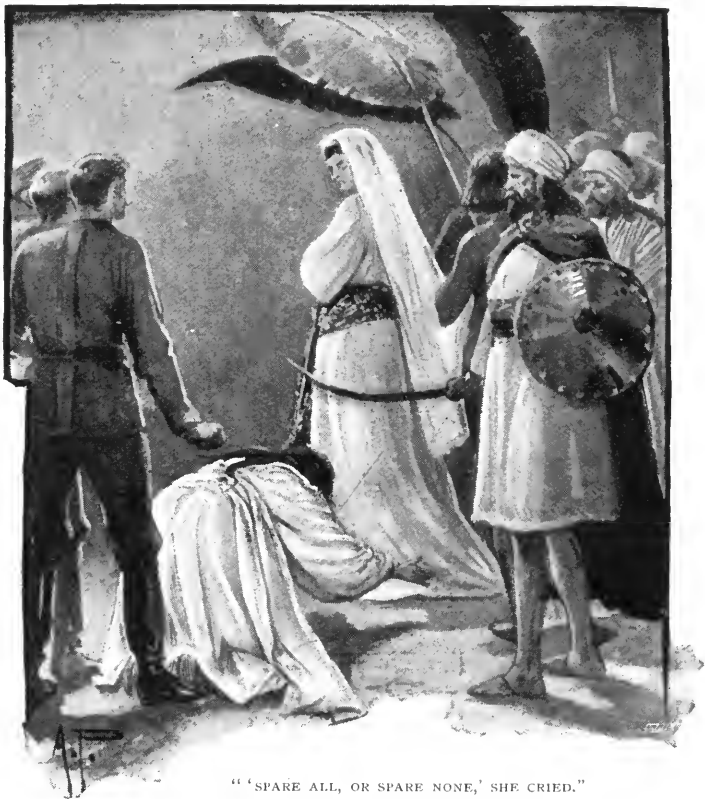
Before either Denviers or myself could speak, Ahillah had thrown herself at her sister's feet:—

"Spare all, or spare none!" she cried.

"What fate is mine?" Sargona raised Ahillah roughly from the ground.

"Thou shalt live, girl, but thou art deposed. The Council has decreed that thou shalt be a vestal of the temple. Go!"

The Queen clapped her hands, and imme-



"'SPARE ALL, OR SPARE NONE,' SHE CRIED."

diately Ahillah was seized and dragged away, in spite of our guide's efforts to prevent it.

"Slaves," she continued: "two days shall ye live, on the third shall ye die! Yet, if ye will carve a way to the great treasure urn, your lives shall be spared on condition that the gems there, which are as the grains of sand of the Sahara in number, be placed in

our hands, and ye depart from the city. Many have tried to reach the great urn : none have succeeded. Ye are subtle as snakes ; by to-morrow's dawn say if ye will try the task, or if ye prefer to die without attempting it."

Out from the cave Sargona went with her attendants, while we were left behind, strongly guarded, and feeling that the Queen's words concerning the great urn were only intended to rouse, in Hassan's mind especially, a hope of escape which was futile.

## II.

DENVIERS and I lay for some time discussing our unfortunate plight, but without any possible plan of escape occurring to either of us. At last my companion called the Arab, who was disconsolately lamenting the loss of Ahillah, and, when he came over to us, asked him :—

"Do you think we have any chance of escape, Hassan? Can you suggest one?"

"Allah and Mahomet preserve the sahibs ; the dust of their feet has been the cause of their misfortune ! He knows of no way at present ; if the slightest idea occur, their slave will at once speak of it. At present, Hassan can only wish their fate had been different—but water runs out at last, and the biggest sack of dates comes to an end. The sahibs have met with their last adventure—their slave will lament it to his death."

"Which won't be particularly long in coming, Hassan," I said, gloomily. "What was it that Sargona said about the great urn? Does she expect us to cut a way up to it when no one else has ever been able to do so? If so, we would rather be excused ; if treasures *are* there, I hope she may get them, that's all."

"Sahib Derwent," the Arab replied, "to cut a way up there in the allotted time would be impossible ; indeed, with all time at their disposal, no one has ever reached the vase. Ahillah has told the latchet of the sahibs' shoes the strange story of the urn. Shall their slave repeat it?"

"Spin us the yarn by all means," said Denviers, as he threw a stone idly at a huge scarlet beetle that had just fallen from the wall fronting us, and which was again making its way up the hard surface. "We may as well listen to you as not, while we are cooped up here."

Hassan sank down at our feet and began :—

"Sahibs, of all the strange cities scattered throughout this dark continent, none had a stranger origin or a stranger history than this.

Far back in the misty ages some Edomites are said to have wandered into this continent. Near here they had grassy lands in common, but, as all men do, they quarrelled. The strong oppressed the weak, and drove them forth to find other lands. Wandering here they entered the ravine, and finding in it many caves, dwelt therein, tilling the land to the south. Now, all things prospered with them, and they grew rich in herds ; while misfortune fell upon those who had persecuted them. So at last messengers came from the tribesmen saying that they would forget their quarrel, and asking to have once more all in common. Those dwelling in the caves refused the bargain, whereupon their outnumbering tribesmen determined to be revenged for being set at naught. They drew a great ring round the pasture, circling the valley, and when all the rich flocks were out, the tribesmen fired the lands.

"The darting tongues of flame flashed up the dry bark of the trees and the great stems blazed, then grew red-hot, while the verdure beneath, in wave upon wave of fire, rolled its flames and smoke nearer to the steep sides of the ravine. Burning leaves and showers of sparks were flung into the air, while the flocks ran towards the ravine, nearer and still nearer. Huddled together they kept till the very grass beneath was aflame, and then, in inextricable confusion, the animals leaped headlong into the sheer ravine, their herdsmen with them, only to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, or to be drowned in a great river which then hurled its waters along through the ravine.

"Still, in spite of all they suffered, the inhabitants of the valley refused the terms offered them, and posted men, who, for a time, successfully defended the entrances of the ravine. The persecuting tribesmen turned aside the river's course, and then first the people of the valley began to despair. Through traffic with another tribe they had obtained ornaments wrought in gold, with many an uncut gem adorned, and, convinced that they were reduced to their last desperate strait, the people of the valley determined to prevent this treasure from falling into the foe's hands. To hide it in the rock they thought useless, so they consulted how to dispose of the treasure.

"In the course of the stream there stood a wide block of stone, and upon this eager hands raised a mighty column, building it of blocks of granite. A stairway was left to the top where is a great urn, which ye have seen, and the women, passing up the stairs, flung

in their greatest treasures. When everything was safely protected, the stairway was carefully blocked in while those of the tribe once more returned to the caves in which their dwellings were. So the rival tribesmen, still failing to take the city, consulted together and agreed to win over another tribe to their assistance. This they succeeded in doing by promising to their allies all the loot taken in the city. So the defenders were overthrown, the women and children being afterwards sold as slaves, while the men were slain.

"When, however, the captors of the city explored its every recess, they could find none of the women's treasures. At this the allies, thinking they had been deceived, fell upon the victorious tribesmen, slew them in turn, and took possession of the city. They kept it for centuries, till Trojan the Emperor overcame them and made it a Roman city. Long after that the Arabs took it and kept it, as they have even unto this day. Each century has seen efforts made to reach the great urn, but none have succeeded. The last Sultan, before he died, made a law that anyone condemned to die might choose to attempt to reach the urn; if he succeeded in getting its treasures for the city, then his life must be spared. It was of this decree that Sargona spoke, but Hassan, the sahibs' slave, counts at little that chance to escape death."

Hassan ceased; both Denviers and I doubted the truth of the legend. Treasures might be hidden in the vast urn, we thought, but upon the base of the column we had seen part of an inscription which read: *TRAJANUS AEDIFICAVIT*. Indeed, our idea of the reason of the building of the column, surmounted by the great urn, was quite a different one to that which Hassan gave, and proved to be correct. Our discovery of this was made in a singular and unexpected way.

### III.

JUST before daybreak I was awakened by Hassan, who cautiously roused me. Raising myself to a sitting posture I found Denviers near, while Ahillah stood before us.

"Hist!" Ahillah cried: "I could not rest, knowing that I have been the unhappy means of bringing this trouble upon you all."

I glanced at the deposed Queen. She was clad in a robe of white silk, as I perceived by the light of some half-spent torches thrust in grippers of the wall. Down almost to her waist her dishevelled black hair fell; her dress was heavily embroidered with pearls, the straps of her sandals being similarly

adorned. Surpassingly beautiful I thought the maiden, as I saw the expression of pity which our unhappy position wrought upon her olive countenance and inspired the troubled look in her dark eyes.

"To reach the urn is impossible for ye, yet that is the only barrier between ye and death! Long hours have I racked my brain for some way of escape for ye, and Allah has filled me with a strange thought. Here, when I waited for Sargona to decide with her Ministers whether she would slay or spare, I saw, climbing and falling, yet ever climbing again, upon yonder wall, the rare scarlet scarabæus. Not once in years is it seen in this city, and then the foolish and ignorant declare it comes at the bidding of Allah for some strange purpose. They say that if once a scarabæus reaches the urn, then a human being will do so that very day. The superstition I believe not, but the sight of the scarabæus set me thinking. What my plan is I will tell to Hassan, even the one who has favoured me, though death be his for so doing. The guards I found asleep, but ye cannot escape that way, so test it not. Hear from the illustrious Arab, he who is the prince of wrestlers, and my adored, what I have devised. If it fail, ye can be no worse off than ye are now: if it succeed, your lives will be spared."

Ahillah drew Hassan aside, and, after a few minutes' conversation, left the Arab, giving him meantime a package which she had brought. Before departing from the cave, the Queen pointed to the scarabæus, which, from its scarlet colour, could plainly be seen a few yards from one of the torches, the pleasant warmth of which had doubtless caused it to cease its efforts to reach the top of the wall of the cave.

In safety the Queen passed by the sleeping sentries, while we drew together, discussing her plan with Hassan. At first we almost ridiculed it, then, after we had grown more accustomed to the strange notion, we began to be impatient for the hour when we could test its possibility.

When dawn had fully come, the chief Arab of the city again visited us and asked, in derision, if we wished to attempt to get the long-lost treasure from the urn. To his great surprise, Hassan answered:—

"Allah has given us his promise to aid us. See! This has he sent—lo! the Scarlet Scarabæus!"

We were certainly surprised at the effect of Hassan's words upon the Arab. He

seemed disconcerted at first, then asked, assuming indifference :—

"Slaves, what will ye?"

"We would be led to the column of the great urn," Hassan responded.

"Come, then!" cried the chief Arab, and, without delay, we followed him down the great stairway, through the streets, past the assembling citizens, into the great amphitheatre, until we stood before the column supporting the strange urn.

The people, quickly learning what our intention was, thronged into the seats of the amphitheatre, and as we glanced about we saw the faces of thousands of excited spectators.

If Hassan should fail in the strange task he had undertaken! I glanced at the frenzied faces of the fanatics—if we had raised a false hope we should be torn to pieces.

Even as we stood there, with our foes filling every tier of the vast amphitheatre,

Sargona entered and seated herself, surrounded by her chief men, where she could clearly see what we attempted. I saw her sister, Ahillah, enter and place herself in one of the seats in the lowest tier, whence she glanced eagerly at us. Hassan, turning his gaze upon Ahillah, saw that she pointed to a large grating and, following the direction indicated, saw something that startled him.

"Sahibs!" he whispered. "See! If Ahillah's plan fail, our fate will not long be in doubt. Allah send us a quick death!"

Looking at the grating, we saw several forms pacing restlessly behind its bars; it lay in shadow, but we understood. If the urn were not reached, then the grating would open and, defenceless as we

were, we should be matched against the captive lions, already impatient for their human spoil.

Hassan unfastened the package and laid a quantity of cordage exposed to view. To one end of this he attached a silk thread of very considerable length, and while both Denviers and I were eagerly watching



"OUR FATE WILL NOT BE LONG IN DOUBT."

his preparations, we saw the Arab unroll his turban and disclose the huge scarlet scarabæus which we had seen endeavouring to climb the wall of the cave. The scarabæus was, like its genus, very strong and tenacious, for when Hassan raised it deftly with his thumb and forefinger, it carried the turban in its prehensile, claw-like feet.

The Arab quickly attached the free end of the silken thread to the body of the scarabæus, and then placed the scarlet beetle upon the polished granite pillar.

A strange hush came over those in the amphitheatre as they saw what the Arab planned to do; moreover, as the whisper went round that the scarabæus was scarlet, the Arabs recalled their tradition and became almost breathless with excitement, as they

watched Hassan's endeavours to guide the beetle upward.

At first the scarabæus, finding some strange burden attached to its body, dropped from the granite pillar and ran along the ground. Hassan caught it, and time after time, as the scarabæus tried the same manœuvre, did the Arab replace it on the pillar. At last the scarlet beetle ceased to fall, and ran heedlessly about the pillar. Hassan, with his hand, checked it in every direction but one, and then, with a frantic effort for liberty as it seemed, the scarlet scarabæus ran perpendicularly up the wall!

So large was the scarabæus and so distinct its colour, that we could see it plainly as it crawled higher and higher. Half-way up the pillar the scarabæus lost its hold, for the blocks of granite were highly polished, and it fell.

My glance turned from the excited throng to where the lions were. Looking again at the pillar I saw that the Arab had placed the scarabæus upon it once more.

Six times did the scarabæus fall, only to be placed upon the pillar again, but the seventh time it ran right up the granite blocks and reached the circular base of the urn.

Denviers and I grew pale with excitement; Sargona's face grew dark with wrath; Ahillah clapped her hands—Hassan gave no sign that aught disturbed him. Calmly, true believer in fate that he was, our Arab watched patiently the movements of the scarabæus as it reached the urn.

The thread of silk waved in the air as the scarabæus ran about the circular base of the urn.

"Allah! If the scarabæus twines the thread *too* tightly round the urn, our deaths are near," said Hassan, as he watched the scarlet beetle, which made a complete circuit of the urn and then was about to go round a second time.

Hassan stooped down, and selecting several pieces of granite, flung them in a shower at the scarabæus, which he missed. His second attempt succeeded, however, for we saw the scarabæus dangling helplessly in the air at the end of the silken thread.

The weight of the thread was more than overcome by that of the scarabæus, which slipped slowly down, down to the ground, where Hassan seized it eagerly and snapped the thread. Ahillah, who saw the scarabæus crawling away, left her seat and seized it, holding it high before her sister Sargona.

"Lo!" she cried; "the ancient rune

reads right! By the scarlet scarabæus, I swear the treasures of the urn shall be ours this day!"

At this, many of those about Sargona glanced darkly at her—already they repented that her sister had been so harshly treated, for it was Ahillah's plan they understood that Hassan was carrying out.

The Arab carefully hauled in the silken thread, and as he did so, the light, strong cord attached to it gradually reached the urn, wound round its base, and then came down until the nearer end was in Hassan's hand. To hoist a rope sufficient to bear his weight was an easy matter for the Arab.

A few minutes afterwards, Denviers and I were pulling hard at the rope as we hoisted the Arab high up the polished pillar of stone. He reached the urn, and, clambering up one



"THE ARAB LEANT OVER AND DREW HER UP."

of its huge handles, disappeared within it. When Hassan reappeared he held high a string of pearls.

"Ahillah! she must come, and then the sahibs!" cried Hassan. No one questioned why that should be, and accordingly, when Denviers and I had raised Ahillah to where the Arab leant over and drew her up, we were hoisted in turn by the ready hands of three men of the city.

"Draw up the rope, sahibs!" said the Arab, and at once we did so.

We found ourselves upon a curving platform of granite, which ran down in a winding way right into the granite pillar, which proved to be hollow. The path we traversed was more like the thread of a gigantic screw, and led us down until we were below the surface of the earth.

We went on wonderingly, following Hassan, who had improvised a torch from a portion of the rope which we had brought, until we came to a rough-hewn chamber. There, in the light of the flaring torch, we looked upon a strange scene.

The rock had been roughly hollowed into a great gallery, for from floor to ceiling rose great pillars of granite, while, at the end furthest from where we stood, could be seen a half-raised portcullis, beyond which was a rocky vestibule.

It was not the strange, uncouth carving of the gallery, however, which drew our attention, for, lying there, in confused heaps, were hundreds of mummies. Denviers had suggested to me before that the urn itself, by means of which we had entered that strange place, had been the tomb of some illustrious rulers of the city upon which we had come. We agreed then, that it was a more likely theory than that such a huge structure had been raised for the mere purpose of containing treasure. Whichever view was right, one thing was evident: the gallery in which we were had been looted by impious hands. Save for the string of pearls which Hassan had held temptingly up, we found no other treasure in the abode of the dead.

From great niches in the walls, from chambers running out of the galleries, from sarcophagi lying broken and ransacked, the mummies had been dragged into the centre of the gallery and there despoiled. Mummy cloths had been unwound; limbs wrenched off ruthlessly: a horde of barbarians alone could have wrought such ruin.

"There are no treasures!" cried Ahillah. Then raising her hand she cried: "Listen! The people grow impatient!"

So engrossed had we been that we had forgotten those watching for our re-appearance from the urn.

"I don't believe Trajan ever wrote that inscription on the pillar," commented Denviers: "it was some traveller's trick, merely. But what are we to do? If we go back we may be torn to pieces."

"We had better explore this gallery and see if there is any way of escape by it," I responded, as I caught the sounds of clamorous voices, and understood that if we went back and acknowledged our failure to find the gems, we should have to bear the fury of the disappointed throng.

So we went on, on till the portcullis and portico were passed, and we found ourselves in a stranger part still of the underground way. The great orifice widened out until we traversed a vast stretch of marsh, where rank, white verdure grew, for there no rays of light seemed to enter. Deeper we sank in the swamp at each step we took almost; a hundred yards were scarcely passed over when the fetid slush was breast high.

Hassan passed the torch to me; Denviers cut off a length from the rope and, kindling it, we two went on before, lighting the way for Hassan, who bore Ahillah in his arms. We pushed doggedly on—on to where fantastic shapes of mist rose about us on every side, and seemed to mock our attempts to find a way out of that sickening, underground marsh.

For fully three hours we advanced, slowly and painfully, the foul odours nearly stifling us—then we became aware that there was a current flowing in the dark waters. We tried to avoid it, but in our efforts to do so ran right into the danger we wished to escape. The bed of the marsh suddenly deepened, we lost our footing, and the next minute we were all struggling for life in the engulfing waters. The torches were extinguished, and save for a strange, phosphorescent gleam which lit up the marsh at fitful intervals, we were in profound darkness.

In spite of our struggles, the current bore us away, away to where we could hear the roar of waters tumbling over a precipice, it seemed. Faster the current bore us on, faster and faster still; I caught sight of Ahillah's and Hassan's face as they were swept past me.

The roar of the waters increased; the current swept on with appalling rapidity; I was sucked over a mass of rock and then went down, sheer down into a vortex of foamy, grinding waters.

When next I came to my senses I was lying on the bank of a river at some considerable distance from the cataract. Denviers had suffered a similar experience to my own, but had escaped with much less bruising than I had. He found me lying senseless on a little stretch of sand on the shelving shore of the river, where the waters flowed in comparative calm.

Hassan and Ahillah were nowhere to be found!

For two days we searched diligently for the bodies of the deposed Queen, Ahillah, and that of our faithful guide. At last we gave up the quest, and struck for our camp, guided by the sun. We were a considerable distance from the camp; indeed, it was ten days after our escape from the waters before we reached it.

On arriving at the camp, the first of those who came out to meet us was Hassan. We started at the sight of the Arab, for we had conclusively argued that he was dead.

"Sahibs," said Hassan, as he bent before us, "fate has been unkind, for Ahillah was drowned; it has also been kind, for the sahibs still live to be the light of their unworthy servant's countenance," and the Arab bowed to the very dust.

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers to our Arab, when the latter had told of his own escape and how it came about that he reached the camp before us; "I don't think any of us are born to be drowned."

"It is hard to say, sahib," Hassan replied, gravely; "yet surely is it easier for a blind camel to find the distant oasis than for man to unravel the twisted skein of his fate."



"I WAS SUCKED OVER A MASS OF ROCK."



# Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



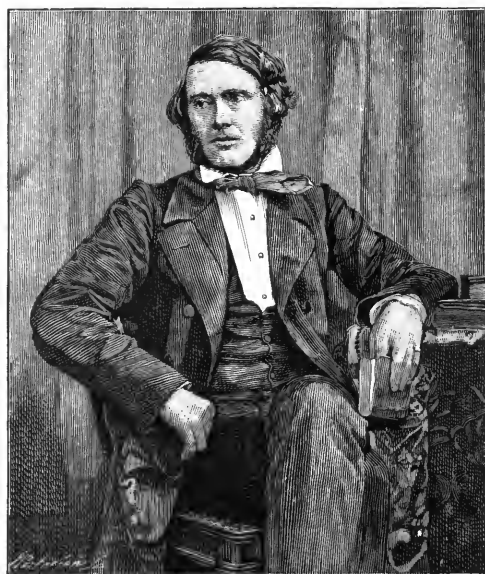
From a] AGE 19. [Daguerreotype.

## PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON.

BORN 1822.



DAVID MASSON, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, who began his literary career at the age of nineteen, as editor of a Scotch provincial newspaper, was appointed



AGE 29.  
From a Photo. by Dr. Diamond, Edinburgh.

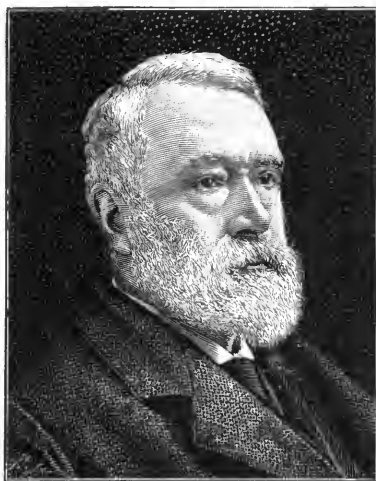
to the Chair of English Language and Literature at the University College, London, in 1852. He retired from his post in October, 1865, having been appointed Professor of

Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. He contributed numerous articles to the *Quarterly*, *National*, *British Quarterly*, and *North British Reviews*, and to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and his papers on Carlyle's "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Dickens and Thackeray," "Rabelais," etc., are the best known. His other works are so numerous that several pages of this Magazine

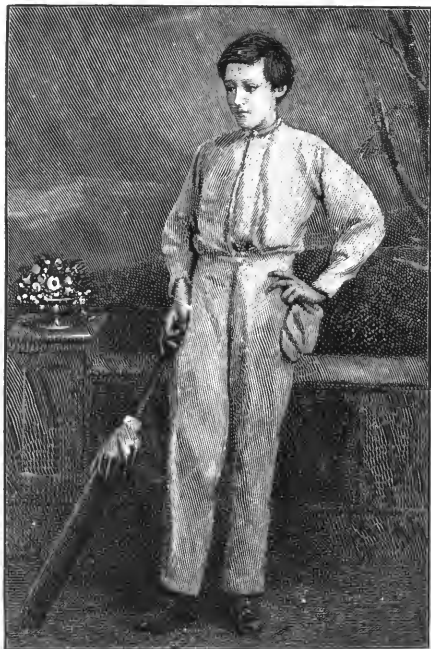


From a Photo. by] AGE 43. [John Watkins.

would be required to give them in anything like detail, and we regret that space will not permit us to do so. A committee, headed by Lord Robertson, is preparing a suitable testimonial to Dr. Masson, in recognition of his important services to English literature.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by J. Horsburgh, Edinburgh.



From a

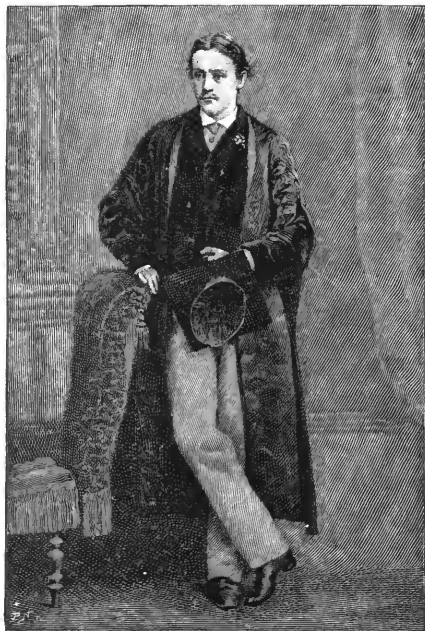
AGE 12.

[Photograph.

DR. PARRY, M.A., MUS. DOC.  
BORN 1848.



HARLES HUBERT HASTINGS  
PARRY, Professor of Musical  
History and Composition at the  
Royal College of Music, went  
to Eton in 1861, working at



From a Photo. by]

AGE 20.

[J. Guagenheim.

harmony, and proceeded to Oxford in 1866, taking a second class in Law and History in 1870. At intervals he worked at



AGE 25.

From a Photograph

music, with Sir William Sterndale Bennett and Sir G. A. Macfarren, and began to contribute to Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music." Amongst Dr. Parry's well-known compositions the most important are:



From a Photo. by]

AGE 36.

[H. J. Whitlock.

Ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens"; Oratorio, "Judith"; Ode for St. Cecilia's Day; and a fine setting of "De Profundis."



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY. [Hills &amp; Saunders.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

**M**ISS OLGA NETHERSOLE, our Sarah Bernhardt of the future, made her first public appearance with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as *Lettice Vane*, in Henry Hamilton's play, "Harvest." Her next engagement was



AGE 3.  
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

when she appeared in Herman Merivale's comedy - drama, "Our Joan," Charles Reade's play, "The Double Marriage," etc. With fifteen months' provincial experience, Miss Nethersole made her London *début* at the Adelphi, in "The Union Jack," and after a short absence, rejoined the Garrick Theatre and played *Mrs. Selwyn* in Sydney Grundy's play, "A Fool's Paradise," produced in January, 1892. Later in the year, she returned to the Criterion Theatre, and played for some months her then masterpiece, *Mercede da Vigno*. Miss Nethersole now attempted a task of extreme difficulty. Selecting a play by a young author,



From a Photo. by] AGE 15. [Macnab, Glasgow.



AGE 20.  
From a Photo. by Barraud, Oxford Street.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus.

Mr. A. W. Gattie, she produced, on her own responsibility, at the Royal Court Theatre, in January, 1894, "The Transgressor," which was received with acclamation. She is now touring with her own company in the United States.

## COLONEL SIR EDWARD BRADFORD.

BORN 1836.



From a]

AGE 17.

[Miniature.



OL. SIR EDWARD RIDLEY COLBOURNE BRADFORD, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Commissioner of Police, entered the Madras Army in 1853, and became colonel in 1883. Sir Edward has the Persian medal, and served with the 14th Light Dragoons in the Persian campaign from February 21 till June 8, 1857; and afterwards in the North-Western Provinces, with General Michel's force in Mayne's Horse, in 1858. He was present at the general action of Scindwha, at Karai, and served with General Napier's columns in



AGE 29.

From a Photo. by Robert Faulkner, Bayswater.

Mayne's Horse, gaining the medal, and being twice thanked in despatches. He has held the position of General Superintendent of the operations for the suppression of Thuggi and Dacoity, was resident First Class and Governor-General's Agent for Rajpoo-

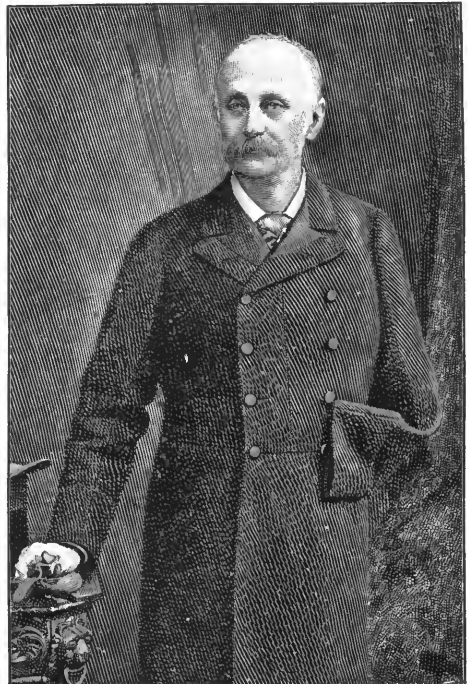


From a Photo. by]

AGE 53.

[Elliott &amp; Fry

tana, and has been chief Commissioner in Ajmere, and has also been Secretary of the Political and Secret Department of the India Office. Sir Edward, who was appointed A.D.C. to the Queen in the year 1889, accompanied H.R.H. the late Duke of Clarence on his visit to India. He has lost his left arm, the result of an encounter with a tiger some years ago.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Maul &amp; Fox.

# *The Romance of the Museums.*

## II.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA'S missal, which is now in the South Kensington Museum, is a capital specimen of those articles which find their way into the possession of our museum authorities in a very peculiar



QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA'S MISSAL.

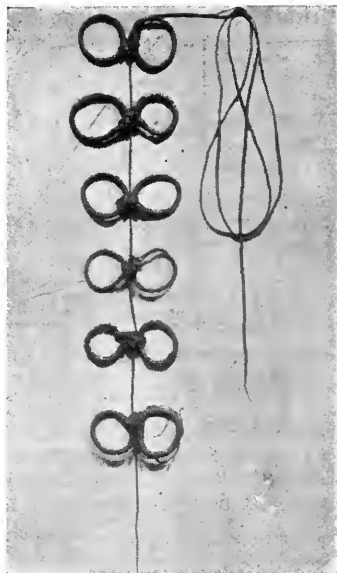
manner. One day a certain titled lady came into the directors' office and abruptly pulled a little book out of her pocket, requesting that the expert might value it for her. Her ladyship explained (1) that she was not in want of money; (2) that the book was not an heirloom, but had been left to her family by will; and (3) that she wanted to help a certain institution with the proceeds of the sale of the little volume.

She was told, however, that the museum authorities did not make valuations, but were always open to buy; and, furthermore, that her property was indeed a unique work of art. The lady said she had an inkling of this, a cautious dealer having offered her £70 for the book—the mere value of the gold on the cover. The director, on examining the volume further, declared, rapturously, that it was priceless; probably this is why he offered £500 for it then and there. More discussion followed, and at length the director of the museum begged the lady to wait a moment while he conferred with his colleagues, being himself a little flustered. Presently he came back, and in a burst of fine generosity said that he would give her ladyship another chance. Did she really want to part with the book at

Vol. xi.—23.

once? For, if so, the authorities—who seemingly fell over each other in their excited admiration of the workmanship—were disposed to increase their offer to £700, the cheque to be made out and signed on the spot. The bargain was concluded forthwith, and Queen Henrietta Maria's missal now adorns the hideous building at South Kensington. This is, in every respect, the smartest museum transaction on record; and I am assured that the wonderful book-cover must have been the whole life-work of a marvellous artist. There is no knowing to what fabulous figure this little book—scarce 4in. high—would be run up, were it to figure in the auction-rooms to-morrow.

Most country people and many foreigners are imbued with a wholesome dread of the perils of London; I sincerely trust they will not altogether shun the Metropolis on learning that traps for catching human souls are kept at Bloomsbury. Anyone interested in the fearsome articles can see a good specimen at the



TRAP FOR CATCHING HUMAN SOULS.

British Museum — Ethnographical Gallery, Wall Case 120. This particular soul-catcher



is of no more supernatural material than plaited cocoa-nut fibre, with a string attached. There are six double loops, and the whole measures 41½ in. in length.

The trap shown here comes with peculiar appropriateness from Danger Island, in the Indian Ocean, where these articles range in length up to 28ft., and have loops of different sizes, the latter intended variously for adults and children, the aristocracy and the *canaille*. I am unable to say whether the islanders can now see through these soul-traps (the loops are

arranged spectacle-fashion), but their effect was at one time disastrous in the extreme. If a person had the misfortune to offend the "sacred men," or were very ill, a soul-trap would be suspended by night from a branch of one of the gigantic laurel trees that overshadowed his dwelling. On the family inquiring what sin had been committed that their souls should be treated as pestilential rodents, some ceremonial offence against the gods would be assigned. A priest watched near the trap; and if an insect or a small bird flew through one of the loops it

was asserted the soul of the culprit, assuming this form, had passed into the trap. It would then be spread abroad that poor So-and-so had lost his soul, and lamentation and bitter weeping would result. The friends of the unhappy man would then intercede for him, offering presents and miscellaneous property to the sorcerer, sometimes with success. If the bribe were not large enough, and an unfavourable answer received, the victim would simply pine away

and die—even though, before the trap was set, he was in full possession of health and strength.

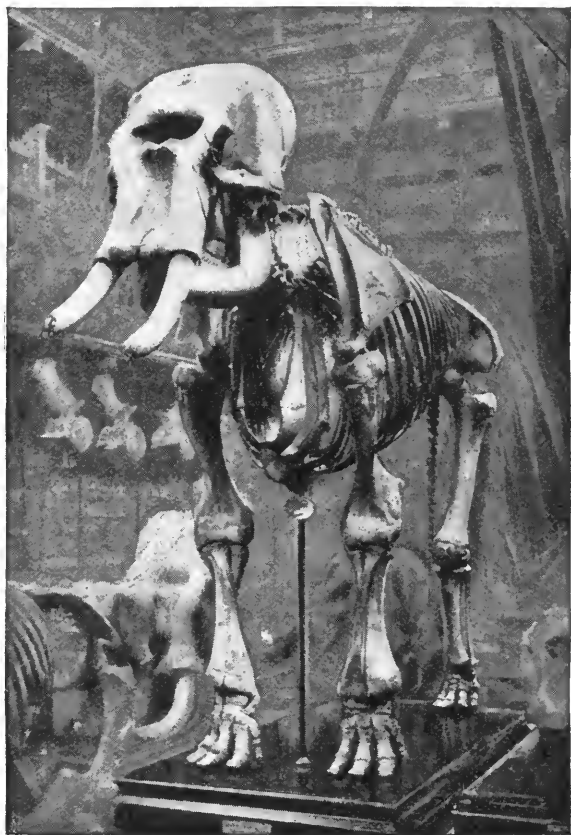
The next story I have to tell is so interesting, that were I to do it justice I should need many pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE; therefore must I be brief. My story is about poor Chuneë, the far-famed elephant, who was destroyed at Exeter Change in March, 1826, under circumstances that—to borrow a convenient phrase of journealese—"positively baffle description." The skeleton of Chuneë

is here shown; it is now a conspicuous object in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. According to Mr. Cross, to whose menagerie the elephant belonged, Chuneë's first owner was Mr. Harris, then proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, who purchased the young animal for 900 guineas on its arrival in England in the *Astel*, which vessel was commanded by a Captain Hay.

After a little preliminary training, Chuneë appeared in the Covent Garden pantomime, and he continued in Mr. Harris's possession for many

years, until his weight increased to such an extent as to endanger the stability of the stage. In 1814 Mr. Cross bought Chuneë—and I should remark here that this gentleman had for twenty years been superintendent of the Royal Menagerie, Exeter Change, a site now occupied by Exeter Hall; from which it will be seen that this spot has been a place of entertainment from time immemorial.

When the animal arrived from India, there



SKELETON OF CHUNEË, THE MAD ELEPHANT.

were two keepers with it, and these accompanied their charge to Exeter Change. Now, Chuneë was a model of elephantine decorum until one of these men died; then he became troublesome and required a bigger den. One day in 1822 the keeper went into this new den to put the elephant through his performance, but found that he was, so to say, on strike; he simply refused to do anything, whereupon the keeper struck him with a little cane. Chuneë could not have been hurt, but he nearly killed that keeper, who was only rescued by a veritable miracle in the concrete form of Mr. Cross himself.

After this Chuneë began to have dangerous annual paroxysms; and later on it was pointed out to the proprietor of the show that in India, under similar circumstances, the elephants were let run loose in the forest, and presently came back cured. This sort of thing, however, was not advisable in the Strand, so Mr. Cross resorted to physic. After fifty-two hours' coaxing, Chuneë was induced to swallow his first dose, which consisted of 24lb. of salts, 24lb. of treacle, 6oz. of calomel, 1½oz. of tartar emetic, 6 drachms of powder of gamboge, and a bottle of croton oil. This produced no more appreciable results than the tendering of one of the buns of commerce. Next followed 6lb. of beef marrow and, later, 4oz. of calomel—all of which had absolutely no effect on Chuneë, who at this time was devoting all his energies to the demolition of his den. One Wednesday morning, the great beast made a terrific onslaught on his own massive front gate, which he all but dislodged. Medicine of another sort was then tried—firstly, 4oz. of arsenic, then ½oz. of corrosive sublimate, and lastly a lot of strychnine, mixed with sugar and conserve of roses and things, the whole tastefully done up in a little bladder, and left about in the den, “promiskus”; for the monumental cussedness of the animal was such that he would devour greedily any scrap of food that happened to be on the floor, while he would reject scornfully a decent square meal tendered him by his keeper.

Let me be clearly understood. Chuneë was not “immune”; he simply swallowed no part of the second course of “medicine,” refusing everything—even food. His appearance now indicated that trouble was at hand; his eyes glared like glass lenses, reflecting a red and burning light. Chuneë had declared war. He had, so to speak, given the human ambassadors accredited to him their exequaturs, and would, doubtless, have

given them their quietus if he had had a chance. *Quem Deus vult perdere*, etc. I cannot say whether the elephant was predestined to an awful death, but he certainly was very mad at this time.

The excitement quickened. Chuneë was about 10ft. high and weighed four or five tons; consequently his gratuitous performance threatened to bring down the house—in a literal sense—menagerie and all, upon the respectable shop-keepers below. Mr. Cross at length sent in hot haste for his brother-in-law—one, Herring—who was something of a shot, but who, nevertheless, arrived upon the spot with no more formidable weapon than a monstrous opinion of himself. The two instantly repaired to Holborn for guns and things. On their way back they looked in at the College of Surgeons, with the charitable intention of getting a few hints from Professor Stewart's predecessor as to where they could most advantageously smite the enemy. Mr. Cross also burst in upon the eminent anatomist, Mr. Joshua Brookes, who was in his theatre lecturing, and who, therefore, resented this violent intrusion, which could not fail, he said, to scandalize his pupils.

He, however, also contributed his quota of advice as to where to hit Chuneë, and he also sent along a pupil to direct the marksmen in the way they should shoot. On returning to Exeter Change, poor Mr. Cross was implored to run off to Somerset House for the “millingtary,” as the rampageousness of Chuneë was fast overcoming all assaults, and indeed forcing his would-be assassins to defend their own lives.

The “army of occupation” at Somerset House consisted of one sentry, who with touching heroism defied the distraught showman, saying he could not leave his post; and two privates and a corporal. These warriors, like the gentry in the parable, began to make excuses, saying they could not come; they *did* eventually turn up in the battle, however, fired a conscientious three rounds of ball through Chuneë's tough hide, and then remained impotent, having no more ammunition.

Is this not an amazing story? And yet the newspapers of the day relate the facts with sublime unconsciousness of the tragic-comic character of the episode. The unhappy Cross rushed hither and thither after arms; and he would actually have removed the old howitzers that lay in the quadrangle of Somerset House, if the guns could have been safely fired. At last he

borrowed a swivel gun from Hawes's Soap Factory, on the Surrey side of the river, near Blackfriars Bridge, and with this and a few balls, *and the head of a poker*, he darted back to open fire on poor Chuneé—who was then dead. The unequal combat was ended, and for the first time in the annals of natural history a Herring had killed an elephant.

The fight had lasted more than two hours, during which time Chuneé was exposed to rifle fire from every side, not to mention pitchforks and swords fastened on poles. - But 260 shots had been fired before Chuneé was killed.

The elephant's skin was sold to a tanner for £50, and £35 was taken at the door for permission to view the body. In addition to this, the receipts on subsequent days were at the rate of £250 a day—which, let us hope, compensated the unfortunate Cross for the loss of Chuneé, whose value was about £1,000. The dissection of the carcass was quite a great function. Pulleys were fixed for the purpose of raising it for the anatomist; and the operation took place in the exhibition-room, lined for the purpose with nice green baize, and, of course, packed with spectators. Then, and not till then, was it found that *Chuneé had been driven mad with toothache*. The principal portion of the diseased tusk is here shown; and it is evident that this was a case of *mal aux dents* on a very large scale.

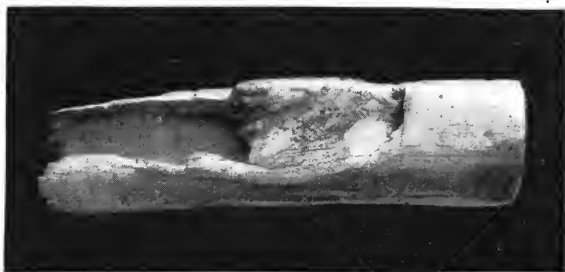
There remains an amazing sequel, related to me by Sir William Flower—most courteous and delightful of men, and director of the Natural History Museum. In 1861 Sir William took charge of the museum at the College of Surgeons;

and exactly fifty years after the tragedy of Exeter Change—namely, in 1876—a man called upon my informant at his office and produced an ivory splinter, saying that his father had told him it was knocked off Chuneé's tusk by a shot during the great battle.

Sir William immediately took the man into the museum, applied the bit of ivory to Chuneé's tusk, and, behold, it fitted exactly!

One often hears of worldlings who, if they pray at all, pray mechanically

and without devotion. Now, the Tibetans are devout enough, yet they pray mostly by machines, such as are shown in the next illustration, which depicts a few praying-mills. The cylinders contain copies of the Sacred Writings, and revolve upon the spindle that passes through the centre of each. The instrument is held in the hand, and whirled round by means of the weight hanging at the side. The mere revolutions of the Sacred Writings are held to be efficacious prayers. As a fact, the Lamaism of Tibet is a religion *pour rire*—at any rate, from our point of view. I am assured that in the Buddhist temples in that remote region, grotesque articles—such as "Old Tom" bottles with gaudy labels, and tailors' pattern-books—have been found



SECTION OF CHUNEE'S TUSK SHOWING DECAYED PORTION.



PRAYING-MILLS FROM TIBET.





NECROMANCER'S GIRDLE OF CARVED HUMAN BONES.

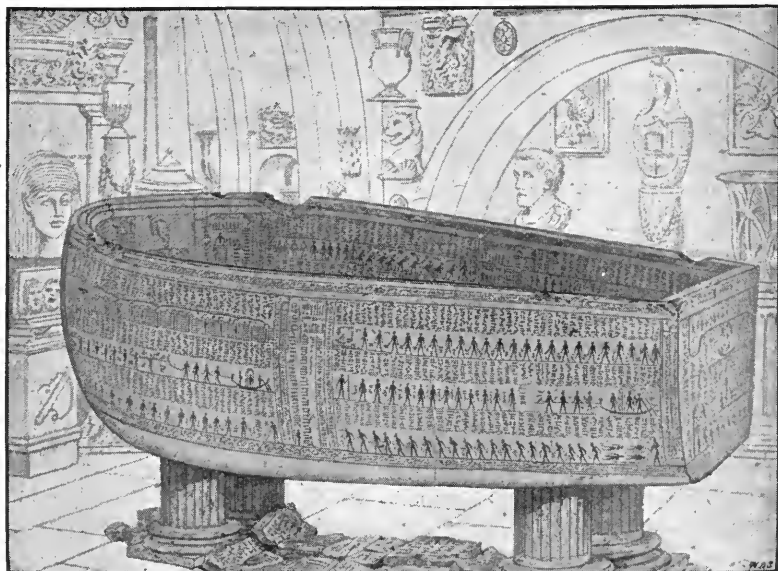
doing duty as decorative objects. One of the last-mentioned bore the cash prices of coats and trousers, and was hung lengthwise on the wall.

Apart from hand praying-mills, there are others on a larger scale worked by wind and hydraulic power; and in some of these the Lamaistic formula, "Om-ma-ni pad-me Hum," is printed hundreds of millions of times. I next show a sash or girdle of richly-carved human bones, also from Tibet, and forming an indispensable part of the outfit of a necromancer. The latter is called Nag-pa, probably because he is objectionable and a nuisance. This is, however, a generic designation given to the rest of all his numerous tribe, who are as a rule illiterate, fearfully and wonderfully dressed, and closely allied to the original type of Tibetan devil dancer. Besides this girdle, Nagpa also carries some weapon wherewith to stab the demons against whom it is necessary to operate.

In the next illustration is shown the sarcophagus of Seti I., which was discovered by Belzoni in 1819.

The career of Giovanni Batista Belzoni, by the way, is one long romance. A poor barber's son, born in Padua in 1778, he came to England in 1803, and became a street mountebank, performing feats of strength, for he was 6ft. 7in. in height. Later on, Belzoni was engaged at Astley's; but he is far better known for his important discoveries in Egypt than for his performances in itinerant shows.

Let us return, however, to the sarcophagus of Seti I. In October, 1819, Belzoni was exploring the ruins at Thebes with a party of labourers, when he came upon an important tomb at Biban-el-Moluk. This tomb was 18ft. below the surface of the ground, and was



SARCOPHAGUS OF SETI I.

wonderfully intricate. In it was found this beautiful stone coffin, which was formed of two parts, namely, the chest and the lid, each hollowed out of a single white translucent block, dug from the quarries of Alabastron, on the east bank of the Nile. The lid, or cover, had been broken into numerous pieces, of which there are seventeen in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where also is the sarcophagus itself. It is 9ft. 4in. long, and 3ft. 8in. at the widest part, the thickness of the stone varying from  $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 4in. Both the sarcophagus and the remains of the lid are covered inside and out with small figures and hieroglyphics.

With infinite difficulty, Belzoni conveyed the sarcophagus down the Nile and shipped it to London. When it arrived in this country it was offered to the British Museum for £2,000, but the authorities thought it much too dear. Now, as both Russia and France were anxious to possess this magnificent sarcophagus, it would probably have left the country, had it not been for Sir John Soane, who promptly bought it and had it conveyed to his house, much of the wall whereof had to be removed before the great stone coffin could be deposited where it is now to be seen, beneath a glass case that cost £69.

The extraordinary thing is that the mummy was missing. Where was Seti I.? and who removed him from his sarcophagus? No one knows. Anyhow, he turned up in 1881 in the tomb of Queen Hat-a-su, but, of course, the reason of his mysterious visit can never be ascertained.

About this time the attention of Maspero, the somewhat ferocious curator of the great Egyptian Museum, then at Boulak, was drawn by trippers to certain curios and relics that had been sold to them by the Arabs. Maspero knew a good thing when he saw it, and, accordingly, he set his spies to work, with the result that a couple of Arab chiefs were arrested and asked whence certain relics

had come. At first the wily chiefs flatly refused to give the information, because, as a matter of fact, they had a perfect gold mine in the shape of a *caché* of mummies and ancient Egyptian remains. By Maspero's orders, however, the bastinado and the kourbash, or whip of hippopotamus hide, were applied, and then the Arabs confessed. They had discovered a pit at Dahr-el-Baireeh—a long shaft that went down into the ground about 30ft. At the bottom was a gallery which went off at right angles; and the first thing Maspero and his myr-

midons came upon was a magnificent leather canopy which had evidently been used as a sort of pall. Many other chambers were passed through, and at length the search party entered the tomb of Queen Hat-a-su, where, ranged stiffly along the walls, were found quite a number of missing Pharaohs—Seti I., Rameses the Great, and many others—all nicely labelled with their names in hieroglyphics. Maspero had all the mummies removed to Boulak, where they were unrolled and photographed; and Seti I., who is shown in this illustration, may be seen to this day in the great Museum at Ghizeh, while his sarcophagus adorns the more prosaic district of Lincoln's Inn Fields; all this, however, if we are to judge from appearances, is a matter of utter indifference to Seti.



MUMMY OF SETI I.

Next in this wondrous category comes a musical instrument, which is at the same time something of a grave curse. It is called the Juruparis, or Devil, and you will see it in the Ethnographical Gallery (Wall Case No. 88) at the British Museum. This instrument is quite a lady-killer in its way; but not by reason of its dulcet tones. Let me explain. The Juruparis is used by the Indians on the Rio Maupés, a tributary of the Rio Negro, in South America; and it is held in such veneration, that if the mere ordinary squaw but glances furtively at the thing, she is promptly poisoned. Lest the villages should



THE JURUPARIS, OR DEVIL.

be altogether depleted of women-folk, however, the instrument is buried in the bed of a stream, deep in the primeval forest, where no person dares to drink or bathe; and it is only brought forth on great occasions. No young brave, even, is allowed to play upon the Juruparis until he has been severely knocked about by scourgings and fastings.

Much of the romance of the museums lies in the extraordinary way in which articles have been acquired. One day in the year 1874 Mr. Pierce, an intelligent inhabitant of the village of Lamberhurst, in Sussex, called at the local tobacconist's for half an ounce of the common or villainous variety of shag. After tea that night he took from his vest-pocket the paper of tobacco, and noticed that it was wrapped in thick, tough paper, bearing queer, old printed characters. Mr. Pierce at once called round at the shop, and found that the paper had been torn from a priceless old work — Lydgate's Translation of Boccaccio's "Fall of Princes," printed by Prynson in 1494. Un-

fortunately, many other portions had been torn out to wrap up tobacco and snuff; but the volume was at once rescued, purchased by the authorities of the British Museum, and it may now be seen in the inner Reading Room. The torn leaves were pieced and repaired as far as possible; and this is shown in the illustration.

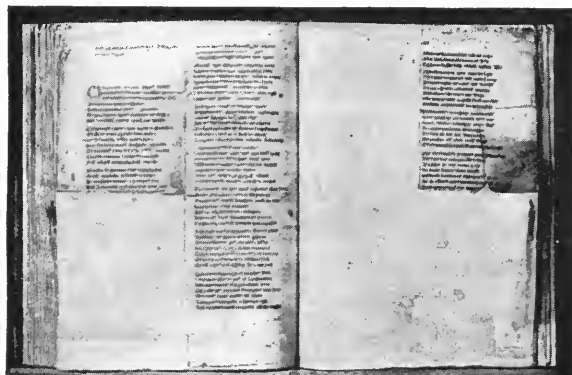
Here is the unimposing throne of Quaco Acka, King of Appolonia, in Ashantee. When the British were last upon him, with ugly intentions, His Majesty seated himself upon this stool, the pillar of which was stuffed with trade gunpowder, and he resolved to blow himself to pieces rather than submit to our troops. I should not omit to mention that his wives were, *nolens volens*, gathered round him; but these heroics had



THRONE ON WHICH THE KING OF APPOLONIA WAS ABOUT TO BE BLOWN UP WITH HIS WIVES.

a very tame ending, the potential martyr surrendering quietly and presenting his captor — Captain W. H. Quin — with a gold ring.

There are four chess pieces of the twelfth century, carved out of walrus tusk, and with a queer history. The illustration shows a knight, king, queen, and bishop, the queen having a look on her face like unto that which comes over one who has inadvertently crashed into a full-length mirror. One morning in the beginning of 1831 a peasant of Uig, in the Isle of Lewis, was digging in a sandbank when he came upon a number of chessmen — altogether about enough to make six sets. The figures were of excellent workman-



LYDGATE'S TRANSLATION OF BOCCACCIO'S "FALL OF PRINCES," RESCUED FROM A TOBACCONIST'S SHOP.

ship, and, judging from the costume, certainly of remote antiquity. At first the Scottish antiquaries were of the opinion that, as the pieces had been found near a ruined nunnery, they were originally intended to beguile the tedium of cloistered seclusion ;

broad bands of dark red ; the ends are closed. In the interior, small bits of reed are placed transversely all the way down, forming a perfect network. There are also a lot of seeds inside, so that, when smartly inverted, these trickle gradually down the



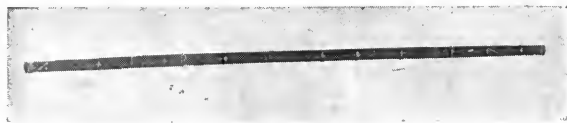
LONG-LOST CHESSMEN.

but it was afterwards determined that these chessmen had probably formed part of the merchandise of an Icelandic *kaup-mann*, or trader, who was carrying them to the Hebrides or Iceland when his vessel was wrecked, and the pieces swept on shore by the waves.

For the sake of distinction, many of these chessmen were coloured red, but the action of the salt water for seven centuries had almost washed this out ; the pieces are about four inches high.

In the next picture we see the rattle staff of an African King, brought from the Gaboon (West Coast). This wonderful stick is a sectional tube made of narrow strips of bamboo, bound with rattan and painted with

tube with a curiously loud noise, like unto that of a stream rushing over a rocky bed. The assistants of the British Museum very kindly took this staff from the wall-case in the Ethnographical Gallery, and gave me demonstrations of its singular character ; it is 4ft. long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. I gather that the dusky monarch who owned the "silence stick" would, on occasion, rise up in the midst of his young men, and ask for a hearing, knocking the tube sharply on the ground at the same time. If silence were not observed within a large radius by the time the seeds had ceased falling (about a minute and a quarter), some loquacious brave would certainly suffer death.



THE "SILENCE STICK."



BY MISS BRADDON.



I. BELLA ROLLESTON had made up her mind that her only chance of earning her bread and helping her mother to an occasional crust was by going out into the great unknown world as companion to a lady. She was willing to go to any lady rich enough to pay her a salary and so eccentric as to wish for a hired companion. Five shillings told off reluctantly from one of those sovereigns which were so rare with the mother and daughter, and which melted away so quickly, five solid shillings, had been handed to a smartly-dressed lady in an office in Harbeck Street, W., in the hope that this very Superior Person would find a situation and a salary for Miss Rolleston.

The Superior Person glanced at the two half-crowns as they lay on the table where Bella's hand had placed them, to make sure they were neither of them florins, before she wrote a description of Bella's qualifications and requirements in a formidable-looking ledger.

"Age?" she asked, curtly.

"Eighteen, last July."

"Any accomplishments?"

"No; I am not at all accomplished. If I were I should want to be a governess—a companion seems the lowest stage."

"We have some highly accomplished ladies on our books as companions, or chaperon companions."

"Oh, I know!" babbled Bella, loquacious

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in her youthful candour. "But that is quite a different thing. Mother hasn't been able to afford a piano since I was twelve years old, so I'm afraid I've forgotten how to play. And I have had to help mother with her needlework, so there hasn't been much time to study."

"Please don't waste time upon explaining what you can't do, but kindly tell me anything you can do," said the Superior Person, crushingly, with her pen poised between delicate fingers waiting to write. "Can you read aloud for two or three hours at a stretch? Are you active and handy, an early riser, a good walker, sweet tempered, and obliging?"

"I can say yes to all those questions except about the sweetness. I think I have a pretty good temper, and I should be anxious to oblige anybody who paid for my services. I should want them to feel that I was really earning my salary."

"The kind of ladies who come to me would not care for a talkative companion," said the Person, severely, having finished writing in her book. "My connection lies chiefly among the aristocracy, and in that class considerable deference is expected."

"Oh, of course," said Bella; "but it's quite different when I'm talking to you. I want to tell you all about myself once and for ever."

"I am glad it is to be only once!" said the Person, with the edges of her lips.

The Person was of uncertain age, tightly laced in a black silk gown. She had a powdery complexion and a handsome clump

of somebody else's hair on the top of her head. It may be that Bella's girlish freshness and vivacity had an irritating effect upon nerves weakened by an eight hours day in that over-heated second floor in Harbeck Street. To Bella the official apartment, with its Brussels carpet, velvet curtains and velvet chairs, and French clock, ticking loud on the marble chimney-piece, suggested the luxury of a palace, as compared with another second floor in Walworth where Mrs. Rolleston and her daughter had managed to exist for the last six years.

"Do you think you have anything on your books that would suit me?" faltered Bella, after a pause.

"Oh, dear, no; I have nothing in view at present," answered the Person, who had swept Bella's half-crowns into a drawer, absent-mindedly, with the tips of her fingers. "You see, you are so very unformed—so much too young to be companion to a lady of position. It is a pity you have not enough education for a nursery governess; that would be more in your line."

"And do you think it will be very long before you can get me a situation?" asked Bella, doubtfully.

being a burden to her. I want a salary that I can share with her."

"There won't be much margin for sharing in the salary you are likely to get at your age—and with your—very—unformed manners," said the Person, who found Bella's peony cheeks, bright eyes, and unbridled vivacity more and more oppressive.

"Perhaps if you'd be kind enough to give me back the fee I could take it to an agency where the connection isn't quite so aristocratic," said Bella, who—as she told her mother in her recital of the interview—was determined not to be sat upon.

"You will find no agency that can do more for you than mine," replied the Person, whose harpy fingers never relinquished coin. "You will have to wait for your opportunity. Yours is an exceptional case: but I will bear you in mind, and if anything suitable offers I will write to you. I cannot say more than that."

The half-contemptuous bend of the stately head, weighted with borrowed hair, indicated the end of the interview. Bella went back to Walworth—tramped sturdily every inch of the way in the September afternoon—and "took off" the Superior Person for the



"NOT A LOVE AFFAIR, I HOPE?"

"I really cannot say. Have you any particular reason for being so impatient—not a love affair, I hope?"

"A love affair!" cried Bella, with flaming cheeks. "What utter nonsense. I want a situation because mother is poor, and I hate

amusement of her mother and the landlady, who lingered in the shabby little sitting-room after bringing in the tea-tray, to applaud Miss Rolleston's "taking off."

"Dear, dear, what a mimic she is!" said the landlady. "You ought to have let her

go on the stage, mum. She might have made her fortune as a hactress."

## II.

BELLA waited and hoped, and listened for the postman's knocks which brought such store of letters for the parlours and the first floor, and so few for that humble second floor, where mother and daughter sat sewing with hand and with wheel and treadle, for the greater part of the day. Mrs. Rolleston was a lady by birth and education; but it had been her bad fortune to marry a scoundrel; for the last half-dozen years she had been that worst of widows, a wife whose husband had deserted her. Happily, she was courageous, industrious, and a clever needlewoman; and she had been able just to earn a living for herself and her only child, by making mantles and cloaks for a West-end house. It was not a luxurious living. Cheap lodgings in a shabby street off the Walworth Road, scanty dinners, homely food, well-worn raiment, had been the portion of mother and daughter; but they loved each other so dearly, and Nature had made them both so light-hearted, that they had contrived somehow to be happy.

But now this idea of going out into the world as companion to some fine lady had rooted itself into Bella's mind, and although she idolized her mother, and although the parting of mother and daughter must needs tear two loving hearts into shreds, the girl longed for enterprise and change and excitement, as the pages of old longed to be knights, and to start for the Holy Land to break a lance with the infidel.

She grew tired of racing downstairs every time the postman knocked, only to be told "nothing for you, miss," by the smudgy-faced drudge who picked up the letters from the passage floor. "Nothing for you, miss," grinned the lodging-house drudge, till at last Bella took heart of grace and walked up to Harbeck Street, and asked the Superior Person how it was that no situation had been found for her.

"You are too young," said the Person, "and you want a salary."

"Of course I do," answered Bella; "don't other people want salaries?"

"Young ladies of your age generally want a comfortable home."

"I don't," snapped Bella; "I want to help mother."

"You can call again this day week," said the Person; "or, if I hear of anything in the meantime, I will write to you."

No letter came from the Person, and in exactly a week Bella put on her neatest hat, the one that had been seldomest caught in the rain, and trudged off to Harbeck Street.

It was a dull October afternoon, and there was a greyness in the air which might turn to fog before night. The Walworth Road shops gleamed brightly through that grey atmosphere, and though to a young lady reared in Mayfair or Belgravia such shop-windows would have been unworthy of a glance, they were a snare and temptation for Bella. There were so many things that she longed for, and would never be able to buy.

Harbeck Street is apt to be empty at this dead season of the year, a long, long street, an endless perspective of eminently respectable houses. The Person's office was at the further end, and Bella looked down that long, grey vista almost despairingly, more tired than usual with the trudge from Walworth. As she looked, a carriage passed her, an old-fashioned, yellow chariot, on cee springs, drawn by a pair of high grey horses, with the stateliest of coachmen driving them, and a tall footman sitting by his side.

"It looks like the fairy god-mother's coach," thought Bella. "I shouldn't wonder if it began by being a pumpkin."

It was a surprise when she reached the Person's door to find the yellow chariot standing before it, and the tall footman waiting near the doorstep. She was almost afraid to go in and meet the owner of that splendid carriage. She had caught only a glimpse of its occupant as the chariot rolled by, a plumed bonnet, a patch of ermine.

The Person's smart page ushered her upstairs and knocked at the official door. "Miss Rolleston," he announced, apologetically, while Bella waited outside.

"Show her in," said the Person, quickly; and then Bella heard her murmuring something in a low voice to her client.

Bella went in fresh, blooming, a living image of youth and hope, and before she looked at the Person her gaze was riveted by the owner of the chariot.

Never had she seen anyone as old as the old lady sitting by the Person's fire: a little old figure, wrapped from chin to feet in an ermine mantle; a withered, old face under a plumed bonnet—a face so wasted by age that it seemed only a pair of eyes and a peaked chin. The nose was peaked, too, but between the sharply pointed chin and the great, shining eyes, the small, aquiline nose was hardly visible.

"This is Miss Rolleston, Lady Ducayne."



"LADY DUCAYNE."

Claw-like fingers, flashing with jewels, lifted a double eyeglass to Lady Ducayne's shining black eyes, and through the glasses Bella saw those unnaturally bright eyes magnified to a gigantic size, and glaring at her awfully.

"Miss Torpinter has told me all about you," said the old voice that belonged to the eyes. "Have you good health? Are you strong and active, able to eat well, sleep well, walk well, able to enjoy all that there is good in life?"

"I have never known what it is to be ill, or idle," answered Bella.

"Then I think you will do for me."

"Of course, in the event of references being perfectly satisfactory," put in the Person.

"I don't want references. The young woman looks frank and innocent. I'll take her on trust."

"So like you, dear Lady Ducayne," murmured Miss Torpinter.

"I want a strong young woman whose health will give me no trouble."

"You have been so unfortunate in that respect," cooed the Person, whose voice and manner were subdued to a melting sweetness by the old woman's presence.

"Yes, I've been rather unlucky," grunted Lady Ducayne.

"But I am sure Miss Rolleston will not disappoint you, though certainly after your unpleasant experience with Miss Tomson, who looked the picture of health—and Miss Blandy, who said she had never seen a doctor since she was vaccinated——"

"Lies, no doubt," muttered Lady Ducayne, and then turning to Bella, she asked, curtly, "You don't mind spending the winter in Italy, I suppose?"

In Italy! The very word was magical. Bella's fair young face flushed crimson.

"It has been the dream of my life to see Italy," she gasped.

From Walworth to Italy! How far, how impossible such a journey had seemed to that romantic dreamer.

"Well, your dream will be realized. Get yourself ready to leave Charing Cross by the train de luxe this day week at eleven. Be sure you are at the station a quarter before the hour. My people will look after you and your luggage."

Lady Ducayne rose from her chair, assisted by her crutch-stick, and Miss Torpinter escorted her to the door.

"And with regard to salary?" questioned the Person on the way.

"Salary, oh, the same as usual—and if the young woman wants a quarter's pay in advance you can write to me for a cheque," Lady Ducayne answered, carelessly.

Miss Torpinter went all the way downstairs with her client, and waited to see her seated in the yellow chariot. When she came upstairs again she was slightly out of breath, and she had resumed that superior manner which Bella had found so crushing.

"You may think yourself uncommonly lucky, Miss Rolleston," she said. "I have dozens of young ladies on my books whom I might have recommended for this situation—but I remembered having told you to call this afternoon—and I thought I would give you a chance. Old Lady Ducayne is one of the best people on my books. She gives her



companion a hundred a year, and pays all travelling expenses. You will live in the lap of luxury."

"A hundred a year! How too lovely! Shall I have to dress very grandly? Does Lady Ducayne keep much company?"

"At her age! No, she lives in seclusion—in her own apartments—her French maid, her footman, her medical attendant, her courier."

"Why did those other companions leave her?" asked Bella.

"Their health broke down!"

"Poor things, and so they had to leave?"

"Yes, they had to leave. I suppose you would like a quarter's salary in advance?"

"Oh, yes, please. I shall have things to buy."

"Very well, I will write for Lady Ducayne's cheque, and I will send you the balance—after deducting my commission for the year."

"To be sure, I had forgotten the commission."

"You don't suppose I keep this office for pleasure."

"Of course not," murmured Bella, remembering the five shillings entrance fee; but nobody could expect a hundred a year and a winter in Italy for five shillings.

### III.

"FROM Miss Rolleston, at Cap Ferrino, to Mrs. Rolleston, in Beresford Street, Walworth.

"How I wish you could see this place, dearest; the blue sky, the olive woods, the orange and lemon orchards between the cliffs and the sea—sheltering in the hollow of the great hills—and with summer waves dancing up to the narrow ridge of pebbles and weeds which is the Italian idea of a beach! Oh, how I wish you could see it all, mother dear, and bask in this sunshine, that makes it so difficult to believe the date at the head of this paper. November! The air is like an English June—the sun is so hot that I can't walk a few yards without an umbrella. And to think of you at Walworth while I am here! I could cry at the thought that perhaps you will never see this lovely coast, this wonderful sea, these summer flowers that bloom in winter. There is a hedge of pink geraniums under my window, mother—a thick, rank hedge, as if the flowers grew wild—and there are Dijon roses climbing over arches and palisades all along the terrace—a rose garden full of bloom in November! Just picture it all! You could never imagine

the luxury of this hotel. It is nearly new, and has been built and decorated regardless of expense. Our rooms are upholstered in pale blue satin, which shows up Lady Ducayne's parchment complexion; but as she sits all day in a corner of the balcony basking in the sun, except when she is in her carriage, and all the evening in her arm-chair close to the fire, and never sees anyone but her own people, her complexion matters very little.

"She has the handsomest suite of rooms in the hotel. My bedroom is inside hers, the sweetest room—all blue satin and white lace—white enamelled furniture, looking-glasses on every wall, till I know my pert little profile as I never knew it before. The room was really meant for Lady Ducayne's dressing-room, but she ordered one of the blue satin couches to be arranged as a bed for me—the prettiest little bed, which I can wheel near the window on sunny mornings, as it is on castors and easily moved about. I feel as if Lady Ducayne were a funny old grandmother, who had suddenly appeared in my life, very, very rich, and very, very kind.

"She is not at all exacting. I read aloud to her a good deal; and she dozes and nods while I read. Sometimes I hear her moaning in her sleep—as if she had troublesome dreams. When she is tired of my reading she orders Francine, her maid, to read a French novel to her, and I hear her chuckle and groan now and then, as if she were more interested in those books than in Dickens or Scott. My French is not good enough to follow Francine, who reads very quickly. I have a great deal of liberty, for Lady Ducayne often tells me to run away and amuse myself; I roam about the hills for hours. Everything is so lovely. I lose myself in olive woods, always climbing up and up towards the pine woods above—and above the pines there are the snow mountains that just show their white peaks above the dark hills. Oh, you poor dear, how can I ever make you understand what this place is like—you, whose poor, tired eyes have only the opposite side of Beresford Street? Sometimes I go no farther than the terrace in front of the hotel, which is a favourite lounging-place with everybody. The gardens lie below, and the tennis courts where I sometimes play with a very nice girl, the only person in the hotel with whom I have made friends. She is a year older than I, and has come to Cap Ferrino with her brother, a doctor—or a medical student, who is going to be a doctor. He passed his M.B. exam.

at Edinburgh just before they left home, Lotta told me. He came to Italy entirely on his sister's account. She had a troublesome chest attack last summer and was ordered to winter abroad. They are orphans, quite alone in the world, and so fond of each other. It is very nice for me to have such a friend as Lotta. She is so thoroughly respectable. I can't help using that word, for some of the girls in this hotel go on in a way that I know you would shudder at. Lotta was brought up by an aunt, deep down in the country, and knows hardly anything about life. Her brother won't allow her to read a novel, French or English, that he has not read and approved.

"'He treats me like a child,' she told me, 'but I don't mind, for it's nice to know somebody loves me, and cares about what I do, and even about my thoughts.'

"Perhaps this is what makes some girls so eager to marry—the want of someone strong and brave and honest and true to care for them and order them about. I want no one, mother darling, for I have you, and you are all the world to me. No husband could ever come between us two. If I ever were to marry he would have only the second place in my heart. But I don't suppose I ever shall marry, or even know what it is like to have an offer of marriage. No young man can afford to marry a penniless girl nowadays. Life is too expensive.

"Mr. Stafford, Lotta's brother, is very clever, and very kind. He thinks it is rather hard for me to have to live with such an old woman as Lady Ducayne, but then he does not know how poor we are—you and I—and what a wonderful life this seems to me in this lovely place. I feel a selfish wretch for enjoying all my luxuries, while you, who want

them so much more than I, have none of them—hardly know what they are like—do you, dearest?—for my scamp of a father began to go to the dogs soon after you were married, and since then life has been all trouble and care and struggle for you."

This letter was written when Bella had been less than a month at Cap Ferrino, before the novelty had worn off the landscape, and before the pleasure of luxurious surroundings had begun to cloy. She wrote to her mother every week, such long letters as girls who have lived in closest companionship with a mother alone can write; letters that are like a diary of heart and mind. She wrote gaily always; but when the new year began Mrs. Rolleston thought she detected a note of melancholy under all those lively details about the place and the people.

"My poor girl is getting home-sick," she thought. "Her heart is in Beresford Street."

It might be that she missed her new friend and companion, Lotta Stafford, who had gone with her brother for a little tour to Genoa

and Spezzia, and as far as Pisa. They were to return before February; but in the meantime Bella might naturally feel very solitary among all those strangers, whose manners and doings she described so well.

The mother's instinct had been true. Bella was not so happy as she had been in that first flush of wonder and delight which followed the change from Walworth to the Riviera. Somehow, she knew not how, lassitude had crept upon her. She no longer loved to climb the hills, no longer flourished her orange stick in sheer gladness of heart as her light feet skipped over the rough ground and the coarse grass on the mountain side. The odour of rosemary and thyme, the fresh breath of the sea, no longer filled her



"IN THE OLIVE WOODS."

with rapture. She thought of Beresford Street and her mother's face with a sick longing. They were so far—so far away! And then she thought of Lady Ducayne, sitting by the heaped-up olive logs in the over-heated salon—thought of that wizened-nut-cracker profile, and those gleaming eyes, with an invincible horror.

Visitors at the hotel had told her that the air of Cap Ferrino was relaxing—better suited to age than to youth, to sickness than to health. No doubt it was so. She was not so well as she had been at Walworth; but she told herself that she was suffering only from the pain of separation from the dear companion of her girlhood, the mother who had been nurse, sister, friend, flatterer, all things in this world to her. She had shed many tears over that parting, had spent many a melancholy hour on the marble terrace with yearning eyes looking westward, and with her heart's desire a thousand miles away.

She was sitting in her favourite spot, an angle at the eastern end of the terrace, a quiet little nook sheltered by orange trees, when she heard a couple of Riviera habitués talking in the garden below. They were sitting on a bench against the terrace wall.

She had no idea of listening to their talk, till the sound of Lady Ducayne's name attracted her, and then she listened without any thought of wrong-doing. They were talking no secrets—just casually discussing an hotel acquaintance.

They were two elderly people whom Bella only knew by sight. An English clergyman who had wintered abroad for half his lifetime; a stout, comfortable, well-to-do spinster, whose chronic bronchitis obliged her to migrate annually.

"I have met her about Italy for the last ten years," said the lady; "but have never found out her real age."

"I put her down at a hundred—not a year less," replied the parson. "Her reminiscences all go back to the Regency. She was evidently then in her zenith; and I have heard her say things that showed she was in Parisian society when the First Empire was at its best—before Josephine was divorced."

"She doesn't talk much now."

"No; there's not much life left in her. She is wise in keeping herself secluded. I only wonder that wicked old quack, her Italian doctor, didn't finish her off years ago."

"I should think it must be the other way, and that he keeps her alive."

"My dear Miss Manders, do you think foreign quackery ever kept anybody alive?"

"Well, there she is—and she never goes anywhere without him. He certainly has an unpleasant countenance."

"Unpleasant," echoed the parson, "I don't believe the foul fiend himself can beat him in ugliness. I pity that poor young woman who has to live between old Lady Ducayne and Dr. Parravicini."

"But the old lady is very good to her companions."

"No doubt. She is very free with her cash; the servants call her good Lady Ducayne. She is a withered old female Cræsus, and knows she'll never be able to get through her money, and doesn't relish the idea of other people enjoying it when she's in her coffin. People who live to be as old as she is become slavishly attached to life. I daresay she's generous to those poor girl—but she can't make them happy. They die in her service."

"Don't say they, Mr. Carton: I know that one poor girl died at Mentone last spring."

"Yes, and another poor girl died in Rome three years ago. I was there at the time. Good Lady Ducayne left her there in an English family. The girl had every comfort. The old woman was very liberal to her—but she died. I tell you, Miss Manders, it is not good for any young woman to live with two such horrors as Lady Ducayne and Parravicini."

They talked of other things—but Bella hardly heard them. She sat motionless, and a cold wind seemed to come down upon her from the mountains and to creep up to her from the sea, till she shivered as she sat there in the sunshine, in the shelter of the orange trees in the midst of all that beauty and brightness.

Yes, they were uncanny, certainly, the pair of them—she so like an aristocratic witch in her withered old age; he of no particular age, with a face that was more like a waxen mask than any human countenance Bella had ever seen. What did it matter? Old age is venerable, and worthy of all reverence; and Lady Ducayne had been very kind to her. Dr. Parravicini was a harmless, in-offensive student, who seldom looked up from the book he was reading. He had his private sitting-room, where he made experiments in chemistry and natural science—perhaps in alchemy. What could it matter to Bella? He had always been polite to her, in his far-off way. She could not be more



"WITH YEARNING EYES LOOKING WESTWARD."

One day she questioned Lady Ducayne's French maid about those two companions who had died within three years.

"They were poor, feeble creatures," Francine told her. "They looked fresh and bright enough when they came to Miladi; but they ate too much, and they were lazy. They died of luxury and idleness. Miladi was too kind to them. They had nothing to do; and so they took to fancying things; fancying the air didn't suit them, that they couldn't sleep."

"I sleep well enough, but I have had a strange dream several times since I have been in Italy."

"Ah, you had better not begin to think about dreams, or you will be like those other girls. They were dreamers—and they dreamt

happily placed than she was—in this palatial hotel, with this rich old lady.

No doubt she missed the young English girl who had been so friendly, and it might be that she missed the girl's brother, for Mr. Stafford had talked to her a good deal—had interested himself in the books she was reading, and her manner of amusing herself when she was not on duty.

"You must come to our little salon when you are 'off,' as the hospital nurses call it, and we can have some music. No doubt you play and sing?" upon which Bella had to own with a blush of shame that she had forgotten how to play the piano ages ago.

"Mother and I used to sing duets sometimes between the lights, without accompaniment," she said, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the humble room, the half-hour's respite from work, the sewing-machine standing where a piano ought to have been, and her mother's plaintive voice, so sweet, so true, so dear.

Sometimes she found herself wondering whether she would ever see that beloved mother again. Strange forebodings came into her mind. She was angry with herself for giving way to melancholy thoughts.

themselves into the cemetery."

The dream troubled her a little, not because it was a ghastly or frightening dream, but on account of sensations which she had never felt before in sleep—a whirring of wheels that went round in her brain, a great noise like a whirlwind, but rhythmical like the ticking of a gigantic clock: and then in the midst of this uproar as of winds and waves she seemed to sink into a gulf of unconsciousness, out of sleep into far deeper sleep—total extinction. And then, after that blank interval, there had come the sound of voices, and then again the whirr of wheels, louder and louder—and again the blank—and then she knew no more till morning, when she awoke, feeling languid and oppressed.

She told Dr. Parravicini of her dream one day, on the only occasion when she wanted his professional advice. She had suffered rather severely from the mosquitoes before Christmas—and had been almost frightened at finding a wound upon her arm which she could only attribute to the venomous sting of one of these torturers. Parravicini put on his glasses, and scrutinized the angry mark on the round, white arm, as Bella stood before

him and Lady Ducayne with her sleeve rolled up above her elbow.

"Yes, that's rather more than a joke," he said; "he has caught you on the top of a vein. What a vampire! But there's no harm done, signorina, nothing that a little dressing of mine won't heal. You must always show me any bite of this nature. It might be dangerous if neglected. These creatures feed on poison and disseminate it."

"And to think that such tiny creatures can bite like this," said Bella; "my arm looks as if it had been cut by a knife."

"If I were to show you a mosquito's sting under my microscope you wouldn't be surprised at that," replied Parravicini.

Bella had to put up with the mosquito bites, even when they came on the top of a vein, and produced that ugly wound. The wound recurred now and then at longish intervals, and Bella found Dr. Parravicini's dressing a speedy cure. If he were the quack his enemies called him, he had at least a light hand and a delicate touch in performing this small operation.

"Bella Rolleston to Mrs. Rolleston.—April 14th.

"EVER DEAREST,—Behold the cheque for my second quarter's salary—five and twenty pounds. There is no one to pinch off a whole tenner for a year's commission as there was last time, so it is all for you, mother, dear. I have plenty of pocket-money in hand from the cash I brought away with me, when you insisted on my keeping more than I wanted. It isn't possible to spend money here—except on occasional tips to servants, or sours to beggars and children—unless one had lots to spend, for everything one would like to buy—tortoise-shell, coral, lace—is so ridiculously dear that only a millionaire ought to look at it. Italy is a dream of beauty: but for shopping, give me Newington Causeway.

"You ask me so earnestly if I am quite well that I fear my letters must have been very dull lately. Yes, dear, I am well—but I am not quite so strong as I was when I used to trudge to the West-end to buy half a pound of tea—just for a constitutional walk—or to Dulwich to look at the pictures. Italy is relaxing; and I feel what the people here call 'slack.' But I fancy I can see your dear face looking worried as you read this. Indeed, and indeed, I am not ill. I am only a little tired of this lovely scene—as I suppose one might get tired of looking at one of Turner's pictures if it hung on a wall that was always opposite one. I think of you every hour in every day—think of you and

our homely little room—our dear little shabby parlour, with the arm-chairs from the wreck of your old home, and Dick singing in his cage over the sewing-machine. Dear, shrill, maddening Dick, who, we flattered ourselves, was so passionately fond of us. Do tell me in your next that he is well.

"My friend Lotta and her brother never came back after all. They went from Pisa to Rome. Happy mortals! And they are to be on the Italian lakes in May; which lake was not decided when Lotta last wrote to me. She has been a charming correspondent, and has confided all her little flirtations to me. We are all to go to Bellaggio next week—by Genoa and Milan. Isn't that lovely? Lady Ducayne travels by the easiest stages—except when she is bottled up in the train de luxe. We shall stop two days at Genoa and one at Milan. What a bore I shall be to you with my talk about Italy when I come home.

"Love and love—and ever more love from your adoring, BELLA."

#### IV.

HERBERT STAFFORD and his sister had often talked of the pretty English girl with her fresh complexion, which made such a pleasant touch of rosy colour among all those sallow faces at the Grand Hotel. The young doctor thought of her with a compassionate tenderness—her utter loneliness in that great hotel where there were so many people, her bondage to that old, old woman, where everybody else was free to think of nothing but enjoying life. It was a hard fate; and the poor child was evidently devoted to her mother, and felt the pain of separation—"only two of them, and very poor, and all the world to each other," he thought.

Lotta told him one morning that they were to meet again at Bellaggio. "The old thing and her court are to be there before we are," she said. "I shall be charmed to have Bella again. She is so bright and gay—in spite of an occasional touch of home-sickness. I never took to a girl on a short acquaintance as I did to her."

"I like her best when she is home-sick," said Herbert; "for then I am sure she has a heart."

"What have you to do with hearts, except for dissection? Don't forget that Bella is an absolute pauper. She told me in confidence that her mother makes mantles for a West-end shop. You can hardly have a lower depth than that."

"I shouldn't think any less of her if her mother made match-boxes."



"WHAT A VAMPIRE!"

"Not in the abstract—of course not. Match-boxes are honest labour. But you couldn't marry a girl whose mother makes mantles."

"We haven't come to the consideration of that question yet," answered Herbert, who liked to provoke his sister.

In two years' hospital practice he had seen too much of the grim realities of life to retain any prejudices about rank. Cancer, phthisis, gangrene, leave a man with little respect for the outward differences which vary the husk of humanity. The kernel is always the same—fearfully and wonderfully made—a subject for pity and terror.

Mr. Stafford and his sister arrived at Bellaggio in a fair May evening. The sun was going down as the steamer approached the pier; and all that glory of purple bloom which curtains every wall at this season of the year flushed and deepened in the glowing light. A group of ladies were standing on the pier watching the arrivals, and among them Herbert saw a pale face that startled him out of his wonted composure.

"There she is," murmured Lotta, at his elbow, "but how dreadfully changed. She looks a wreck."

They were shaking hands with her a few

minutes later, and a flush had lighted up her poor pinched face in the pleasure of meeting.

"I thought you might come this evening," she said. "We have been here a week."

She did not add that she had been there every evening to watch the boat in, and a good many times during the day. The *Grand Bretagne* was close by, and it had been easy for her to creep to the pier when the boat bell rang. She felt a joy in meeting these people again; a sense of being with friends; a confidence which Lady Ducayne's goodness had never inspired in her.

"Oh, you poor darling, how awfully ill you must have been," exclaimed Lotta, as the two girls embraced.

Bella tried to answer, but her voice was choked with tears.

"What has been the matter, dear? That horrid influenza, I suppose?"

"No, no, I have not been ill—I have only felt a little weaker than I used to be. I don't think the air of Cap Ferrino quite agreed with me."

"It must have disagreed with you abominably. I never saw such a change in anyone. Do let Herbert doctor you. He is fully qualified, you know. He prescribed for ever so many influenza patients at the *Londres*. They were glad to get advice from an English doctor in a friendly way."

"I am sure he must be very clever!" faltered Bella, "but there is really nothing the matter. I am not ill, and if I were ill, Lady Ducayne's physician——"

"That dreadful man with the yellow face? I would as soon one of the *Borgias* prescribed for me. I hope you haven't been taking any of his medicines."

"No, dear, I have taken nothing. I have never complained of being ill."

This was said while they were all three walking to the hotel. The Staffords' rooms had been secured in advance, pretty ground-floor rooms, opening into the garden. Lady Ducayne's stateroom apartments were on the floor above.

"I believe these rooms are just under ours," said Bella.

"Then it will be all the easier for you to run down to us," replied Lotta, which was not really the case, as the grand staircase was in the centre of the hotel.

"Oh, I shall find it easy enough," said Bella. "I'm afraid you'll have too much of

my society. Lady Ducayne sleeps away half the day in this warm weather, so I have a good deal of idle time; and I get awfully moped thinking of mother and home."

Her voice broke upon the last word. She could not have thought of that poor lodging which went by the name of home more tenderly had it been the most beautiful that art and wealth ever created. She moped and pined in this lovely garden, with the sunlit lake and the romantic hills spreading out their beauty before her. She was home-sick and she had dreams: or, rather, an occasional recurrence of that one bad dream with all its strange sensations—it was more like a hallucination than dreaming—the whirring of wheels; the sinking into an abyss; the struggling back to consciousness. She had the dream shortly before she left Cap Ferrino, but not since she had come to Bellaggio, and she began to hope the air in this lake district suited her better, and that those strange sensations would never return.

Mr. Stafford wrote a prescription and had it made up at the chemist's near the hotel. It was a powerful tonic, and after two bottles, and a row or two on the lake, and some rambling over the hills and in the meadows where the spring flowers made earth seem paradise, Bella's spirits and looks improved as if by magic.

"It is a wonderful tonic," she said, but perhaps in her heart of hearts she knew that the doctor's kind voice, and the friendly hand that helped her in and out of the boat, and the watchful care that went with her by land and lake, had something to do with her cure.

"I hope you don't forget that her mother makes mantles," Lotta said, warningly.

"Or match-boxes: it is just the same thing, so far as I am concerned."

"You mean that in no circumstances could you think of marrying her?"

"I mean that if ever I love a woman well enough to think of marrying her, riches or rank will count for nothing with me. But I fear—I fear your poor friend may not live to be any man's wife."

"Do you think her so very ill?"

He sighed, and left the question unanswered.

One day, while they were gathering wild hyacinths in an upland meadow, Bella told Mr. Stafford about her bad dream.

"It is curious only because it is hardly like a dream," she said. "I daresay you could find some common-sense reason for it.

The position of my head on my pillow, or the atmosphere, or something."

And then she described her sensations; how in the midst of sleep there came a sudden sense of suffocation; and then those whirring wheels, so loud, so terrible; and then a blank, and then a coming back to waking consciousness.

"Have you ever had chloroform given you—by a dentist, for instance?"

"Never—Dr. Parravicini asked me that question one day."

"Lately?"

"No, long ago, when we were in the train de luxe."

"Has Dr. Parravicini prescribed for you since you began to feel weak and ill?"

"Oh, he has given me a tonic from time to time, but I hate medicine, and took very little of the stuff. And then I am not ill, only weaker than I used to be. I was ridiculously strong and well when I lived at Walworth, and used to take long walks every day. Mother made me take those tramps to Dulwich or Norwood, for fear I should suffer from too much sewing-machine; sometimes—but very seldom—she went with me. She was generally toiling at home while I was enjoying fresh air and exercise. And she was very careful about our food—that, however plain it was, it should be always nourishing and ample. I owe it to her care that I grew up such a great, strong creature."

"You don't look great or strong now, you poor dear," said Lotta.

"I'm afraid Italy doesn't agree with me."

"Perhaps it is not Italy, but being cooped up with Lady Ducayne that has made you ill."

"But I am never cooped up. Lady Ducayne is absurdly kind, and lets me roam about or sit in the balcony all day if I like. I have read more novels since I have been with her than in all the rest of my life."

"Then she is very different from the average old lady, who is usually a slave-driver," said Stafford. "I wonder why she carries a companion about with her if she has so little need of society."

"Oh, I am only part of her state. She is inordinately rich—and the salary she gives me doesn't count. Apropos of Dr. Parravicini, I know he is a clever doctor, for he cures my horrid mosquito bites."

"A little ammonia would do that, in the early stage of the mischief. But there are no mosquitoes to trouble you now."

"Oh, yes, there are; I had a bite just before we left Cap Ferrino."

She pushed up her loose lawn sleeve, and exhibited a scar, which he scrutinized intently, with a surprised and puzzled look.

"This is no mosquito bite," he said.

"Oh, yes it is—unless there are snakes or adders at Cap Ferrino."

"It is not a bite at all. You are trifling with me. Miss Rolleston—you have allowed that wretched Italian quack to bleed you. They killed the greatest man in modern Europe that way, remember. How very foolish of you."

"I was never bled in my life, Mr. Stafford."

"Nonsense! Let me look at your other arm. Are there any more mosquito bites?"

"Yes; Dr. Parravicini says I have a bad skin for healing, and that the poison acts more virulently with me than with most people."

Stafford examined both her arms in the broad sunlight, scars new and old.

"You have been very badly bitten, Miss Rolleston," he said, "and if ever I find the mosquito I shall make him smart. But, now tell me, my dear girl, on your word of honour, tell me as you would tell a friend who is sincerely anxious for your health and happiness—as you would tell your mother if she were here to question you—have you no knowledge of any cause for these scars except mosquito bites—no suspicion even?"

"No, indeed! No, upon my honour! I have never seen a mosquito biting my arm. One never does see the horrid little fiends. But I have heard them trumpeting under the curtains, and I know that I have often had one of the pestilent wretches buzzing about me."

Later in the day Bella and her friends were sitting at tea in the garden, while Lady Ducayne took her afternoon drive with her doctor.

"How long do you mean to stop with Lady Ducayne, Miss Rolleston?" Herbert Stafford asked, after a thoughtful silence, breaking suddenly upon the trivial talk of the two girls.

"As long as she will go on paying me twenty-five pounds a quarter."

"Even if you feel your health breaking down in her service?"

"It is not the service that has injured my health. You can see that I have really nothing to do—to read aloud for an hour or so once or twice a week; to write a letter once in a way to a London tradesman. I shall never have such an easy time with anybody else. And nobody else would give me a hundred a year."

"Then you mean to go on till you break down; to die at your post?"

"Like the other two companions? No! If ever I feel seriously ill—really ill—I shall put myself in a train and go back to Walworth without stopping."

"What about the other two companions?"

"They both died. It was very unlucky for Lady Ducayne. That's why she engaged me; she chose me because I was ruddy and robust. She must feel rather disgusted at my having grown white and weak. By-the-bye, when I told her about the good your tonic had done me, she said she would like to see you and have a little talk with you about her own case."

"And I should like to see Lady Ducayne. When did she say this?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Will you ask her if she will see me this evening?"

"With pleasure! I wonder what you will think of her? She looks rather terrible to a stranger; but Dr. Parravicini says she was once a famous beauty."

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Stafford was summoned by message from Lady Ducayne, whose courier came to conduct him to her ladyship's salon. Bella was reading aloud when the visitor was admitted; and he noticed the languor in the low, sweet tones, the evident effort.

"Shut up the book," said the querulous old voice. "You are beginning to drawl like Miss Blandy."

Stafford saw a small, bent figure crouching over the piled-up olive logs; a shrunken old figure in a gorgeous garment of black and crimson brocade, a skinny throat emerging from a mass of old Venetian lace, clasped with diamonds that flashed like fire-flies as the trembling old head turned towards him.

The eyes that looked at him out of the face were almost as bright as the diamonds—the only living feature in that narrow parchment mask. He had seen terrible faces in the hospital—faces on which disease had set dreadful marks—but he had never seen a face that impressed him so painfully as this withered countenance, with its indescribable horror of death outlived, a face that should have been hidden under a coffin-lid years and years ago.

The Italian physician was standing on the other side of the fireplace, smoking a cigarette, and looking down at the little old woman brooding over the hearth as if he were proud of her.

"Good evening, Mr. Stafford; you can go



to your room, Bella, and write your everlasting letter to your mother at Walworth," said Lady Ducayne. "I believe she writes a page about every wild flower she discovers in the woods and meadows. I don't know what else she can find to write about," she added, as Bella quietly withdrew to the pretty little bedroom opening out of Lady Ducayne's spacious apartment. Here, as at Cap Ferrino, she slept in a room adjoining the old lady's.

"You are a medical man, I understand, Mr. Stafford."

"I am a qualified practitioner, but I have not begun to practise."

"You have begun upon my companion, she tells me."

"I have prescribed for her, certainly, and I am happy to find my prescription has done her good; but I look upon that improvement as temporary. Her case will require more drastic treatment."

"Never mind her case. There is nothing the matter with the girl—absolutely nothing—except girlish nonsense; too much liberty and not enough work."

an impatient jerk, and then at Parravicini, whose yellow complexion had paled a little under Stafford's scrutiny:

"Don't bother me about my companions, sir," said Lady Ducayne. "I sent for you to consult you about myself—not about a parcel of anæmic girls. You are young, and medicine is a progressive science, the newspapers tell me. Where have you studied?"

"In Edinburgh—and in Paris."

"Two good schools. And you know all the new-fangled theories, the modern discoveries—that remind one of the mediæval witchcraft, of Albertus Magnus, and George Ripley; you have studied hypnotism—electricity?"

"And the transfusion of blood," said Stafford, very slowly, looking at Parravicini.

"Have you made any discovery that teaches you to prolong human life—any elixir—any mode of treatment? I want my life prolonged, young man. That man there has been my physician for thirty years. He does all he can to keep me alive—after his lights. He studies all the new theories of all the scientists—but he is old; he gets older every



"HIS BRAIN POWER IS GOING."

"I understand that two of your ladyship's previous companions died of the same disease," said Stafford, looking first at Lady Ducayne, who gave her tremulous old head

day—his brain-power is going—he is bigoted—prejudiced—can't receive new ideas—can't grapple with new systems. He will let me die if I am not on my guard against him."

"You are of an unbelievable ingratitude, Eccellenza," said Parravicini.

"Oh, you needn't complain. I have paid you thousands to keep me alive. Every year of my life has swollen your hoards; you know there is nothing to come to you when I am gone. My whole fortune is left to endow a home for indigent women of quality who have reached their ninetieth year. Come, Mr. Stafford, I am a rich woman. Give me a few years more in the sunshine, a few years more above ground, and I will give you the price of a fashionable London practice—I will set you up at the West-end."

"How old are you, Lady Ducayne?"

"I was born the day Louis XVI. was guillotined."

"Then I think you have had your share of the sunshine and the pleasures of the earth, and that you should spend your few remaining days in repenting your sins and trying to make atonement for the young lives that have been sacrificed to your love of life."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Oh, Lady Ducayne, need I put your wickedness and your physician's still greater wickedness in plain words? The poor girl who is now in your employment has been reduced from robust health to a condition of absolute danger by Dr. Parravicini's experimental surgery; and I have no doubt those other two young women who broke down in your service were treated by him in the same manner. I could take upon myself to demonstrate—by most convincing evidence, to a jury of medical men—that Dr. Parravicini has been bleeding Miss Rolleston, after putting her under chloroform, at intervals, ever since she has been in your service. The deterioration in the girl's health speaks for itself; the lancet marks upon the girl's arms are unmistakable; and her description of a series of sensations, which she calls a dream, points unmistakably to the administration of chloroform while she was sleeping. A practice so nefarious, so murderous, must, if exposed, result in a sentence only less severe than the punishment of murder."

"I laugh," said Parravicini, with an airy motion of his skinny fingers; "I laugh at once at your theories and at your threats. I, Parravicini Leopold, have no fear that the law can question anything I have done."

"Take the girl away, and let me hear no more of her," cried Lady Ducayne, in the thin, old voice, which so poorly matched the energy and fire of the wicked old brain that

guided its utterances. "Let her go back to her mother—I want no more girls to die in my service. There are girls enough and to spare in the world, God knows."

"If you ever engage another companion—or take another English girl into your service, Lady Ducayne, I will make all England ring with the story of your wickedness."

"I want no more girls. I don't believe in his experiments. They have been full of danger for me as well as for the girl—an air bubble, and I should be gone. I'll have no more of his dangerous quackery. I'll find some new man—a better man than you, sir, a discoverer like Pasteur, or Virchow, a genius—to keep me alive. Take your girl away, young man. Marry her if you like. I'll write her a cheque for a thousand pounds, and let her go and live on beef and beer, and get strong and plump again. I'll have no more such experiments. Do you hear, Parravicini?" she screamed, vindictively, the yellow, wrinkled face distorted with fury, the eyes glaring at him.

The Staffords carried Bella Rolleston off to Varese next day, she very loth to leave Lady Ducayne, whose liberal salary afforded such help for the dear mother. Herbert Stafford insisted, however, treating Bella as coolly as if he had been the family physician, and she had been given over wholly to his care.

"Do you suppose your mother would let you stop here to die?" he asked. "If Mrs. Rolleston knew how ill you are, she would come post haste to fetch you."

"I shall never be well again till I get back to Walworth," answered Bella, who was low-spirited and inclined to tears this morning, a reaction after her good spirits of yesterday.

"We'll try a week or two at Varese first," said Stafford. "When you can walk half-way up Monte Generoso without palpitation of the heart, you shall go back to Walworth."

"Poor mother, how glad she will be to see me, and how sorry that I've lost such a good place."

This conversation took place on the boat when they were leaving Bellaggio. Lotta had gone to her friend's room at seven o'clock that morning, long before Lady Ducayne's withered eyelids had opened to the daylight, before even Francine, the French maid, was astir, and had helped to pack a Gladstone bag with essentials, and hustled Bella downstairs and out of doors before she could make any strenuous resistance.

"It's all right," Lotta assured her. "Herbert had a good talk with Lady Ducayne last night, and it was settled for you to leave this morning. She doesn't like invalids, you see."

"No," sighed Bella, "she doesn't like invalids. It was very unlucky that I should break down, just like Miss Tomson and Miss Blandy."

"At any rate, you are not dead, like them," answered Lotta, "and my brother says you are not going to die."

It seemed rather a dreadful thing to be dismissed in that off-hand way, without a word of farewell from her employer.

"I wonder what Miss Torpinter will say when I go to her for another situation," Bella speculated, ruefully, while she and her friends were breakfasting on board the steamer.

"Perhaps you may never want another situation," said Stafford.

"You mean that I may never be well enough to be useful to anybody?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind."

It was after dinner at Varese, when Bella had been induced to take a whole glass of Chianti, and quite sparkled after that unaccustomed stimulant, that Mr. Stafford produced a letter from his pocket.

"I forgot to give you Lady Ducayne's letter of adieu!" he said.

"What, did she write to me? I am so glad—I hated to leave her in such a cool way; for after all she was very kind to me, and if I didn't like her it was only because she was too dreadfully old."

She tore open the envelope. The letter was short and to the point:—

"Good-bye, child. Go and marry your

doctor. I inclose a farewell gift for your trousseau.—ADELINE DUCAYNE."

"A hundred pounds, a whole year's salary—no—why, it's for a—'A cheque for a thousand!'" cried Bella. "What a generous old soul! She really is the dearest old thing."

"She just missed being very dear to you, Bella," said Stafford.

He had dropped into the use of her Christian name while they were on board the boat. It seemed natural now that she was to be in his charge till they all three went back to England.

"I shall take upon myself the privileges of an elder brother till we land at Dover," he said; "after that—well, it must be as you please."

The question of their future relations must have been satisfactorily settled before they crossed the Channel, for Bella's next letter to her mother communicated three startling facts.

First, that the inclosed cheque for £1,000 was to be invested in debenture stock in Mrs. Rolleston's name, and was to be her very own, income and principal, for the rest of her life.

Next, that Bella was going home to Walworth immediately.

And last, that she was going to be married to Mr. Herbert Stafford in the following autumn.

"And I am sure you will adore him, mother, as much as I do," wrote Bella. "It is all good Lady Ducayne's doing. I never could have married if I had not secured that little nest-egg for you. Herbert says we shall be able to add to it as the years go by, and that wherever we live there shall be always a room in our house for you. The word 'mother-in-law' has no terrors for him."



"A CHEQUE FOR A THOUSAND!"

## Yarns from Captains' Logs.

### II.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.



THE next incident I shall give is of a fire at sea. The narrator is Captain George William Banks, of the *Waikato*, one of the fleet of the New Zealand Shipping Company. At the time referred to, 1883, he was third officer of the *Piako*, which was a sailing vessel of 1,075 tons, engaged in the emigration trade, and had for master, Captain W. B. Boyd, the first and second officers being respectively Mr. Holbeach and Mr. Hazlewood.

"We left London on the 10th of October," said Captain Banks, "and took our emigrants on board at Plymouth. There were 317 of them in all, besides a crew of forty. All went well until we had reached about 4deg. south of the Equator, our west longitude being 30deg. The weather was very calm, and, as you may imagine so near the Equator, exceedingly hot. It was a Sunday—I remember it as though it were but yesterday. We had a clergyman amongst the passengers, and he had been reading service under an awning aft, when one of the crew going for'a'd noticed smoke rising from the fore-hatch. You may imagine the consternation there soon was on board among the passengers. We tried at first to keep the fact of the fire from them, but this could not be done long: for when we raised the hatch to try and get at the fire, the flames leapt out of the hold to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. We poured in water to try to subdue the flames, but in vain,

and we were compelled to batten down the hatch again. That was all that we could do to keep the fire under subjection.

"It is impossible for me to give you a consecutive narrative of what occurred. We never knew what caused the fire. We had a general cargo, and from the way it was packed we could not get near the fire. All we could do was to pour in water fore and aft to keep it from spreading as much as possible. By that means we checked the progress of the fire to some extent, but it gradually spread, nevertheless.

"When Captain Boyd perceived that we could not subdue the fire, he had all the boats lowered and as many of the passengers put into them as they would hold, the women and children being sent down first. It was at this point that some of the passengers behaved the worst, and it required all the captain's coolness and determination to prevent a

panic. Amongst the emigrants were 160 single men, and a lot of them, when they saw the boats being lowered, tried to rush them. Things looked nasty for a minute or two; but the crew were all staunch and cool to a man, and with the assistance of the married men and the better-behaved of the unmarried, they soon put the unruly ones to the right-about. But while the rush lasted it was pitiful to see the terror of the women—especially the mothers, who would hold out their babies to the captain and the officers, imploring them to save the little ones.

"The boats were towed alongside the ship, which we sailed as quickly as we could in



CAPTAIN BANKS, OF THE "WAIKATO."  
From a Photo. by G. West & Son, Southsea.

the direction of the nearest port. An officer was appointed for each boat, and they were given their courses and distance for Pernambuco, in case the *Piako* were destroyed and the boats had to part company. We, at the same time, placed look-outs at the mast-

mén to vomit a black, slime-like stuff. At the same time the heat was so great that when the vessel made a lurch in sailing, the water seethed from her side. Of course, all



"THINGS LOOKED NASTY FOR A MINUTE OR TWO."

heads to see if they could discover another ship to help us. About four o'clock on Monday, the day after the fire broke out, a vessel was reported on the starboard bow, which turned out to be the barque *Loch Doon*. We immediately bore up for her. She was on the lee bow, as we were in the south-east trades.

"All this time the smoke and stench from the burning stores below, together with the paint and oil, were so bad that the crew had to put their heads over the ship's rails to get a breath of fresh air. The smoke came up in volumes through the crevices of the planking—thick, black smoke, that caused the

the while we had been letting water into the hold, and opening valves—to try to get at the fire—all over the place.

"About three hours after sighting the *Loch Doon*, she came close enough to render assistance. We told them we were on fire, which they had been pretty sure of before, on account of the smoke they saw rising from the *Piako*. We got all the emigrants on board the barque, with the exception of a few single men who volunteered to stand by and help the crew. The *Loch Doon* was loaded with grain, and had several feet of spare room between the upper deck beams and the cargo, so the emigrants

camped out on the top of the grain. After the transfer of the passengers was finished, the *Loch Doon* and the burning ship both made sail for Pernambuco, where they arrived the next day, the *Piako* four hours before the barque. All this time we had had nothing to eat but raw salt pork and biscuits, and the water was black with the smoke.

"But with our arrival at Pernambuco our adventures were by no means over. Small-pox turned out to be raging so violently there that we could have no communication with the town. People were dying at the rate of 400 a day. When Captain Boyd discovered this, he hired an island about seven miles up the river, called Cocoa-nut Island, on account of being thickly covered in the centre with cocoa-nut trees. The ship's doctor and I were sent in charge of the emigrants, who were carried up to the island in barges. When we landed, the thermometer was standing at 92deg. in the shade, and there were four miles to walk over burning sand to reach the camping-ground. The horror of those four miles was something indescribable. Many of the people—especially the poor women—fell down fainting upon the sand.

"When we got to the camping-ground we had to build huts of bamboo canes and leaves. There was an old barn there, and that was all, and in it we had to lock up the unmarried women of nights. There were eighty of them, and the 160 unmarried men made love to them all the day, wandering among the beautiful cocoa-nut groves. Here we camped out for nine weeks, food being sent up to us in boats from Pernambuco; and if the life was not altogether idyllic, it was pleasant enough at times.

"While we were stationed on the island, Captain Boyd and the other officers found it necessary to scuttle the ship in order to put the fire out. She went down under water all but the poop deck. When the fire was quite subdued, she was, after several vain attempts, finally successfully floated. We then got out all the burnt cargo, which was sold by auction. Nearly all the emigrants' luggage was burnt, and many of the poor people landed with scarcely anything on. There was little damage done to the *Piako*, however, beyond the destruction of the cargo, the galley, and the donkey engine, so that by the time we had got fresh stores from England, she was ready to proceed on her voyage, and we finally reached New Zealand two months behind time. In spite of all the hardships and adventures the emigrants went through, not a life was lost, except that of a baby, which,

however, died from the effects of violet powder, not from the effects of the voyage."

Speaking of the death of a child on the voyage recalls to mind an incident in the experience of Captain R. J. Cringle, of the *Unfulfi*, whose sea-monster story was published in a previous number.\* "I have carried some hundreds of passengers between Natal and England," said he, "but I never had a death amongst them until last voyage, coming home, when we lost a little boy six years of age. To bury that little fellow was the most trying ordeal that I ever went through. He was a bright little boy, and a favourite with everybody; but he took bronchitis, and though the doctor did everything he could for him, he died when we were about 500 miles south of the Canary Isles. You know, of course, that it is not only a captain's duty to conduct service on board ship on Sundays, but also to read the burial service over anyone who dies during the voyage. As I have said, this was the first time I had been called upon to conduct a funeral service, and I need not say that I sincerely hope it may be the last. It is always a solemn thing to take part in the service over the dead, but away on the ocean it seems doubly impressive. Unlike burial on land, where you can set up a stone by which you can always identify the spot where the beloved one lies buried, at sea you commit the body to the deep in the midst of a world of waters. In an instant it disappears, and there is nothing to mark the spot thenceforth and for ever. This is the trying time. When the reading of the funeral service commenced, the engines slowed down until we came to the point where the body is cast overboard, when the ship stopped.

"Up to this point I got on fairly well, although I heard the sobs of the poor mother; but when the body—wrapped neatly in its canvas covering, and weighted to make it sink—was dropped overboard, her cries were such as to melt the heart of a stone. After that the funeral service was the shortest on record. I could not go on.

"As soon as the body was put overboard the ship began to move again, very slowly at first, then gradually faster, until the engines were going at their usual speed, and the business of the vessel went on as before. But the incident cast a gloom over the ship for days." Captain Cringle added: "Another time I might read the service with less feeling; but I should not like the mother to be there."

\* August, 1895.



"THE BURIAL AT SEA."

Amongst the many striking yarns which it has been my good fortune to listen to of late years, few left a deeper impression than one told me by the skipper of a carrier steamer, plying between London and the North Sea fishing fleets. The carrier is the boat that collects the fish from the trawlers and brings it to market. There are a number of boats engaged in this service. As soon as they have discharged their load of fish, they start off back to the fleet. They are usually away six days; but if the weather has been at all rough, the trawlers are liable to get dispersed; it then takes the carriers some time to hunt them up and relieve them of their fish. In these cases they may be out as long as nine days. But as soon as they have got their full complement of fish, they return to London full speed.

My friend the captain of the carrier was a rough, unsophisticated specimen—a perfect

sea-dog in his way. Big, burly, broad-shouldered, his face the picture of rude health and good humour, he seemed to be the chosen nursling of the elements amidst which he had spent most of his time. He was occupying one seat—and that hardly sufficient for his large frame—of a third-class compartment in a night train from Liverpool. After enjoying a pretty long nap, he opened a pair of bright, laughing blue eyes, and manifested a desire to enter into conversation. A word or two brought out a flood of entertaining autobiographical and descriptive talk, as fresh as it was original. He had been engaged for years in connection with one of the North Sea fishing companies, and of late had commanded a carrier bringing the fish to Shadwell. But for some reason or other he had recently decided to have a change, and so had been on a trip to the Mediterranean on a fruit boat. He was now going back to his old job.

"Taint no blooming m'lasses, that ain't—bringing the fish to market," said he. "It's all very well if th' weather's fine. Then you know pretty well where you'll find the fishing smacks, and you can get their fish, fill up your boxes, crack up steam, and get back to Shadwell as quickly as you can—yer on'y concern bein' to let nobody get in afore you. Of course, you time yourself to reach London as nearly as possible for the morning market—and the usual run from the fleet home is thirty-six hours. But let it be at all nasty weather, and I don't know anything that will make your hair creep like carrying fish to Shadwell.

"It don't do to be at all narvous," continued the skipper, pulling his hand through his hair; "and you mustn't think about sudden death without burial if you want to get your fish alive to market. I've had some near squeaks afore now, but the narrowest escape from going into the cellar that I ever run was last fall. Bad weather came on just as we were finishing our loading. We started on our journey home in the teeth of a sou'-west gale. It increased as we neared the Thames, and by nightfall it had become a reg'lar hurricane. I didn't think it was possible for us to keep above water through such a night, though our boats are strong and will float in any sea, if they don't get their backs broke. But I never

saw such a night as that, and you may bet I never wish to see another.

"It was as black as pitch. You could see nothing, and couldn't have done if you hadn't, besides, been blinded by the spray. It lashed you in the face like whipcord as you stood on the bridge, and tons of water swept over the craft with every plunge she made. More than half the time she was bodily under water, and the beast groaned and screeched and seemed to draw her breath hard with every stroke of the piston—for all the world as though she was dying—and she knew it. I felt the same. I didn't think it possible to live through that night. I made up my mind that I should be dead—drowned—within the hour. You haven't time to think much, except of what you're about. But I remember giving a thought to the old girl at home, and what she would do when I was gone. We make fairly good money in my calling, but we don't think much of saving—leastways, I didn't. I wished then I had. Anyhow, we all have to take our chance; so, thought I, she'd have to do the same, Providence being for us all.

"But, although I thought it was all up with us, I didn't give in. You can't do that; you fight to the end. A man is born a fighter, and when he's in a tussle, whether it's against men or against a storm, it works up all the bulldog in him, an' he thinks of



"WE SEEMED TO MAKE NO HEADWAY."



nothing but his grip. You feel sometimes you could laugh out in the middle of it—an' I've known men do it, spite of the danger. Lord, you do live then!

"The worst of the storm was when we got nearly opposite Southend. We seemed to make no headway, an' the creatur' was groaning and creaking as though she would go to pieces. I knew that couldn't last, so I called down to the engineer, asking him if he couldn't put on more power. 'She won't stand it,' said he. 'Why won't she?' said I. 'She's straining now so bad that, if I put on more steam, I fear she'll go to pieces,' said he. 'At this rate,' said I, 'with every sea striking her like this, she'll break her back in no time.' 'If I put on more she'll go to bits sure,' the engineer shouted back. 'Let her go, then, and be hanged!' cried I. 'Put on steam for all she is worth, and chance the result. We might as well go down one way as another.'

"He put on all the steam he could," continued the skipper, "and the effect was soon apparent. We began to forge ahead. The old boat creaked and laboured like a wheezy old engine up an incline, but she went ahead all the same. Then, as good luck would have it, shortly after we had passed Southend the storm moderated, and we gradually began to think that our time was not yet."

"And you got your fish to market in good time?"

"Yes, we were at Shadwell by nine o'clock. One of our directors was there when we arrived. He could hardly believe his eyes. Said he, 'I would never have believed you could live through it, Bill.' 'Well, I have, thank God,' said I; 'but it has been a stiff-un, and the nearest chance I've ever had.' 'I believe you,' said he, 'and as you are the only one in, and the only one likely to-day, we have the market pretty much to ourselves.' Then he gave me a fiver, and we went to a place near by to have some breakfast, and while we were there he gave me another. That was for saving the market, d'ye see?—and it was worth it.

"Presently, up come the wife t'inquire if there was any news of my boat. An' wasn't she struck of a heap when she see'd me? She couldn't believe her eyes. She had t'wipe 'em two or three times afore she could believe 'twas myself."

"No doubt you gave her a good hug to reassure her?"

"Should think I did!"

The next yarns I shall give are from the private log of Captain J. C. Robinson,

commander of the *Tantallon Castle*, whose experience at sea has been long and varied. Captain Robinson is a man of striking presence, but of still more striking character. In speaking of himself, he said, "I am a Westmorland man, my ancestors having been squires of Bongate, and holders of very considerable property in the beautiful vale of Eden for many generations—until a better and more wholesome state of things came in, and their successors, despising the lap of luxury, scattered their enervating influence to the four winds, and joined the ranks of that noble army of soldiers who are employed in the manly struggle for liberty and daily bread. My father was the first to drift away from the old patrimonial scenes, and having passed through Oxford with credit to himself and family and taken holy orders, he joined Bishop Lipscombe in Jamaica for some years, and then, having been driven from the West Indies by repeated attacks of yellow fever, he returned, to England and settled down as rector of St. Mary's, Newmarket, where he did good work for six years, when he died, a young man still, from a chill contracted in the performance of the duties of his office. I myself was educated at Appleby, and still look upon and love that place as my particular corner in our beloved country. I first went to sea in the year '68, in the employ of the Blackwall Line, and after making a number of voyages to Australia, New Zealand, India, China, America, and elsewhere, I entered the P. and O. service, finally joining the Castle Line, and taking command of the sailing vessel, the *Carnarvon Castle*, in '74. I remained in command of the *Carnarvon Castle* two years, and was then transferred to the steam service. I have had the honour of commanding in nine of the company's ships, finishing with the *Tantallon Castle*, in which Sir Donald Currie recently carried Mr. Gladstone and a large party of friends to witness the opening of the Emperor William Canal.

"My early days at sea, like those of most other sailors, were chequered with the usual round of amusement and privation, hard work and danger. When I look back upon those days it always seems to me a miracle of Divine Providence how so many boys who go to sea, and remain there to become experienced seamen, get through scatheless, seeing the many perils that surround them. I could give you numberless instances from my own experience, and as you doubtless wish to make your yarns as varied as possible, a few instances

of the way in which Providence preserves youths in the midst of perils will be interesting. When a midshipman in the *La Hogue*, while lying in Sydney Harbour, I was cast away in a dinghey, alone, during what is called by sailors a 'southerly buster'—that is, a squall—and having escaped to the signal ship at anchor, was given up as lost. Early the next morning I frightened all my companions by turning up in the cabin, they thinking it was my ghost. On another occasion, while sailing a ship's boat during a regatta, also in Sydney Harbour, we were run down and smashed up by a brig, and I, along with another, went right under the brig's bottom, and came up astern, much to the surprise of those who witnessed the accident.

"On another occasion we were starved at sea until we were really reduced to skeletons. For three weeks we had no meat of any kind; for a fortnight we had nothing but biscuit and water, and for one week the biscuit was reduced to a pound per man at work, and half a pound to those who were laid up with scurvy—the latter being twenty-five out of thirty-two; and the water was reduced, for that last week, to a teacupful per day. We were all going about watching for showers, and when the showers did come, we would tie our handkerchiefs round anything that would afford an opportunity for the water to trickle down it, for the sake of having something wet in our mouths. When we got into Falmouth, the captain went on shore and sent off provisions, and the men fell to on the raw meat as it came over the side and gnawed it like hungry dogs. We who belonged to the cuddy set a better example by cutting off a hunk of beef and sending it to the cook to fry, with the intimation that he need not take too long over it, as we did not wish it to be overdone. On my arrival at home they had my portrait taken, and they keep it to

this day as the best possible visible definition of a line—length without breadth.

"I can give you an instance of the opposite danger of a boy going to sea—though it did not happen to myself. A little gutter-snipe stowed himself away on board a ship I was in, sailing from London, and having been brought to light after we had got to sea, he was carried before the captain. He was a rosy-cheeked, smart-looking little

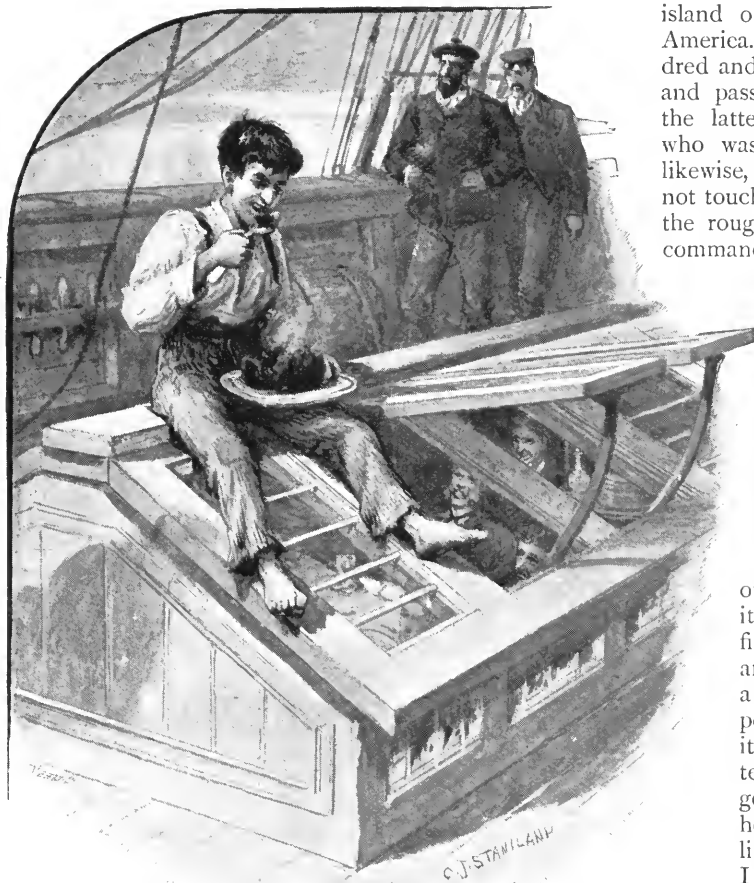
fellow; but his cheek paled and his eye dimmed before the harsh looks and threatening words of the captain. 'Which shall it be,' at length said the skipper—'four dozen with a rope's end, or go up the mast for four hours? Which do you prefer?' The little fellow looked up at the swaying masts and from them into the captain's face; then in a tremulous voice he said he would rather have the four dozen. He got nothing, of course, but was set to work, and became one of the ship's boys. Harry soon developed into a prime favourite with everybody on board; he was smart and active, and as the



CAPTAIN ROBINSON, OF THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."  
From a Photo. by Thos. Fall, Baker Street.

life agreed with him he became quite fat.

"It is the custom on board ship to have plum-duff—that is, plum-pudding—on Sundays and Thursdays. One Sunday a pudding was placed before the captain. It weighed at least a pound, and as everybody declined to be served with any, he said, 'Somebody has got to eat it,' and told the steward to fetch the boy Harry. He came up, and the captain asked him if he would like some plum-pudding. 'Yes, sir,' said the boy. The skipper told the steward to seat him on the beam in the skylight—over the top of the table. This was done, and the plum-duff and a spoon handed up to him. 'You are not coming down out of that until you have finished the pudding,' said the captain. The dinner went on, and had been nearly completed when, glancing up at the lad in the



"YOU ARE NOT COMING DOWN TILL YOU HAVE FINISHED THE PUDDING."

skylight, the captain asked him if he had finished the pudding. Harry said he had. The steward was ordered to lift him down. When this was done the captain said, 'Come here, sir! Did you enjoy that pudding?' 'Yes, sir, please, sir,' said the boy. 'But I should have enjoyed it much better if I had not already had a good dinner'—a reply which elicited a hearty laugh from all present.

"While on the subject of food on board ship, I may as well give you a yarn or two in which I acted as cook. It is a good thing for a lad who intends trying his luck at sea to learn a little about cookery. My education was not attended to in this direction, and on the few occasions when I have turned my hand to the culinary art it has been for the most part with indifferent success. But on one occasion I may pride myself on the result of my labours. We had been wrecked and were living for the time on a desert

island on the coast of South America. There were a hundred and ten of us in all, crew and passengers; and amongst the latter was a young lady who was very delicate and, likewise, very pretty, who could not touch the food prepared in the rough way we had at our command. On noticing this,

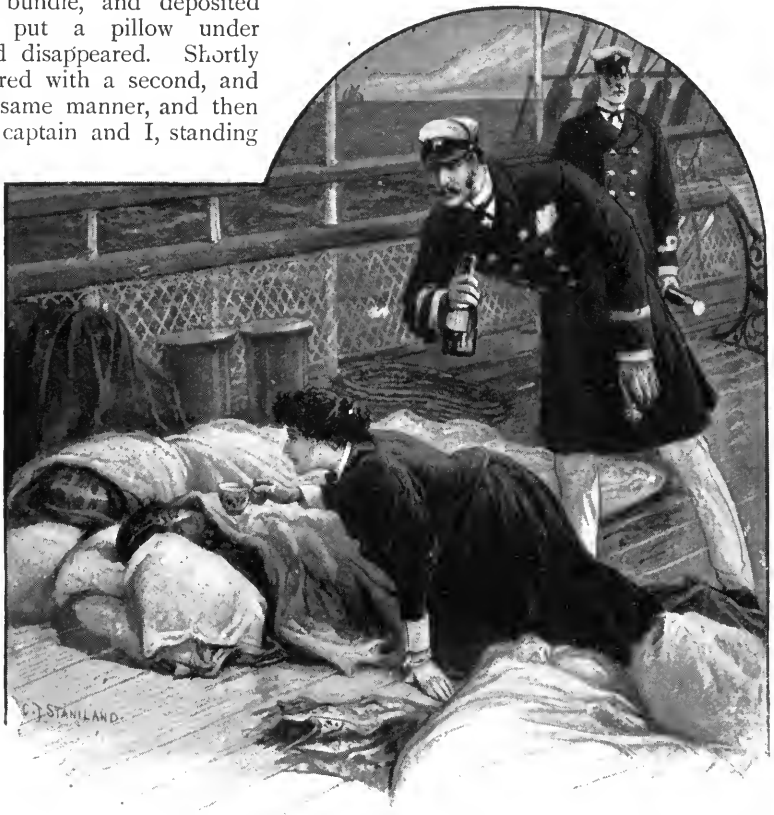
being naturally moved by beauty and suffering, I took a line and hastened to the rocks, and, after a deal of trouble, caught a decent-looking fish, which I prepared in the usual way. I scraped the scales off the skin, took out the entrails, toasted it on a ramrod over the fire, browned it nicely, and then, putting it on a biscuit with a little pepper and salt, I took it to the young lady, telling her that I had got it on purpose for her, and she must eat a little. She did so, and I believe it was the means of so tickling her palate, that from that day she took quite naturally to her food.

"My second experience in the culinary art had a different sort of ending. Having arrived in the Port of London from Australia, the captain sent for his wife from the north of England to live with him while in dock. The next morning after her arrival, having come on board the vessel from my lodgings, the captain heard me moving about, and called out to know if there was no breakfast. I said no, there was no breakfast and no cook. He then begged me to go and buy some meat and cook them something for breakfast. I replied that I was no cook, but that I would get something and see if I could make a stew. Having procured some steak and onions and potatoes, I proceeded to make what I thought was a very nice Irish stew. The smell of it was very appetizing, and when placed in the cuddy, the captain and his wife did not need much pressing to set-to upon it. When he had

had a plate of it the skipper hurried away to dress, in order to go and enter the ship at the Customs, leaving his wife still at table. After he had left, Mrs. Skipper devoured two or three more platefuls of the stew. Indeed, I thought she would never finish, and was not a little disgusted, although she did praise my cooking. After a while, however, she became violently sick, and remained so for several hours, all the while blaming me for having put some deleterious compound in the stew. I could not think what had happened at the time, but have since learned that copper pans should always be carefully cleaned before being used—which I, only a first mate, and no cook, had not done.

"Talking about wives," said Captain Robinson, "reminds me of my own wife, whom I first met at sea." He then proceeded to narrate the following yarn: "We had set out from Plymouth, where we took up passengers for New Zealand, and were bowling along in fine breezy weather across the Bay of Biscay. I being the chief officer, the captain and I were walking up and down the deck yawning, when the steward struggled up the ladder with a bundle, and deposited it on the deck, put a pillow under one end of it, and disappeared. Shortly afterwards he appeared with a second, and deposited it in the same manner, and then with a third. The captain and I, standing at a respectful distance, concluded that he was handling human beings, and from the way in which they were bundled up that they were feminine. Drawing up towards them stealthily, the old man pointed his finger at them, and whispered: 'Ladies — champagne!' I went down below, and got a bottle of champagne; and, as the ship was rolling about, I took a teacup, fearing a glass would come to grief. Having opened the bottle, I handed it to the captain. He

approached the first of the bundles, finked it, and came back. He then told me to take the champagne to the ladies. I made an attempt to do so, but being at that time as bashful as the captain, I also shirked the job, and told him it was his business and not mine. Whereupon he ordered me to go and give it them at once. Having approached the first bundle, I knelt down to summon up courage to lift up the rug that covered her, when the old man brought matters to a crisis by giving her a kick. Instantly a pair of black eyes, looking startled and indignant, showed themselves from under the wrappings, and I explained as well as I could that it was not I who had thus called her attention, but the captain, who wished her to have a little champagne, as he thought it would do her good. Having taken a little with the blandest smile, she asked if she might give a little to the other ladies, and sick as she was, she crawled on her hands and knees, and quietly gave a little to the two other girls who were lying on the deck. Then returning to her place, she thanked me for the cham-



HOW CAPTAIN ROBINSON MET HIS WIFE.

pagne, and tumbled once more into a heap, covering her head with a shawl.

"The captain and I retired to a distance to discuss the situation, and after a bit he suggested that they might require a little more champagne. I said: 'Very well, sir, you need not bother, I will go and give it to them.' Upon which he replied, very curtly, 'I can do it myself. You go forward and haul down the jib.'

"This," continued Captain Robinson, "was my first introduction to my wife. Being struck not only by her personal appearance, but also by her consideration for her sisters in adversity, I thought probably she might be equally good to me some day. At all events, one thing led to another, until, at the end of the voyage, we were on speaking terms, and before I left the port we were taking the passengers to, I had given her an engagement ring.

"We sailed to India with horses, and then proceeded to England. I was to write to her from India, and she was to answer my letter to England. I duly wrote, but on my arrival in England I found no reply. I waited for a mail—still no letter. I then concluded that our brief acquaintance had proved like many others of the same nature—too fragile to last, and so I wrote to her to the effect that as I supposed she had repented our engagement, and that that was the reason of her not replying to my letter from India, according to arrangement, I took leave to release her.

"I then sailed for China. In China I received a brief note from her, informing me that, 'having received no letter from India, no reply was possible.' At the same time she returned me the engagement ring and two or three other little mementos. Acknowledging these in due form, I said that I thought she might have dismissed me with a little more ceremony, without the necessity of denying the receipt of the Indian letter. In process of time—and this correspondence occupied in all something like four years—I received a still more curt reply: 'Dear Sir,—I repeat that there was no Indian letter.—Yours truly, —.' I was now indignant, and replied, 'Dear Madam,—Let it be sufficient, once for all, that, whether you received the letter from India or not, I wrote from India.—Yours truly, —.'

"Now it appears that on receipt of this note, the lady for the first time began to think that I was telling the truth, and went to the provincial post-office, where she was living with her brother and sister, and made

inquiries that resulted in nothing. Not satisfied with this, however, she wrote to the Postmaster-General in Melbourne; but still failing to get any satisfaction, she persuaded her brother to take her to Melbourne—a distance of 130 miles, most of it being done by horse and trap. There she saw the Postmaster-General in person, and succeeded in so interesting him by the story of the lost letter and her concern about it, that he had the post-office turned inside out to try to find it. Still, however, without effect. Then the Postmaster-General asked to know all the dates and circumstances touching this important letter. The young lady told her story—the date I should have arrived in India, the date of my sailing for England, etc. Naturally he came to the conclusion that the letter must have been posted between the dates of my arriving in India and my departure for England. Then the records were looked up, and the Postmaster-General, putting his finger upon a line in the ledger, said: 'On such a date the mail steamer *Rangoon*, carrying the mails from India, sank in Galle Harbour, in the Island of Ceylon. The mails were recovered after being a fortnight at the bottom of the Bay. Having been dried, those letters that were decipherable were sent to their respective addresses; but the major part of the correspondence, being pulped up and illegible, was packed in bales and sent to their destinations. Those that came here,' said the Postmaster-General, 'were put down in the cellar, and there they have remained ever since.'

"The strangest part of this strange yarn," said Captain Robinson, "is still to be told. More and more anxious to help to unravel the young lady's romantic story, the Postmaster-General had these bales brought out of the cellar and opened, and the dried-up paper pulp gone over piece by piece, and everything decipherable laid on one side. The whole of the staff of the post-office was drawn into the work, so interested was everyone in finding the missing letter. The name sought was 'Sayer,' and all bales marked 'S' were ransacked without success. But still the work was not given up yet. They began again at 'A' and worked right through the alphabet until they came to the bale marked 'T,' and as the letters were passed from one to another the lady finally put her hand on one and said, 'That is the letter.' The Postmaster-General and all the rest gathered round said, 'That is not "S"—that is "T" and the name is Taylor.' The

lady said, 'You do not know how badly he writes; that is an "S" and the name is "Sayer."'"

Well, to cut a long story short, this proved to be the missing letter, and Captain Robinson subsequently received a formal note stating how it had been recovered. He replied in the same strain; but before dispatching the letter, memory carrying him back to the time when the dark-eyed beauty was lying sick on the deck of the *Star of India* bound for New Zealand, and the champagne that was a means of introduction to her, he inclosed a second letter in which he allowed his feelings to flow in the old groove. This was marked not to be opened until twenty-four hours after receipt, but the sender afterwards learned that of the two missives this one was opened first—a woman's instinct telling the recipient which letter contained that which would be the most pleasing to her.

"I need not tell you that we were married not long after that," concluded Captain Robinson.

Captain Webster, the commodore of the Castle Line, had an interesting experience in Mauritius in 1862.

He was then first officer of the *Ellen Lee*, which was lying at Port Louis in that island. "One Sunday morning," said Captain Webster, "we were told to prepare for a hurricane, and as a hurricane in the Mauritius is no joke, we instantly made ready. As it happened, however, we did not get the wind, but we had instead a perfect deluge of rain. The hurricane was there, but as we were just on the fringe of the disturbance, the wind did but pass over us. As to

the rain, I never saw anything like it; it came down in a sheet. It did immense damage in Port Louis, and caused great loss of life too. The streets of the town are very hilly, with deep valleys like ravines between. The rain ran down into these ravines and turned them into roaring water-courses. No fewer than forty persons, caught by the floods in the streets, were washed into these torrents and drowned. One of our men was missing, and on Monday morning, as I was passing the dead-house, I felt that I must go in; and in looking over the bodies, I recognised one of our sailors—the missing man, in short. We got a hearse, brought down some of our men, and gave him a decent funeral. But the poor fellow seems to have been born to occupy a watery grave, and do what we would we could not give him a dry one. As you know, perhaps, Port Louis is a terrible place for fever, and as the climate of Mauritius is very hot, the dead have to be interred very quickly. Hence there are always a lot of graves ready made, so that there need be no delay in getting in the coffins and covering them up. Unfortunately, when we

reached the cemetery, we found all the graves full of water, in consequence of the deluge of the previous day. We tried to bale out the one selected for our friend, but in vain, for the water ran into it again from the saturated earth as fast as it was taken out; so we had to bury the poor fellow as though at sea, sinking the coffin in water and putting a weight upon it to keep it down until the grave could be properly filled up with earth."



CAPTAIN WEBSTER, OF THE CASTLE LINE.  
From a Photo. by J. Horsburgh & Son, Edinburgh.

## How the Queen Travels.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR—REGINALD H. COCKS.

(By special permission of the Railway Authorities.)



ENTRANCE TO ROYAL WAITING-ROOMS AT PADDINGTON STATION.

**T**HE winding and seemingly interminable lengths of burnished steel rails which we see extending through city, hamlet, hill and dale, throughout the kingdom, are a medium for the conveyance of many valuable lives, but none more so than that of Our Gracious Sovereign, about whose journeys I propose to narrate a few details.

The two Royal journeys which have the most significance are, firstly, that to Balmoral from Windsor, and, secondly, when the Court adjourns south to Osborne. The first, namely, that to Balmoral, is traversed in the Royal saloons provided by the London and North-Western Company, and being by far the longer journey of the two—some 589 miles—I shall devote more space to an account of it. The journey to

Osborne, on the other hand, which is undertaken in saloons the property of the Great Western Company, is, of course, in comparison, a very much shorter distance. There is a popular error that special signalmen, pointsmen, engine-drivers, etc., are employed on these occasions, but such is not the case. Suffice it for the present to say, that all the ordinary officials concerned are at their accustomed posts, but under very stringent regulations.

Let us first, in the case of the journey south to Osborne, make a visit to the Royal waiting-rooms at Paddington Station. Although these magnificent apartments are in the very centre of this immense terminus, they are so located that a casual observer would pass them by without notice.

The entrance is at the front of the station beneath the glass covering on the departure side, and the illustration is taken from this point, giving a view directly through the hall on to the departure platform.



ROYAL WAITING-ROOM, PADDINGTON STATION.





A CORNER OF THE ROYAL WAITING-ROOM, WITH WRITING-TABLE—PADDINGTON.

To the left of this hall (as we face it from the entrance) is the waiting-room, luxuriously furnished, and, on entering, we are struck with the loftiness of its proportions, and notice a portrait of the late Prince Consort over the doorway on one side, and that of Her Majesty corresponding on the opposite side. This room is lighted by one window filled with ground glass facing the front, and barred on the outside with artistic iron-work. The upholstery of the furniture is very handsome, and when not in use is carefully protected by covers, which render it impervious to dust or London fog. The walls are panelled with a material of silken texture, surrounded by a hand painted floral border. Then there is the writing-table, situated against the window, which is, for the most part, utilized by Princess Christian, who patronizes this room sometimes as often as twice in the week; the Queen, as a rule, only passing straight through the hall.

The Great Western Company's Royal saloon must next be admired. From the exterior, in contrast to those of the North-Western Company's, it would appear at first glance to have nothing unusual about it differing from an ordinary first-class saloon, but on close inspection there

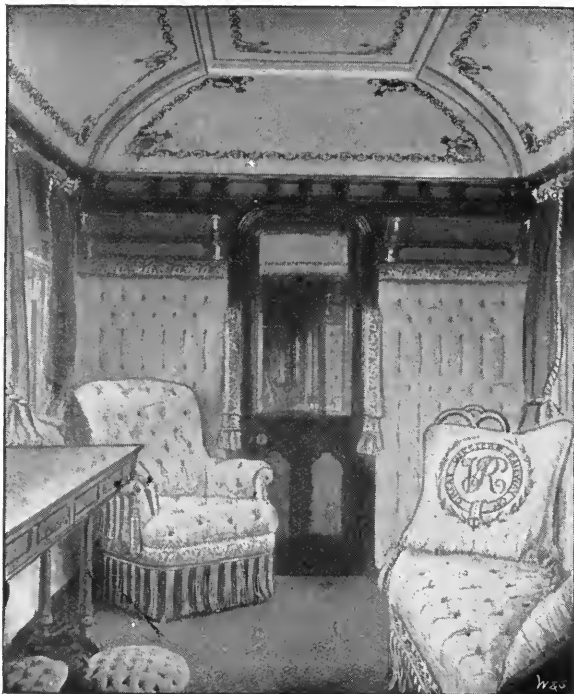
are these points: Firstly, it is 40ft. in length, and at both ends the buffers are covered with thick vulcanized padding to obviate any concussion. Then at each bottom corner there is the carved head of a lion, and the steps leading out from the four doors fold out to twice the breadth of an ordinary carriage foot-board.

The whole saloon is supported by laminated springs of

bright polished steel, which are sensitive to the slightest oscillation. The cost of making



G.W.R. ROYAL SALOON. LOOKING THROUGH FROM GENTLEMAN'S COMPARTMENT.



G.W.R. ROYAL SALOON. HER MAJESTY'S COMPARTMENT.

English cream-coloured morocco, which matches the sides of the compartment, cushioned with the same material. The doors are made of sycamore, with satin-wood mountings, and the handles, as well as the key latches, are of carved ivory. The border design in silk round the furniture consists of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, which also figure conspicuously on the window-sashes and arm-rests, which again have the crown worked in silk upon them. In the centre of the carpet and on the cushions we notice the Royal Coat of Arms. The roof has a border of hand-painted work, and oil is the artificial illuminant when daylight is shut out by the blinds and curtains made of cream teddy silk.

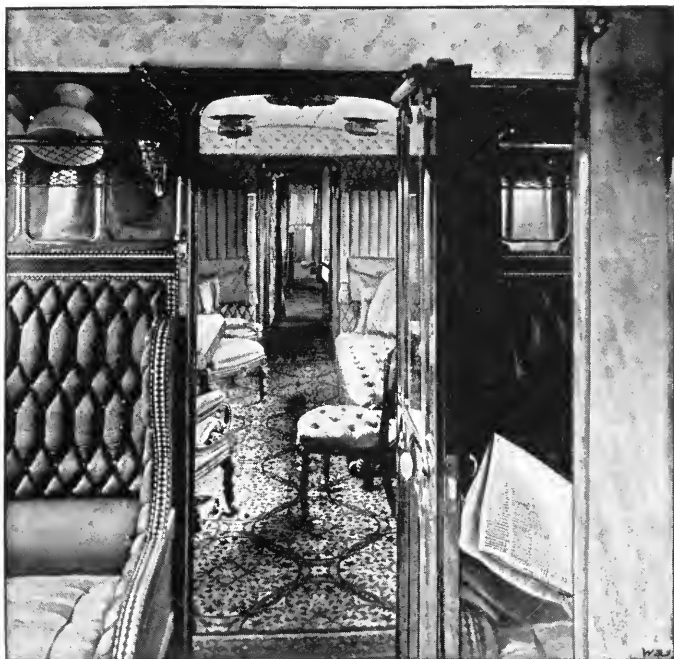
Let us next view the North-Western Company's Royal saloons. The great length of these several saloons, as seen from end to end, is very striking, together with their handsome fittings throughout. The upholstery in these saloons is for the most part in a darkish blue silk,

this magnificent coach is estimated at about £5,000—and although it has been running for some seventeen years, it looks as though it had just been turned out from the Swindon works.

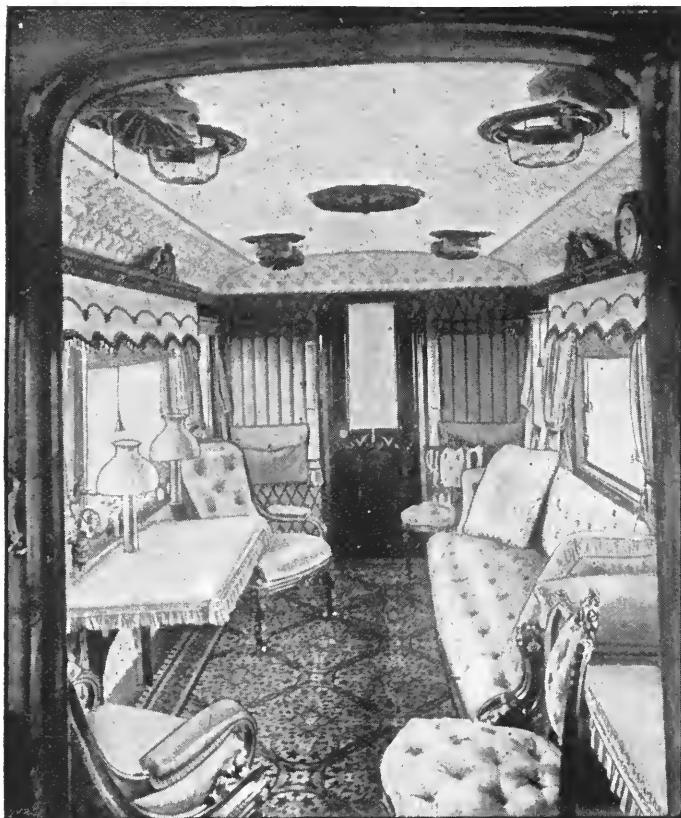
We will next glance round the interior, which has three main divisions, Her Majesty's compartment being central, and those of the lady and gentleman attendants are on either side. Electric bells are in the central boudoir, which ring when required continuously until stopped by the attendant.

Entering first Her Majesty's compartment, we notice that it resembles a private drawing-room rather than a travelling saloon. There are easy chairs (that on the left being the one usually occupied by the Queen), and a couch which extends to twice the breadth shown in the photograph. These are covered in

which my photographic readers will recognise as being represented white in the illustrations.



L.N.W. ROYAL SALOON. VIEW LOOKING THROUGH FROM THE GENTLEMAN ATTENDANTS' COMPARTMENT.



L.N.W. ROYAL SALOON. HER MAJESTY'S DAY COMPARTMENT.

Her Majesty's day compartment, with its handsome ceiling of cushioned satin partitions covered with the same material, displays much splendour. The lighting of these saloons, as in the others mentioned, is also effected by oil lamps, and electricity is the agent for the bell communication throughout.

Now that we have inspected the Royal saloons, a few details about the Royal journeys will not be out of place. It may be here mentioned that the journey to Osborne is by far the heavier of the two narrated, by way of extra luggage, for which a special train is chartered, taking some twenty-nine truck-loads, including the Royal carriages, horses, etc.

The Royal train from Balmoral to Windsor usually consists of sixteen (L.N.-W.) coaches including the Royal saloons, which always occupy a central position in the train, and is, as far as Wolverhampton, drawn by the company's own engines (the "pilot" engine also belonging to this company); but after this point is reached (where a stay of seven minutes is usually made), the Great Western Company's

locomotives take it in hand, but the London and North-Western officials superintend their train throughout the entire journey.

The "pilot" engine, as represented in the photograph on the next page, is running into Windsor Station, and the signals are "down" for the Royal train, of which the "pilot" is fifteen minutes in advance.

The Royal train, which, by the way, runs at an average speed of from forty to forty-five miles an hour, requires the lines cleared of all traffic some thirty minutes before it is due. Every precaution possible is taken to insure a comfortable, safe, and undisturbed journey. At the level crossings nothing is permitted to cross after the pilot has run through, and men have to be on duty at all these points thirty minutes before this.

Then all shunting operations on sidings near the main lines must be suspended at least half an hour before the train is due to pass, and all drivers of trains waiting are required to prevent their engines "emitting smoke, making a noise by blowing off steam, or whistling" at this precise moment.

The approach over the viaduct to Windsor is strictly guarded, for beneath every arch men are stationed, and no one is permitted on any pretence whatsoever to be near the line or stations, except, of course, the officials and servants on duty, who are also forbidden to cause any demonstration. These regulations are in force at every point on the journey. To everyone who is in any way employed in connection with the working of this train, a special time-table is given, stating the exact time that the Royal train will pass or stop at each station, along with full particulars for the stoppage of certain trains—and some twenty other regulations.

Every station-master is required to be on duty to see both the "pilot" and train pass through his station, and it is also his business to see that men are stationed wherever there



THE PILOT RUNNING INTO WINDSOR STATION. THE ROYAL TRAIN SIGNALLED.

are points (which in some cases are pad-locked). He is, in addition, responsible for the signalman's knowledge of the special block telegraph instructions in use on these occasions; he has to satisfy himself that everyone under his employ is thoroughly acquainted with the full arrangements; and, lastly, to see that goods on luggage trains do not protrude so as to be near the Royal road.

The Royal train, in addition to having electrical communication throughout each saloon and carriage to the two guards (who have, of course, the usual cord attachment to the whistle of the engine), conveys a telegraph instrument superintended by competent officials, who, in case of emergency, are able to establish a communication or connection at any point on the line.

There is no dining-saloon or kitchen on the Royal train, as the distance between stopping points is at no period of the journey sufficiently long to require refreshment other than that supplied at the station buffets; and the customary stay of seven minutes at the prescribed stations *en route* allows an opportunity for the necessary provisions to be conveyed to the train, the refreshment-room authorities having had due notice to prepare all in readiness.

In the "baby" saloon (so-called on

account of its being especially adapted for the conveyance of the Royal children) there is a kitchen attached, but the saloon is seldom in use, and, although the pseudonym might suggest a diminutive coach, it is even larger than its *confrère*, the Queen's saloon (of which mention has been made before), and this, too, is the property of the Great Western Company.

An incident may be narrated as showing how, at one time, the idea of building these State railway carriages, and embellishing them, blinded the eyes of their designers to their practical utility. So much attention was paid to magnificence and grandeur that, shortly before the trial trip of the saloon in question, it was discovered that no one had thought of testing the height, and it was then discovered, to the chagrin of the builders, that the saloon would pass under all arches with the exception of one, and on these grounds it was found expedient to reconstruct it, with a low-pitched roof.

In conclusion, I am much indebted to the several authorities by whose kind courtesy and attention I have been enabled to give a few details of the Royal train; and that our Sovereign may long be spared to undertake these journeys in the enjoyment of good health, is the true wish of each and all of her loyal subjects.

## A Mountain of Gold.

By C. S. PELHAM-CLINTON.

"**I**T'S a mountain of gold," said Mr. Samuel Newhouse as we came in sight of Seaton Mountain, "and I've the key to the treasure!"

Having been in America a good deal, I was somewhat sceptical with regard to the value of this mass of dark grey stone that was the most prominent feature of the landscape for miles; and also to the "open sesame" he spoke of as well; but that we were in a golden region was very plain to anyone, even if I had not known before that Central City, the point for which we were making, was the principal town of the "Little Kingdom of Gilpin," and for years had been an established gold camp.

As the train slowly wound its way up the grade which seemed far too steep for safety, along the banks of the very muddy creek that a boy could jump with ease, at every turn we saw signs of the precious metal.

While the stream itself, at the time of our visit, was not more than a few feet wide, the width of its course in flood-times was very clearly defined, and the bed of the now almost dry creek was now the scene of great activity—hundreds of men of every nationality being busily engaged in washing for gold. It was a "no man's land," the only notice of ejectionment from which was a flood, and when that had subsided the results were that fresh gold had been brought down from

the mountain sides above by the torrents, and been deposited in the bed of the creek to await discovery at the hands of the diligent crowd of men who, with no capital but their thews and sinews, and with the rudest of implements, were working so busily as we passed by.

Along the banks of the stream higher up were the crushers, where the gold-bearing quartz brought from the mines is ground to powder and the gold extracted. A considerable amount is lost, however, even in the best processes; this is carried down in minute particles by the stream, is deposited in its bed, and eventually becomes the spoil of the herd of toilers down below.

At every turn we came in sight of fresh crushing plants and fresh mines perched on the hill-side in apparently inaccessible places. "Clear Creek," as it is called, had become even more than before the opposite to its name, and had also dwindled down to almost an apology for a stream, and its banks had narrowed considerably, showing we were close to Central City, which stands at the head of the gulch.

Central City is rich in gold, but however alluring that metal may be, the city is by no means attractive itself. However, it has a history, which is a good deal more than many American cities can boast of. In 1859 a prospector of the name of John H. Gregory discovered the Gregory lode, and a mining authority gave me the following information, which shows this part of Colorado—whatever other gold-fields in America may be doing—is more than holding her own:—

"From the first pan of dirt \$4 in gold were obtained; the following day, Mr. Gregory and his partner washed over \$40 from forty pans of dirt. This was the beginning of the great Pike's Peak craze, which has endured under different forms in various districts of



From a]

SEATON MOUNTAIN—THE MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

[Photograph.



From a]

CENTRAL CITY.

[Photograph.

the State to the present day. Many thousand people rushed to Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevadaville, a continuous city under three corporations, and along whose gulches have been discovered, and are still being discovered, the greatest mines in the West. Among these are the Bates, Bobtail, Hunter, Gunnel, Clay County, Fisk, and Mammoth. In 1867 the Boston and Colorado Smelting Works were established in Black Hawk by Professor N. P. Hill, and successfully treated ore that could not be treated in a stamp-mill. Central City and its environs remained a typical early mining camp until 1878, the year of the advent of the Colorado Central Railroad, which was extended to Central City from Black Hawk by means of switch-backs, requiring four miles of road to go one mile in distance. Since that date the "Little Kingdom of Gilpin" has been transformed into a modern mining metropolis with tramway systems, electric and hoisting appointments, and all other conveniences of a well-equipped mining centre. The Gilpin Tramway Company commenced hauling ore in 1888 on a two-foot gauge railroad from the principal mines to Black Hawk; it then had one locomotive. They now have three locomotives and over 125 cars, and nearly twenty miles of track, the line running up Clear Creek, Chase Gulch, over Winnebago, Gunnel and Quartz Hills, to Russell and Willis Gulches. In estimating the value of the product of Gilpin County mines up to January 1st, 1879, two systems have been used by statisticians, illustrating the difference between the value in coin and the depreciated currency in circulation during most of the time in which the

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record was made. The total product to that date is thus given: Coin value of product, \$28,077,000; currency value, \$35,000,000. Computed at its coin value, this product is thus classified: Gold, \$26,917,000; silver, \$690,000; copper and lead, \$470,000; total to January 1st, 1879, \$28,077,000. During the year 1872 the mines of Gilpin County yielded in

value to the amount of \$2,431,291, exceeding the output of any previous year. The output for 1889 was \$3,334,300; that of 1890 was \$2,624,925. The total output since January 1st, 1879, aggregates over \$30,000,000, so that the coin value of the yield of Gilpin County mines from the year 1859 to 1891 very nearly reaches the enormous sum of \$60,000,000, and this has largely increased during the past three years."

To show the great value of these Colorado mines, I quote from what appeared in the financial columns of a leading London paper:—

"Messrs. Eives and Allen have sent us the Annual Report of Mr. John J. Valentine, the president of Wells, Fargo, and Co., bank and express agency, on the precious metals product of the United States and Mexico in the year 1894. From this it appears that the total production of gold in states and territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia, was, roundly, £9,180,000, and of silver £5,740,000. This latter value is arrived at by taking silver at 31½d. per ounce, which is rather high. The largest output of gold was in Colorado, which gave £2,435,000. Next came California with £2,140,000, and then Montana with £1,030,000. Colorado was also the largest producer of silver. Including copper and lead, the total output of the United States, British Columbia, and the West Coast of Mexico, due to mining for the precious metals, is valued at £21,023,000 for the year 1894. Looking back over past years, the production of gold is found to have been much increased, and that of silver to be much reduced, compared with the



average of any series of years since 1874. The highest production of silver in the States was in the year 1889, when the total was valued at almost £13,000,000; but, of course, prices were much higher then and in previous years than now. Last year's output of gold was the highest since 1870, beyond which date Mr. Valentine's tables do not go. The year which came nearest to it was 1877, when the total was returned at £8,976,000. These figures are only put forth as approximately correct, but they are the best obtainable."

So much for statistics; these were necessary but dry, so we took the two-horse buggy that had been "hitched up" and made a start for Idaho Springs, passing over the top of Seaton Mountain.

It was a glorious day, and at the height we were at, over 8,000ft., the air was perfection. Slowly we wound our way up the side of the hill, passing dozens of miners hard at work, bringing out the gold-bearing rock, until Central City seemed a tiny village in the gorge below us. We were over 10,000ft. above sea-level, and had a gorgeous distant panorama around us, though the actual scenery of Seaton Mountain is tame, and not improved by the hundreds of rough buildings that dot the landscape on all sides.

Still, we had come to see the golden mountain, and here we were at its summit. Slowly Mr. Newhouse explained the situation and his project, and a map could not have explained as fully in a week as a glance did here. There were the mines, the occupants doing their best to wrest the golden treasure from the mountain under difficulties that are hardly credible, for without seeing the country one could hardly appreciate these difficulties. To begin with, the roads to the various mines are simply tracks worn by the waggon-wheels into some semblance of a road; down these come the waggons with four horses bearing the blocks of quartz. Once on the main road their task is

more simple, but the return journey is very different. The main difficulty the miners have to contend with is water, and the deeper they go the worse this trouble seems to be. In fact, they say that in one instance, for every ton of ore taken out, forty tons of water had to be pumped. To pump you must have steam, and steam requires coal, every pound of which has to be hauled up to the mine-mouth. When I say a waggon can bring down six tons of ore and not take up half a ton of coal, the difficulties of making the two ends meet will partly be appreciated. Besides the pumping, hauling gear has to be kept in order, horse-flesh replaced, every bit of fodder being hauled up these inclines; wages are high, and unless the ore is high grade it does not pay to work the mine. Low-grade ores are valueless now, but when the Newhouse tunnel taps the seams, the low-grade seams will be worked as much as the high-grade.

To begin with, the seams, which are numberless, and commence about a mile from Idaho Springs and continue to Central City, are vertical: this is the key to Mr. Newhouse's scheme, and makes it of such value. It has been proved that the lower the seams go the better the ore becomes, but the cost of working is so increased that it does not pay. The question was: how deep did the veins go? Geology can tell us a lot, but it cannot, for certain, tell us what there is 5,000ft. below, in the midst of a mass

of granite; but that the seams went down deep had been proved by one of the mines going down over 2,000ft. before the water became too strong.

Mr. Samuel Newhouse knew this part of the country well; he had been over every foot of it when the boom of about twenty years back had brought such crowds to this part of the world. The expenses of mining and the difficulties were a puzzle that he set himself to overcome.

Taking elevations, he found that the



MR. SAMUEL NEWHOUSE.  
*From a Photo. by Nast, Denver.*





From a]

IDAHO SPRINGS.

[Photograph.

difference between Idaho Springs and Central City was about 3,000ft., and he also saw that the veins, which run very regularly, were at right angles to a line drawn between these two places. The idea of a tunnel then occurred to him, and he mooted the project to some friends, who, while appreciating the idea, laughed at it, as the expenses would be so enormous as to preclude any chance of building it. Not to be deterred, however, Mr. Newhouse quietly bought a piece of land a little distance below Idaho Springs, and started without any flourish of trumpets what is now the talk of every gold-miner in the United States.

Sitting as we were on the top of Seaton Mountain, to get to Idaho Springs to see the tunnel required an adjournment to the "top buggy," as the instrument of torture that was awaiting us is called.

I forget the name of the horses, though the driver kept apostrophizing them by name all the way down the hill "to get up and paddle!" The road was narrow, it was steep, it was also rocky. The buggy had a top and, being a two seated affair, Mr. Newhouse sat beside the driver while I occupied the back

seat. The builder of that buggy believed no man was more than 5ft. 6in., or else he meant to build it bigger and ran short of material. I have seldom enjoyed a ride more — my head against the roof, my knees wedged against the seat in front, my backbone rubbing the seat behind: we tore down that hill at a rate that in a good road would have

been terrific, but on this hundredth cousin to a macadam road was diabolical. A recent flood had brought out a new vintage of rocks, and carried off the little earth that ever had made that causeway believe itself a road. "Pet," I think that was the name of one of the horses, was almost down once or twice, but the pace saved him. Newhouse lost his spectacles, the driver his voice, the horses their wind, and I a good deal of skin, before, after a wild tear of at least three miles, we swung into Idaho Springs. Truly, if the material of that buggy was scanty it was good, or a handful of remnants on the sides of Seaton Mountain would have been all that was left of us. Peace be to that driver, and may he one day take a party of my



From a]

VIEW FROM THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL.

[Photograph.

dearest enemies down that descent after a flood.

However our angles had suffered, our appetites were not the worse, and Tom Henahan's, the manager's, excellent luncheon was inward oil and wine to our bruised anatomies; then, after smoking the pipe of peace, a short walk brought us to the tunnel.

The entrance shows but little of the great scheme, and might be anything of a very ordinary nature, and it is only when the ore begins to come out that it will make a big showing.

The tunnel will, when finished, be four miles long, and its furthest extremity will be almost directly under Central City, but about 2,000ft. below it. It is about 14ft. wide and about 10ft. high. In the centre, between the two lines of railroad, is a waterway cut in the solid rock, about 3ft. wide and 2ft. deep, which carries off all the superfluous water that has in mines to be pumped

out, for the rise in the grade of the tunnel is enough to carry out the water, and also facilitates by gravity the exit of the cars laden with ore, while it is not great enough to render much force necessary to push the empty cars into the mine. Thus at only the expense of cutting the water-course the whole question of water is disposed of. When a vein of ore is reached in the tunnel, cross-cuts will be made and the vein followed until a sufficient distance

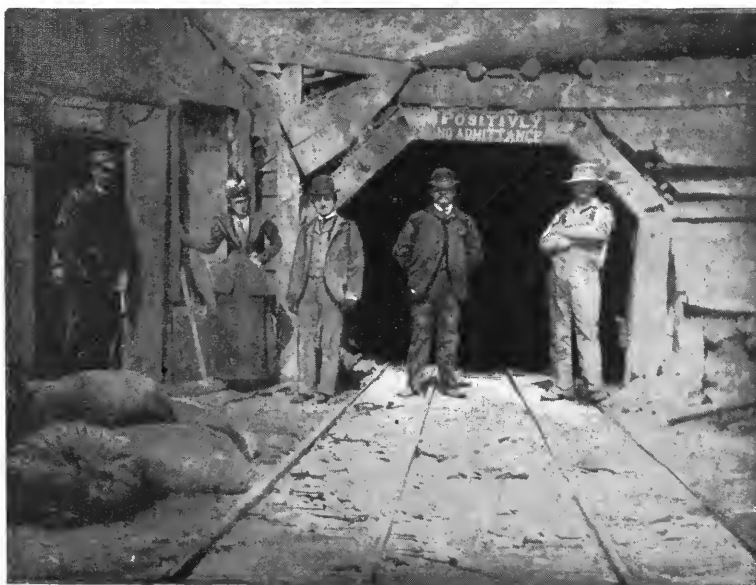
for proper development is attained. No roofing is required, the rock on either side being of the hardest granite; and, indeed, its hardness, while of benefit in this respect, is such that the boring is of necessity a slow process. It will readily be seen that so cheap a method of mining will, when once the tunnel is made, enable the low-grade ores to be as readily mined as those of better quality, and as each vein is cut, it will be driven on, the ore



From a

THE DRILL.

[Photograph.



From a

THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL.

[Photograph.



From a]

AT WORK WITH THE DRILL 1,300FT. FROM THE MOUTH.

[Photograph.

being brought out through the tunnel, and thus the whole mining business of this large district will be centred under one administration. The company owns a large number of the veins, which it will work for its own benefit, those belonging to others being operated on a royalty basis.

The company will on the land at the mouth of the tunnel have huge smelters and stamp-mills, and be able to treat every pound of ore that comes out. If the tunnel proves too narrow, Mr. Newhouse says he can enlarge it. There will be ample room inside in the transverse cuttings for sidings for cars, and the tunnel in its present size is capable of handling thousands of tons of ore a day. At the present moment, the tunnel is about three-quarters of a mile into the mountain, and three shifts of five men each are at work with two Leyner

drills for eight hours apiece, and are making a progress of over 10ft. a day, the work being continuous day and night, with only a few pauses to blast and clear away the débris, which is carried out in cars to the "dump" at the entrance to the tunnel.

Two hydraulic plants are ready, so, in case anything should happen to the one, the other is at hand, and the progress being made is very rapid for the nature of the work. The rich

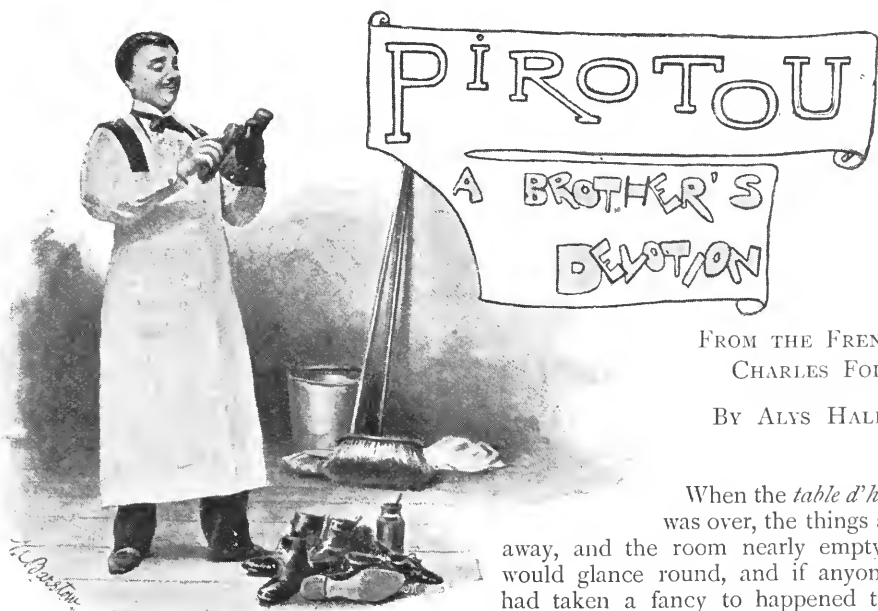
ore-bed will be reached in about a year's time, and the harvest commenced. The tunnel will take about four years to complete, and experts declare that when finished the vast sum of three hundred millions of dollars worth of gold, or sixty million sterling, will be accessible, so Mr. Newhouse's remark about having the key to the treasure was the truth after all, and that the mountain is one of gold, statistics, geology, and experiment very clearly demonstrate.



From a]

IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

[Photograph.



FROM THE FRENCH OF  
CHARLES FOLEY.

BY ALYS HALLARD.



PIROTOU was the waiter at the little hotel at Avignon, where I had put up. I think he was the only man-servant they kept, for he appeared to do everything. I have seen him sweeping rooms, polishing the oak floors, dusting, driving the hotel omnibus, loading and unloading the luggage, carrying trunks up and down stairs, with as little apparent effort as though they were made of cork; and then, added to all this, twice a day, with his hair well brushed and pomaded and a serviette over his arm, Pirotou served at table.

One could not help noticing this man, because he had such a happy-looking expression. His whole face laughed, from his bright black eyes, his lips, his trumpet-shaped nose, even to his very hair, which was cropped short, his teeth, and his growing moustache, which he was beginning to train at the corners of his mouth. He was very quick and obliging, and he was not only a favourite with the travellers who put up at the hotel, but everyone in the neighbourhood appeared to know him and like him.

When he was seated on his driver's box on the way to or from the station, he had to nod, smile, touch his hat, or wink to everyone we met. The fact was, he liked everyone and everyone liked him. This popularity gave rise to certain prerogatives and privileges. Pirotou liked talking, and he was decidedly more familiar than one expects a waiter to be; but it all came so naturally to him that, somehow, everyone took it in good part.

When the *table d'hôte* dinner was over, the things all cleared away, and the room nearly empty, Pirotou would glance round, and if anyone that he had taken a fancy to happened to be still there, why, he would make his way across the room and start a conversation at once. It never lasted long, though, for either the hotel proprietor or one of the customers always interrupted him—he was continually in demand for some service or another. In spite of this, the very first day I dined there he found an opportunity of getting a little private conversation with me.

"I've got a brother who is an officer in the army," he informed me; and without waiting for me to express my surprise, he continued: "Queer, isn't it?—me a waiter and him an officer. It's true, though, my brother is an officer in the army——"

"Pirotou, take No. 16's box up-stairs. . . . Pirotou, coffee for No. 3. . . . Pirotou, put the horse in at once——"

He would then disappear like a flash of lightning and cheerfully perform all the duties required of him.

He talked about his brother in this way to everyone because he was so proud of him, and although he knew very little of this said brother, yet he adored him all the same. He spoke of him always in the same way without any vanity, but simply that he could not help mentioning him, just as a vine-dresser must speak about the weather and the sun. It was the subject always uppermost in his thoughts, and he would frequently take up his thread again hours after and go on just as though he had never left it.

"I expect you wonder how it is, how it came about?" he said to me, in continuation, during his next interval.

"How what is?" I asked, for I could not imagine what he was driving at.

"Why—my brother being an officer!"

"Ah, yes; how did it come about?"

"Well, it was like this . . . it was a lady that lived near our village, an old lady, very well off, and she had lost her son. Our parents were dead, and she took a fancy to my brother . . . you see, he was a fine-looking lad, and just about the age of her boy. Well, she took to him, and she sent him to college, at Paris, just near to her home. Then he went to the military school, Saint-Cyr . . . She died last year, and I can tell you it put me about a good deal when I got the news, for the sake of my brother—"

"Pirotou, answer the bell—No. 31!"

I had the next instalment of the story the following day.

"Well, the old lady——"

"What old lady?" I asked, absently.

The poor fellow was quite hurt to think that I did not remember.

"Why, my brother's old lady, sir! In her will she left him quite a good income. That put me at my ease at once, for you see I had felt anxious for him, but with this money, why, of course, he could keep up his position."

"But did she not leave you anything, Pirotou?"

"Me!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes wide in his astonishment at my question.

"Why, no, sir—it was my brother, you see, that was the same age as her son!"

"Does your brother come to see you?" I asked.

"Yes, he came once about six years ago, when he was on leave. I'd got four days' holiday, and we arranged to go to the village where we used to live. I was vexed to have such a short time with him, but as it happened I did not stay the four days even, for I got back there on the third.

"You see, my brother found he could only stay two days with me, for he'd got invitations to two or three country houses. Then, too, he didn't tell me this, but I

guessed it—he found it pretty dull in the little village. Of course, it was very natural he should—just think, sir, an officer!"

"Does he help you?" I asked.

Pirotou burst out laughing at this.

"Him! help me! Why, he couldn't, sir. It isn't the same kind of work we're used to."

"Oh! I did not mean in that sense—I mean, does he ever send you—any money?"

"Oh! I would not have it, sir, upon any account. I'm paid well, you see, sir, and I get a fair amount in tips, and then no expenses, like he has. Why, in my way, I'm as rich as he is."

"Has he never been to see you again?"

Pirotou looked slightly embarrassed this time, as he answered:—

"He'll be coming, sir, soon, because of my wedding. I'm going to get married, you see."

"Ah, you're going to get married?"

"Well, sir, yes; you see, it's getting time. I'm nearly twenty-four—and then *she* is from these parts, and we've known each other three years. We haven't been able to see much of each other, that's true, for you see she's lady's-maid for a lady who lives at Paris, and has a country house near here. They come for three months each summer, and I can only see her on Sundays after church; so, you see, sir, I'm anxious to get married."

"You'll be changing your trade then, I suppose?"

"No, sir, not yet awhile. You see, we haven't got enough money to set up in a little business. In



"AH, YOU'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED?"

five or six years, if we save up, we shall be able to do it. For the present, though, as soon as we are married, the lady's going to take me in her house with Louissette—Louissette, that's her name, sir: the girl I'm going to marry. My brother'll be best man," he went on, in great glee, "and we shall have a very fine wedding, for, you see, sir, I shouldn't like to have anything shabby when he's coming to it—just think, sir, an officer—you know!"

"Pirotou! Pirotou! No. 59 wants his key!"

After leaving Avignon, it was some months before I happened to go there again. On arriving at the hotel, I was struck by the change in Pirotou. He looked quite morose, and it was only with an effort that he managed to smile, as he recognised me. I could see very plainly that he had something to tell me, but there were so many people wanting him, and then the landlord kept calling him for something every minute: "Hurry up, Pirotou, hurry up, my good fellow!"

He did hurry up, but it was not with the same jovial alacrity as formerly. He used to carry the trunks about as though they were as light as air; but now they appeared to be as heavy as lead. I dined when everyone had finished, and I was really quite curious to know what had happened and how Pirotou's wedding had gone off. As soon as he was free he approached me; but he did not come and lean on the table in his old familiar way. He just stood there, looking wretched, and it occurred to me at once what had happened.

"Why, I don't believe your brother the officer came after all, Pirotou, to the wedding?" I said.

"Yes, sir, yes, he came—but—you see, sir, I must tell you how it all was. First of all, I thought he would be sure to put up here—at my hotel, and so I expected to see a good deal of him—all the time I was free. It was a bit rough, sir, when I found he had put up at the Saint Yves Hotel, right at the other side of the town. Well, then he did not come himself to see me, but he sent a messenger to tell me to meet him at a *café*, and he told me in his letter not to forget to take off my apron and to put on a hat. It was just as well he thought to remind me of that, you see, for I should never have remembered my-

self. I was in such a hurry to see him that I should just have nipped off there and then, without thinking about what I looked like. Well, sir, when I saw him looking so handsome and so finely dressed, I felt that proud of him and that excited—but he just held out his hand to me and asked me whether I'd have sherry or absinth. I said sherry, and then I lost my head, I suppose, for when the glasses came I just picked up his and drank up his absinth. You'll think me pretty foolish, sir, for an hotel waiter and all, but I didn't know what I was doing. My brother spoke so kindly, and just explained a bit about things. Of course, I quite understood that he could not come to see me, but, as he said, I could go there and meet him. He did not want everyone to know he was here, for, you see, sir, I'd been so foolish and talked a good deal too much about him, and, as he said, he did not care about showing himself off like some curiosity. Of course, it was quite right, you see. Just think—an officer! Well, I asked him just to come and see my employer here, for that seemed only natural to me at first. He



"NOW THEY APPEARED AS HEAVY AS LEAD."



explained though that he could not, as that put him in a false position; and when I looked at it in that light, I saw that he was quite right. But you see, sir, it has made things a bit awkward for me, because my master, and then everybody just round that I know—well, they all think that it was my fault he never came; they think I was ashamed of them, and that I did not like my brother to come and shake hands with them——”

“But, how ever did you manage at the wedding, Piroto?”

“Wait a bit, sir, I’m coming to that. There isn’t much to tell you about that, sir. Well—let me see, how far had I got?—oh, yes, it was where I went to the *café*. Well, my brother asked me all about my wedding, and I told him about Louissette and about her mistress and everything. Well, he wanted to see her, of course;

and so, as the next day was Sunday, I knew they would be at church, and he agreed to meet me there. Well, when Madame Dalbert came in and Louissette after her, I just nudged him and told him who they were. ‘Isn’t she pretty?’ I said, and he nodded, but he never took his eyes off Madame Dalbert. When we were going out of the church he just got first and stood there watching her, and when I was speaking to Louissette he went off, so that I could not introduce him then.

“The next day

I went to the *café* again to meet him, but I saw he had some friends with him, some officers he had met by chance, old friends of his at Saint-Cyr. When he saw me he left them and came to meet me, for he knew I should feel a bit awkward amongst all his friends.

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“‘Didn’t you say the lady was a Madame Dalbert where your Louissette is?’ he asked, as soon as ever he had shaken hands.

“‘Yes,’ I said; ‘Madame Dalbert.’

“‘It is very awkward, very awkward indeed,’ he went on. ‘The idea of your being engaged to her maid! Things turn out so confoundedly embarrassing. My friends are going there to this Madame Dalbert’s to a hunting party, and they want me to go. You would not mind that?’

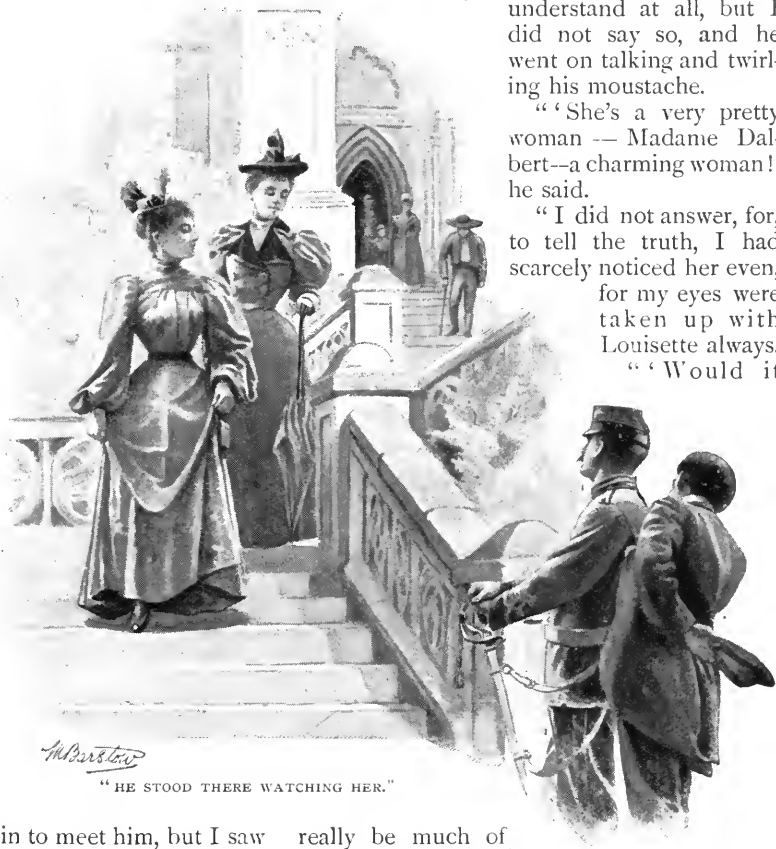
“I laughed at the idea of my minding it, but, of course, I gave him some messages for Louissette. Two days later I saw him again, but he was quite different. When I asked him about Louissette, he said, ‘Well, you see, when I was with my friends there I could not very well talk to the maid. I did not mention you, either—you will understand, I’m sure——’

“I certainly did *not* understand at all, but I did not say so, and he went on talking and twirling his moustache.

“‘She’s a very pretty woman — Madame Dalbert—a charming woman!’ he said.

“I did not answer, for, to tell the truth, I had scarcely noticed her even, for my eyes were taken up with Louissette always.

“‘Would it



“HE STOOD THERE WATCHING HER.”

really be much of a sacrifice to break off this engagement?’ he asked, after a pause.

“That was just a little too much, and I reminded him how we had waited for three



long years, and how we had, both of us, never had a thought of such a thing as not getting married now.

"He bit his moustache impatiently, and soon after I left him to go back to my work. For three days we were so busy at the hotel that I was not able to get off. I could not see him then, for he was neither at the *café* nor yet at his hotel. It was a week after when he sent for me, and this time I was shown up into his room—a large, handsome room on the first floor of the hotel. He seemed very excited, and kept walking up and down the room. Presently he stopped short right in front of me and said:—

"'Can I count on you? Are you pretty brave.'

"'Go on,' I said, 'what is it?' for I felt that something had happened, but I did not want him to be ashamed of me.

"He looked away as he told me the news. 'Well, it is just this: I fell over head and ears in love with Madame Dalbert, and—well, the long and the short of it is, she cares for me too. The only thing is, I am so vexed for you, old fellow,' he said, laying his hand on my shoulder.

"'For me—but why?'

"'Good heavens—can't you see? Well, you cannot exactly marry her maid now! You could not come to us as a servant, could you? It would be too ridiculous—perfectly humiliating, in fact, for me!'

"I felt myself go cold all over, and I suppose my face must have turned pale, for he said:—

"'Well, have patience, and we'll see how it can all be arranged—perhaps something can be done——'

Pirotou stopped suddenly, and two great tears, which had come into his eyes, would have rolled down his cheeks, but, making a desperate effort, he blinked two or three times and so made them disappear.

"But how about the wedding, then?" I asked, after a brief pause.

"Well, you see, sir, there's been no wed-

ding," he said, looking down on the floor. "Perhaps there never will be now, either. I've waited and tried to be patient, but my brother does not write, and Louissette hasn't written lately either. . . . I suppose they have talked to her and showed her that it can't be . . . and I don't know, perhaps, they'll get her to give me up yet altogether. . . . I don't know how it is. . . . Anyhow, they're back in Paris. . . . It was a bit hard, you see, sir, for I'd been in love with her so long, and we'd waited so patiently; and then, you see, sir, with him it was all just a fancy . . . just a pretty face that took him. But, there, it's all the same, there was nothing left for me to do. I couldn't humiliate him, you see. He's older than I am, and I've got no one else in the world but him. And then



"GOOD HEAVENS! CAN'T YOU SEE?"

too, sir, just think—an officer! I couldn't have stood in his way, sir; but it *is* a bit hard."

And this time, as blinking was of no use, poor Pirotou moved away and busied himself shutting the window.

## *A Forgotten Genius.*

BY C. VAN NOORDEN.



NICHOLAS GROLLIER DE SERVIÈRE was born at Lyons in 1596, and on reaching the age of fourteen, followed the example of his ancestors and took up the profession of arms. He was sent to serve in Italy, where, at the Siege of Vercell, his daring cost him an eye, which was carried away by a splinter from a gun. A first experience so dearly bought, far from daunting him, did not prevent his taking part in all the other engagements of this war. On its conclusion he went to serve for some time in Flanders, in the troops of the Dutch States, at that time the finest school of military discipline.

From here he entered into the service of the Emperor Ferdinand of Germany, where he acquired a great reputation, above all at the Battle of Prague. After this he was obliged to accompany Ferdinand's Ambassador to Constantinople, where he remained six months; but war having broken out again in France, he immediately returned to give to his King and country the tokens of his zeal, and to consecrate to them the happy talents with which he was gifted, and the experience he had gained in the service of foreign Princes. He did so with much distinction, especially at the sieges of Montauban, Tonnins, Briteste, St. Foy, Négrepelisse, Nîmes, and Privat, winning high praise from the King.

Among a great number of brilliant actions we will content ourselves with one, which will suffice to show both his genius and courage. He was at the time senior captain of the regiment of Infantry of Aigue-Bonne, and commanded on the banks of the Rhone on the Tarascon side, when the necessity arose of helping the town of Beaucaire, then besieged by Montmorency.

Great difficulties presented themselves to be surmounted: the town was blockaded on the land side, the bridges between Tarascon and Beaucaire had been broken down, the river had to be crossed in sight of the enemy,

and, to crown all, the citadel was in the power of the besiegers.

So many obstacles seemed to make the enterprise impossible when M. de Servièrre, who had orders to essay the relief, profiting by a few boats which fell in his way, combined them very skilfully into a kind of flying bridge with protective parapets of thick beams. By means of this contrivance, which he invented on the spot, and constructed with great rapidity, he transferred the whole of his regiment to the further bank; and, in spite of a heavy fire and the strenuous efforts of the enemy, threw himself with but slight loss into the besieged town, and was the cause of the raising of the siege a few days later.

The renown of this feat having spread to the enemy's army, Montmorency spared no efforts to attach to himself so brilliant an officer, using as an argument "that he had been left without reward," and offering him employ and appointments much more considerable than those he held in the King's army—but all without effect. Some time afterwards, having been made Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment of Aigue-Bonne, he assisted at the battles of Vellane and Tesin, at the retreat of Guiers, at the sieges of Turin, Casal, and Pignerol, and on many other occasions.

His superior genius for mathematics, especially for fortifications, and the great experience he had acquired were so universally recognised, that he was intrusted with the control of works in most of the later sieges just mentioned.

Finally, after so many labours, covered with glory and seamed with scars, he retired from service, to taste the sweets of repose, occupying the rest of his life in many ingenious inventions, comprising, amongst others, turnings, hydraulic machines, hand and wind-mills, boats with paddle-wheels, and especially clocks. M. de Servièrre died at Lyons, October, 1689, aged ninety-three.

The machines which M. de Servièrre has invented for clocks are very curious; and

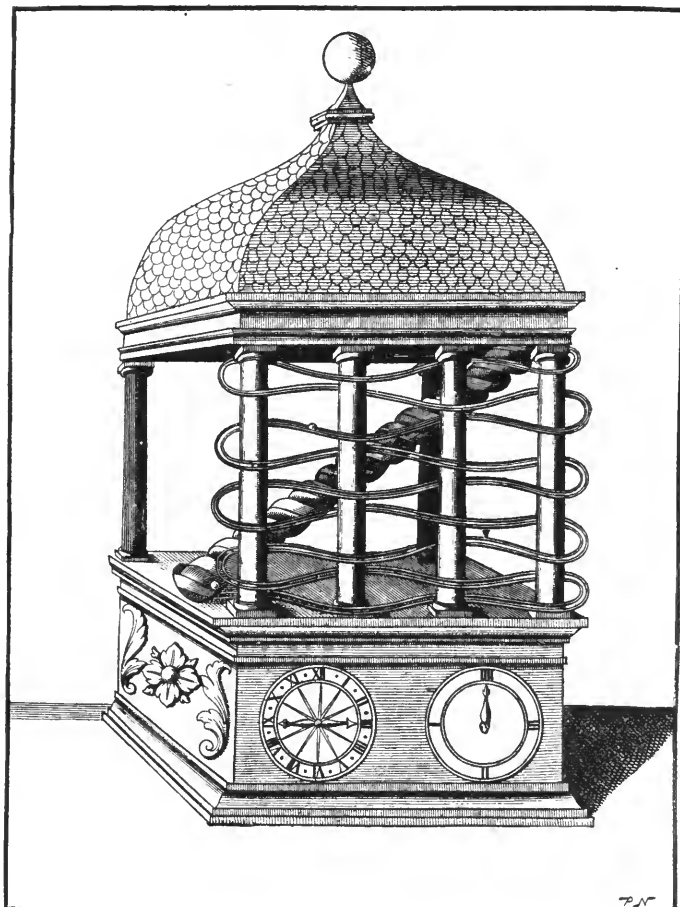


FIG. 1.

although the greater part have for their principle the elasticity of springs, the heaviness of weights, or the flowing of water or sand, they were, for their time, so different from any that existed of this kind, and they produced such surprising effects, that they were regarded as veritable prodigies of art, and, as will be seen from the following examples, not without justice.

Fig. 1 represents a clock with an oblong square dome, raised on six columns upon a base of the same shape.

Around four columns forming one side there ran double wires of copper placed parallel to each other in a spiral coil from the dome to the base. These wires were fixed to the columns by little brackets, in such a way that they formed a canal to a ball of the same metal, which, by its own weight, descended all their length, arriving at the base, where it then enters on the thread of an archimedean screw placed between the six pillars, and which divides diagonally the space between the dome and the base. As soon as the screw has received the ball it turns, and by this means raises the ball to the dome, where it retakes the road traced by the copper wires. In this machine the ball is not lost to sight; you perceive it mount by the archimedean screw and descend by the canal, and by these continued movements it causes the wheels to revolve. The dials for hour and minute are on the faces of the base.

Another clock (Fig. 2) is a desk about 18in. long, the back being raised 12in. On the inclined plane is cut a canal, which

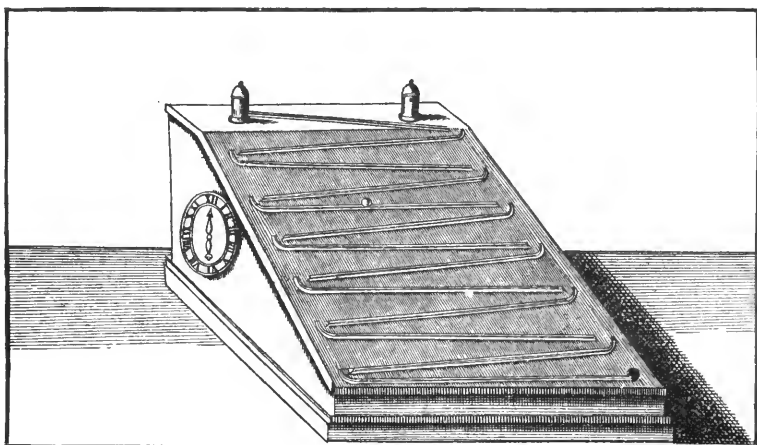


FIG. 2.

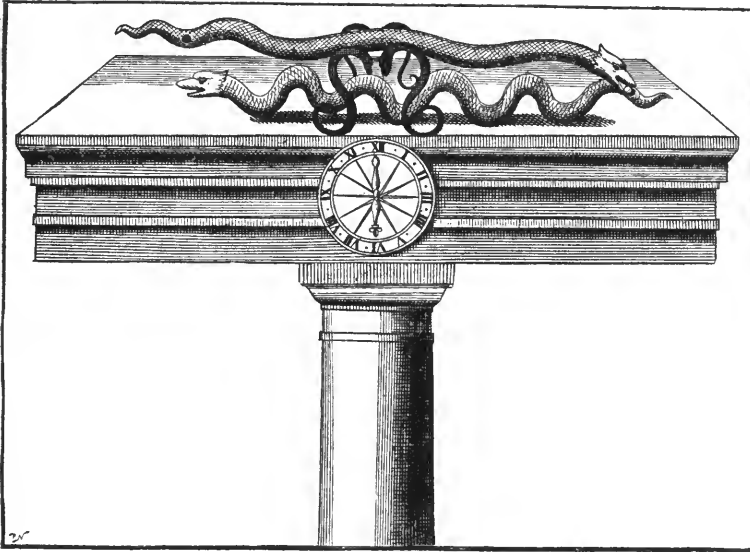


FIG. 3.

conducts a ball in the same way as the former clock to the lower end of the plane, where it enters the body of the machine. Immediately it enters, a second ball appears at the top of the canal, which takes the route of the first, and these two balls serve for movement to the clock, which has its dials on one of the faces of the desk. To show that the works of this machine occupy but little space, the plane can be raised like a desk-lid, and it will be found that part of the interior is empty, and the other part is filled with two rows of little drawers containing curious works of no connection with the clock.

Fig. 3 shows, on a platform upheld by a pillar, two serpents, one over the other. The uppermost is raised about 6 in. above the lower. As it is pivoted by the middle of the body, it can see-saw the head and tail. When its tail is lowered, it ejects a ball which the lower serpent swallows, whereon the first, lowering its head, the ball enters its mouth, and is again ejected from its tail into the mouth of the lower serpent.

This movement is continuous, and actuates the clock whose dial is placed above the capital of the column.

The next machine (Fig. 4) consists of a cylindrical box, which, being posed with its curvilinear surface on an inclined plane, seems to rest there, against the nature of round bodies, which at once descend any incline. The box in question descends its plane slowly, and in time. It is made of copper, is about 5 in. diameter, and

the plane on which it is placed is 4 ft. long. The hours are inscribed on the thickness of this inclined plane and on the circumference of the box, which has a hand with two points, which is always vertical and marks the hour on two different places, with the upper point on the edge of the box, and with the lower on the inclined plane. This clock has no spring or balance. The duration of time it works depends on the length of its inclined plane, and it only receives its movement from the effort the round body makes to keep on the plane against its natural course. A variation of

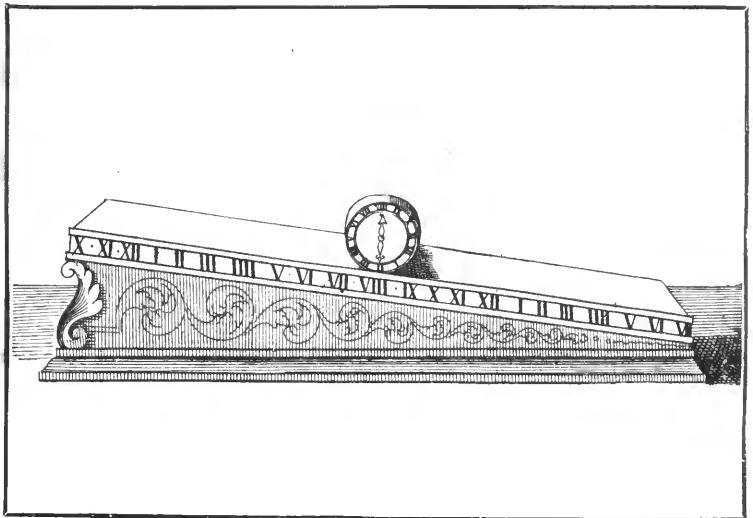


FIG. 4.

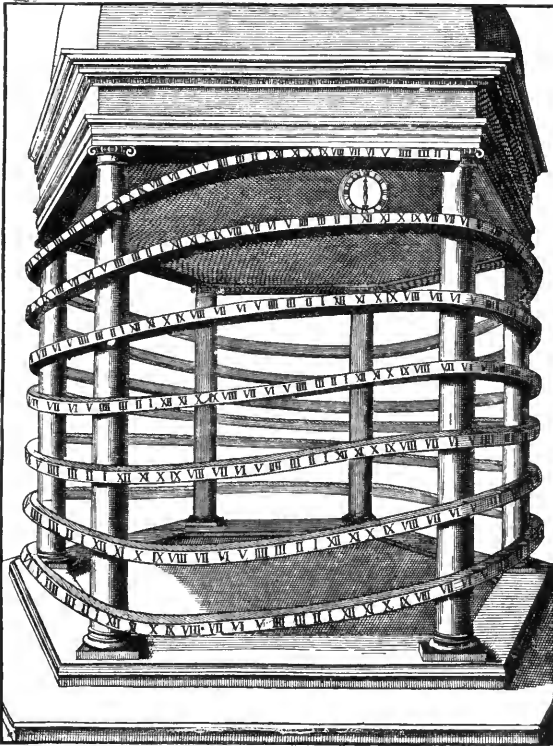


FIG. 5.

this has added to the lower end of the plane several other such planes, which rise as soon as the cylindrical box arrives on them, and incline to the same degree as the former. By this means, multiplying this kind of inclined plane along the wall of a large room or a gallery, one would have a clock which would go for several months without being touched.

Fig. 5 is made on the same principle as the one preceding, excepting that its inclined plane is disposed spirally around six pillars forming a kind of rotunda. This clock will go for a week, and would go longer were its plane extended. To reset these last two clocks it is only necessary to replace them at the beginning of the first plane, taking care that they mark the correct hour.

Fig. 6 marks the hours by means of a sand-glass. The sand takes exactly an hour to fall; the cage has an axle which causes it to turn like a clock hand, on the front of a case like those of our ordinary clocks. The bulbs have each a false moving bottom,

which can rise and fall a little by means of a thin piece of leather folded underneath. When the sand has all fallen into the lower bulb, the double bottom (on which the sand rests) falls, and as it then presses on a base connected with a counterpoise inside the case, less weighty than the whole of the sand, this base swings upward the moment the last grains of sand fall, and loosening a catch at the same time, the springs inside the case turn the hour-glass. Thus the empty bulb, which was at the top, is now at the bottom, and the full half is above; in this way the running of the sand is recommenced, and continues without interruption. Every time the glass reverses, it turns a dial hidden inside the case a twelfth of a circle, and the twelve hours, one after the other, appear at a little opening over the hour-glass.

The next machine (Fig. 7) is a celestial globe on the circumference of which the hours are inscribed, which turns on the head of an Atlas who bears it, to mark the time at a

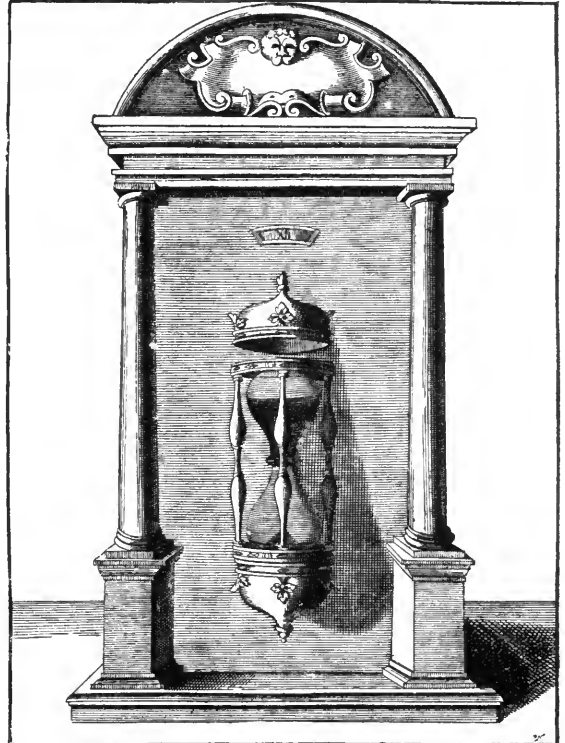


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

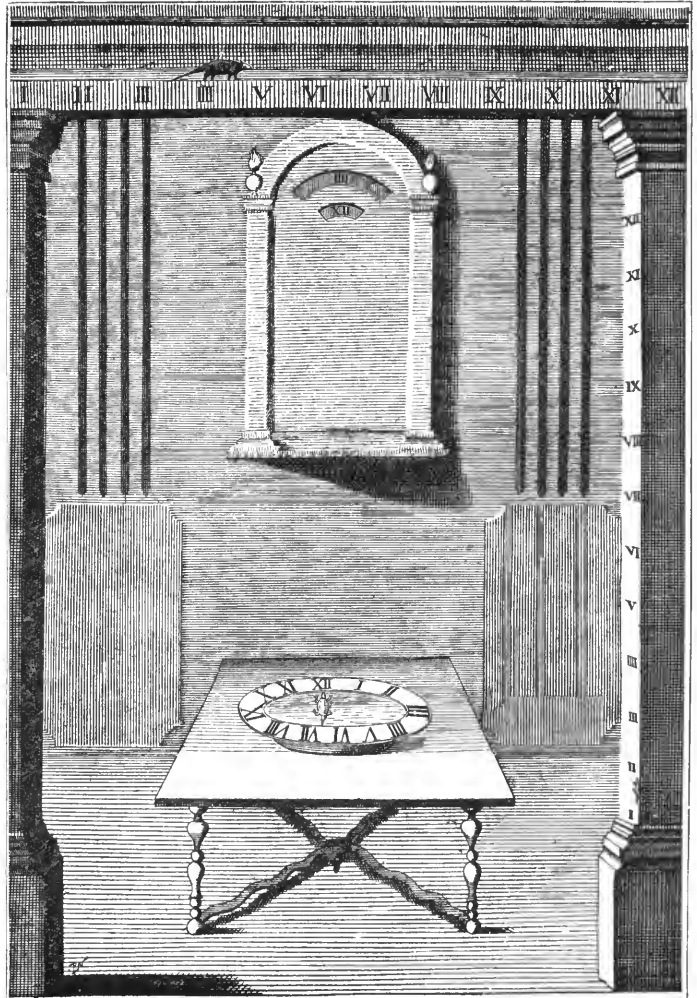
fixed pointer. The works of this clock are concealed in the interior of the globe, and cause it to turn in such manner that it is not the hand which comes to the hours, but the hours themselves which come successively to seek the hand.

Figs. 8 and 9 show two clocks of which the hours are inscribed along a cornice and down the length of a pillar. A little figure of a mouse marks the hours by running along the cornice, whilst a lizard performs the same office, and may be perceived at the right hand of the illustration marking half-past one o'clock, by mounting the pillar. These clocks are worked by a counter-balance.

Fig. 10 has the movement

of an ordinary clock of the time, but has a different dial. It has no hands, but in their place has two unequal circles, of which the larger marks the hours and the smaller the quarters. These circles are hidden inside the machine, and only show the current hour through two openings in the face.

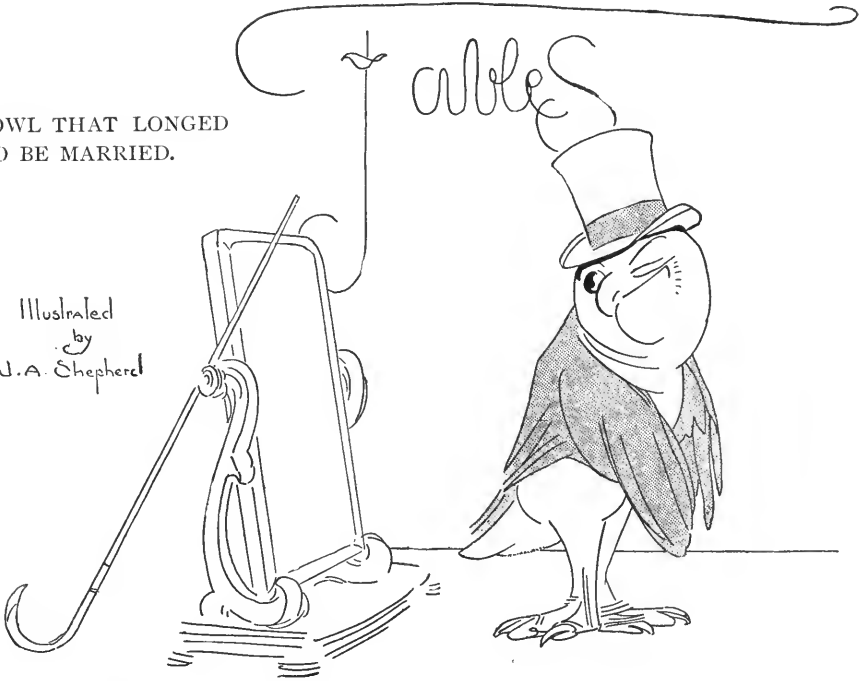
The last specimen of M. de Servièrè's ingenuity we describe (Fig. 11) is what must have been, for his time, a great puzzle. A pewter plate, on the rim of which are engraved the hours, is filled with water; a little figure of a tortoise in cork being thrown in immediately seeks the correct hour and points it out with its head. If one move it away it returns at once, and if left alone follows slowly the border of the plate, marking the time. This movement is, of course, effected by a moving magnet, and a small rod of metal in the tortoise's head, but no sign is visible of any mechanism, which is concealed in the false bottom of the plate.



FIGS. 8, 9, 10, 11.

THE OWL THAT LONGED  
TO BE MARRIED.

Illustrated  
by  
J.A. Shepherd



1.—A YOUNG OWL, WHO WAS PARTICULARLY WELL PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, DETERMINED TO MARRY THE EAGLE'S DAUGHTER.

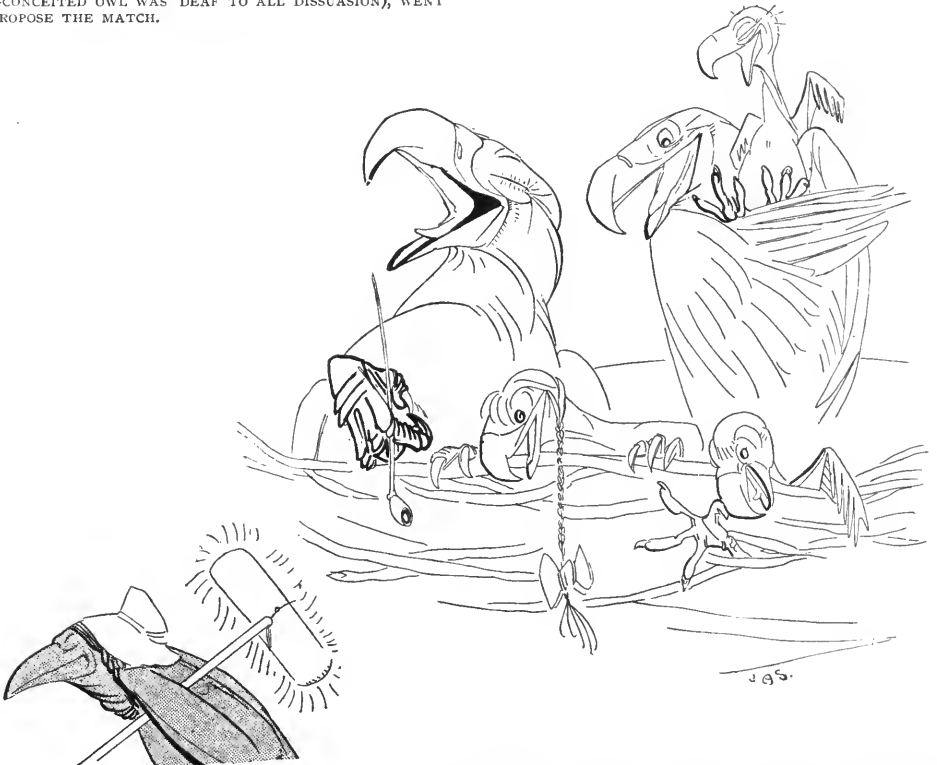


2.—BIG WITH THIS THOUGHT, HE SENT THE CROW AS AMBASSADOR TO THE KING OF BIRDS TO DEMAND FOR HIM HIS ROYAL DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE.

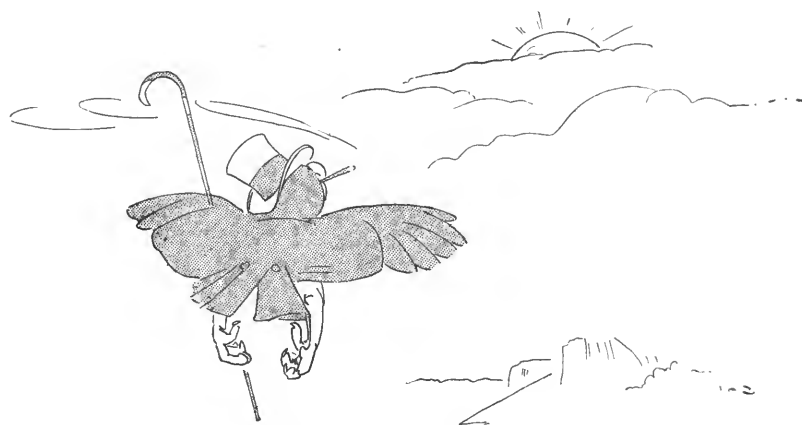




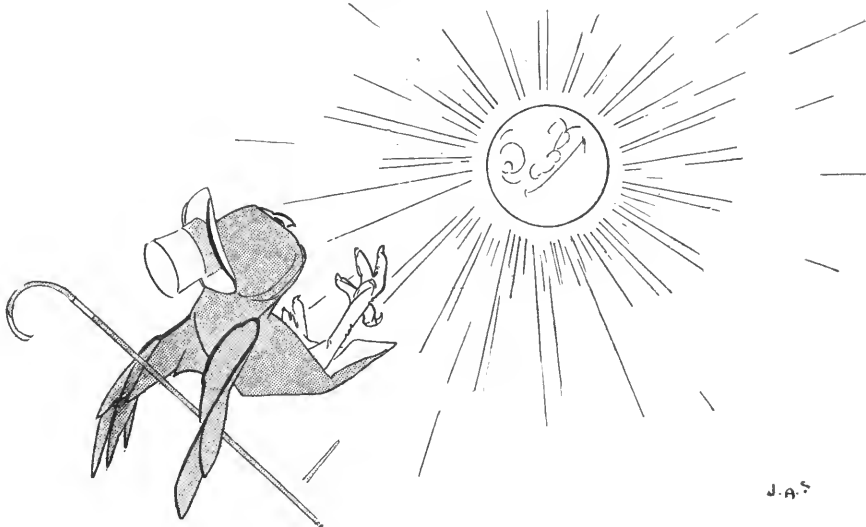
3.—THE CROW, TO SOOTHE HIS VANITY (FOR THE PROUD, SELF-CONCEITED OWL WAS DEAF TO ALL DISSUASION), WENT TO PROPOSE THE MATCH.



4.—SHE WAS SUFFICIENTLY LAUGHED AT FOR HER RIDICULOUS DEMAND. THE EAGLE ANSWERED HER: "IF THE OWL IS AMBITIOUS OF BEING MY SON-IN-LAW, LET HIM MEET ME TO-MORROW IN THE CENTRE OF THE AERIAL REGIONS."



5.—THE PRESUMPTUOUS OWL DETERMINED TO PAY THE VISIT.



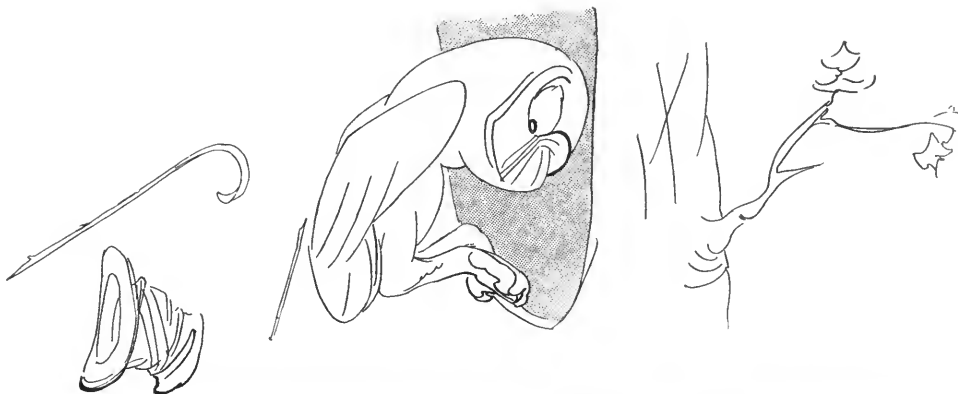
J.A.S.

6.—BUT HIS EYES WERE DAZZLED. THE RAYS OF THE SUN STRUCK HIM BLIND—

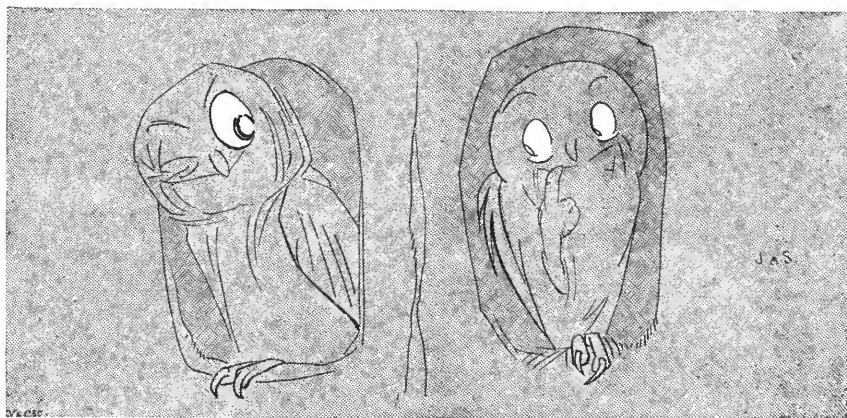


J.A.S.

7.—AND HE FELL HEADLONG FROM ON HIGH.



8.—HE WAS LUCKY ENOUGH, HOWEVER, TO HIDE HIMSELF IN HIS OLD DARK HOLE—



9.—AND TO WOO AND WIN A YOUNG OWL WHO WAS A WORTHY TENANT OF AN ADJACENT CAVERN.



10.—REMEMBERING THE FALL OF THE OWL, WE OUGHT NOT TO AIM AT SHINING IN A SPHERE THAT IS ABOVE US



# PRINCESS CRYSTAL OR THE HIDDEN TREASURE

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ISABEL BELLERBY.



HERE were the four Kings: the King of the North, the region of perpetual snow; the King of the South, where the sun shines all the year round; the King of the East, from whence the cold winds blow; and the King of the West, where the gentle zephyrs breathe upon the flowers and coax them to open their petals while the rest of the world is still sleeping.

And there was the great Dragon, who lived on top of a high mountain in the centre of the universe. He could see everything that happened everywhere by means of his magic spectacles, which enabled him to look all ways at once, and to see through solid substances; but he could only see, not hear, for he was as deaf as a post.

Now the King of the North had a beautiful daughter called Crystal. Her eyes were bright like the stars; her hair was black like

the sky at night; and her skin was as white as the snow which covered the ground outside the palace where she lived, which was built entirely of crystals clear as the clearest glass.

And the King of the South had a son who had been named Sunshine on account of his brightness and warmth of heart.

The King of the East had a son who, because he was always up early and was very industrious, had been given the name of Sunrise.

The King of the West also had a son, perhaps the handsomest of the three, and always magnificently dressed; but as it took him all day to make his toilette, so that he was never seen before evening, he received the name of Sunset.

All three Princes were in love with the Princess Crystal, each hoping to win her for his bride. When they had the chance

they would go and peep at her as she wandered up and down in her glass palace. But she liked Prince Sunshine best, because he stayed longer than the others, and was always such excellent company. Prince Sunrise was too busy to be able to spare her more than half an hour or so ; and Prince Sunset never came until she was getting too tired and sleepy to care to see him.

It was of no use, however, for her to hope that Sunshine would be her husband just because she happened to prefer him to the others. Her father—the stern, blustering old King, with a beard made of icicles so long that it reached to his waist and kept his heart cold—declared that he had no patience for such nonsense as likes and dislikes ; and one day he announced, far and wide, in a voice that was heard by the other three Kings, and which made the earth shake so that the great green Dragon immediately looked through his spectacles to see what was happening :—

“He who would win my daughter must first bring me the casket containing the Hidden Treasure, which is concealed no man knows where !”

Of course the Dragon was none the wiser for looking through his spectacles, because the words—loud though they were—could not be heard by his deaf ears.

But the other Kings listened diligently ; as did the young Princes. And poor Princess Crystal trembled in her beautiful palace lest Sunrise, who was always up so early, should find the treasure before Sunshine had a chance : she was not much afraid of the indolent Sunset, except that it might occur to him to look in some spot forgotten by his rivals.

Very early indeed on the following morning did Prince Sunrise set to work ; he glided along the surface of the earth, keeping close to the ground in his anxiety not to miss a single square inch. He knew he was not first in the field ; for the Northern King's proclamation had been made towards evening on the previous day, and Prince Sunset had bestirred himself for once, and had lingered about rather later than usual, being desirous of finding the treasure and winning the charming Princess.

But the early morning was passing, and very soon the cheery, indefatigable Sunshine had possession of the entire land, and flooded Crystal's palace with a look from his loving eyes which bade her not despair.

Then he talked to the trees and the green fields and the flowers, begging them to give

up the secret in return for the warmth and gladness he shed so freely on them. But they were silent, except that the trees sighed their sorrow at not being able to help him, and the long grasses rustled a whispered regret, and the flowers bowed their heads in grief.

Not discouraged, however, Prince Sunshine went to the brooks and rivers, and asked their assistance. But they, too, were helpless. The brooks gurgled out great tears of woe, which rushed down to the rivers, and so overcame them—sorry as they were on account of their own inability to help—that they nearly overflowed their banks, and went tumbling into the sea, who, of course, wanted to know what was the matter ; but, when told, all the sea could do was to thunder a loud and continuous “No !” on all its beaches. So Prince Sunshine had to pass on and seek help elsewhere.

He tried to make the great Dragon understand ; but it could not hear him. Other animals could, though, and he went from one to another, as cheerful as ever, in spite of all the “Noes” he had met with ; until, at last, he knew by the twittering of the birds that he was going to be successful.

“We go everywhere and learn most things,” said the swallows, flying up and down in the air, full of excitement and joy at being able to reward their beloved Sunshine for all his kindness to them. “And we know this much, at any rate : the Hidden Treasure can only be found by him who looks at its hiding-place through the Dragon's magic spectacles.”

Prince Sunshine exclaimed that he would go at once and borrow these wonderful spectacles ; but a solemn-looking old owl spoke up :—

“Be not in such a hurry, most noble Prince ! The Dragon will slay anyone—even so exalted a personage as yourself—who attempts to remove those spectacles while he is awake ; and, as is well known, he never allows himself to sleep, for fear of losing some important sight.”

“Then what is to be done ?” asked the Prince, beginning to grow impatient at last, for the afternoon was now well advanced, and Prince Sunset would soon be on the war-path again.

A majestic eagle came swooping down from the clouds.

“There is only one thing in all the world,” said he, “which can send the Dragon to sleep, and that is a caress from the hand of the Princess Crystal.”



Directly they were satisfied that he really slept, Prince Sunshine helped himself to the Dragon's spectacles, requesting the Princess not to remove her hand, lest the slumber should not last long enough for their purpose.

Then he put on the spectacles, and Princess Crystal exclaimed with fear and horror when—as though in result of his doing so—

hiss which sleep had intercepted; and under the tongue was the golden casket containing the Hidden Treasure!

The spectacles enabled the Prince to see through the cover; so he learned the secret at once, and knew why the King of the North was so anxious to possess himself of it, the great treasure being a pair of spectacles exactly like those hitherto always worn by the Dragon, and by him alone—which would keep the King informed of all that was going

on in every corner of his kingdom, so that he could always punish or reward the right people and never make mistakes; also he could learn a great deal of his neighbours' affairs, which is pleasant, even to a King.

The Princess was overjoyed when she knew the casket was already found; she very nearly removed her hand in her eagerness to inspect it; but, fortunately, she remembered just in time, and kept quite still until Prince Sunshine had drawn his chariot so close that they could both get into it without moving out of reach of the Dragon's head.

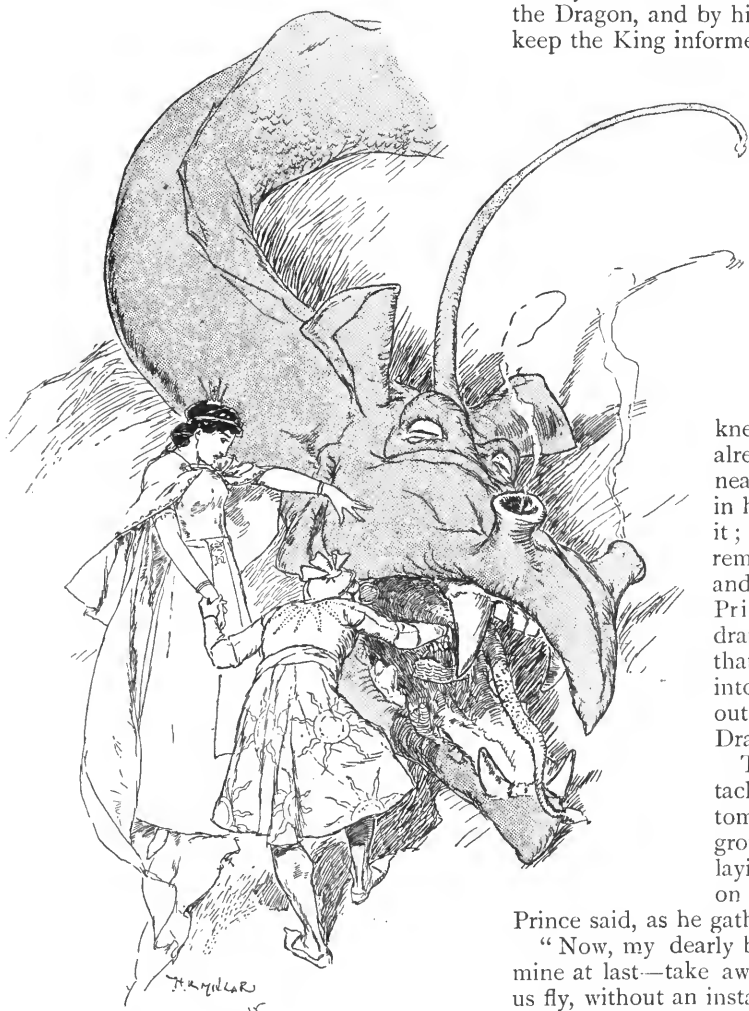
Then, placing the spectacles, not in their accustomed place, but on the ground just beneath, and laying the golden casket on the Princess's lap, the

Prince said, as he gathered up the reins:—

"Now, my dearly beloved Crystal—really mine at last—take away your hand, and let us fly, without an instant's delay, to the Court of the King, your royal father."

It is well they had prepared for immediate departure. Directly the Princess's hand was raised from the Dragon's head his senses returned to him, and, finding his mouth open ready for hissing, he hissed with all his angry might, and looked about for his spectacles that he might pursue and slay those who had robbed him; for, of course, he missed the casket at once.

But he was a prisoner on that mountain



"HE LEARNED THE SECRET AT ONCE."

she saw her beloved Prince plunge his right hand into the Dragon's mouth.

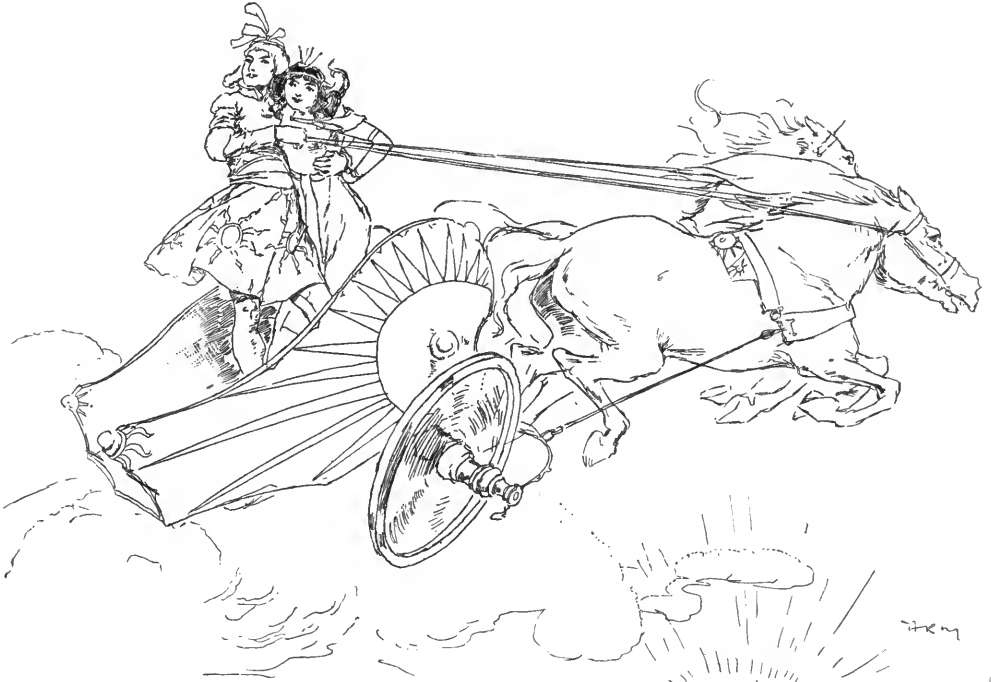
Prince Sunshine had stood facing the huge beast as he transferred the spectacles to his own nose, and, naturally enough, the first thing he saw through them was the interior of the Dragon's mouth, with the tongue raised and shot forward in readiness for the



and unable to leave it, though he flapped his great wings in terrible wrath when he saw the Prince and Princess, instead of driving down the miles and miles of mountain side as he had hoped, being carried by the fiery horses right through the air, where he could not reach them.

all night, so that Prince Sunrise was able to offer his good wishes when he came early in the morning, flushed with the haste he had made to assure Prince Sunshine that he bore him no ill-will for having carried off the prize.

Princess Crystal never returned to her palace, except to peep at it occasionally.



"RIGHT THROUGH THE AIR."

They only laughed when they heard the hiss and the noise made by the useless flapping of wings. Prince Sunshine urged on his willing steeds, and they arrived at the Court just as the King, Crystal's father, was going to dinner; and he was so delighted at having the treasure he had so long coveted, that he ordered the marriage to take place at once.

Prince Sunset called just in time to be best man, looking exceedingly gorgeous and handsome, though very disappointed to have lost the Princess; and the festivities were kept up

She liked going everywhere with her husband, who, she found, lived by no means an idle life, but went about doing good—grumbled at sometimes, of course, for some people will grumble even at their best friend—but more generally loved and blessed by all who knew him.